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This De Soto offers effortless No-Shift Driving — Power Braking — Oriflow Shock Absorbers — Safety-Rim Wheels — Chair-High Seats — dozens of other outstanding features.

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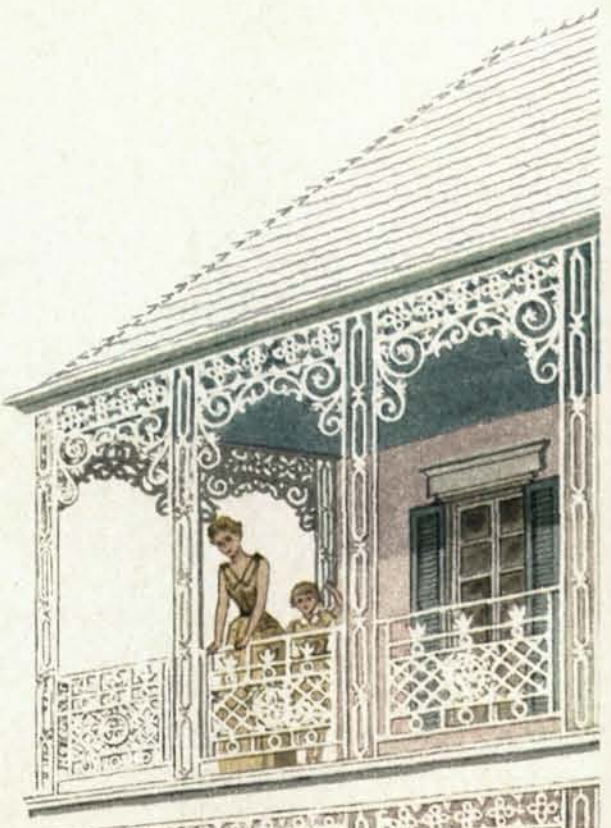

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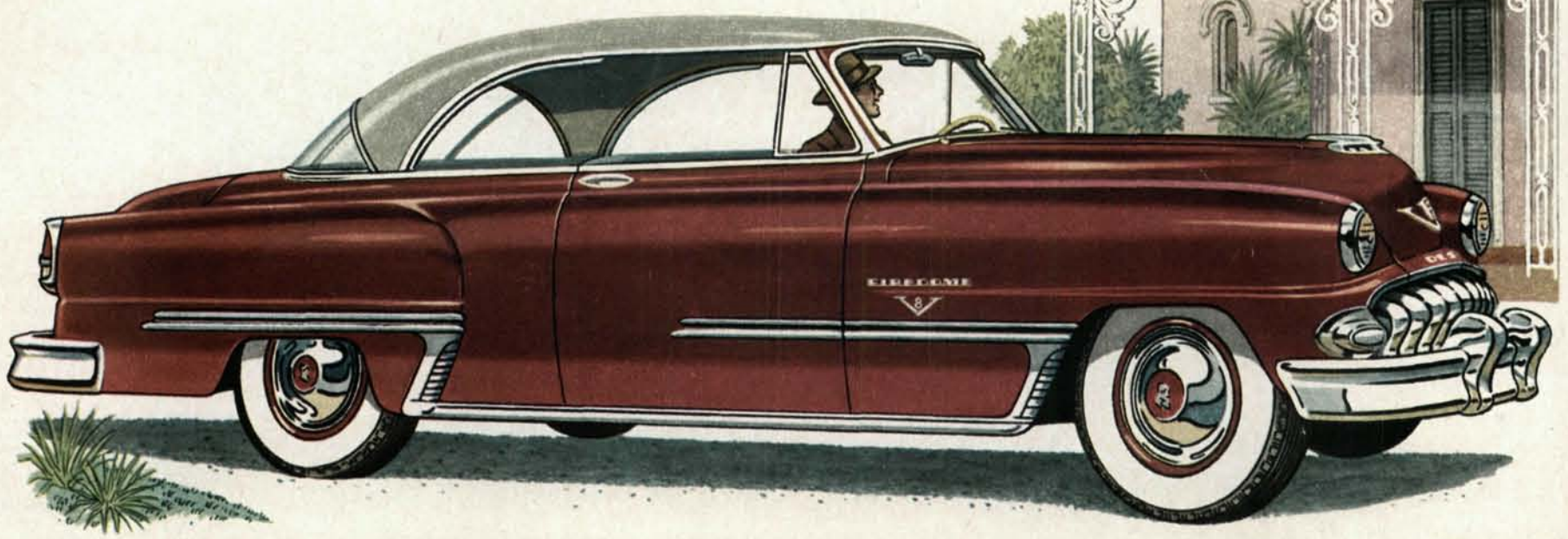

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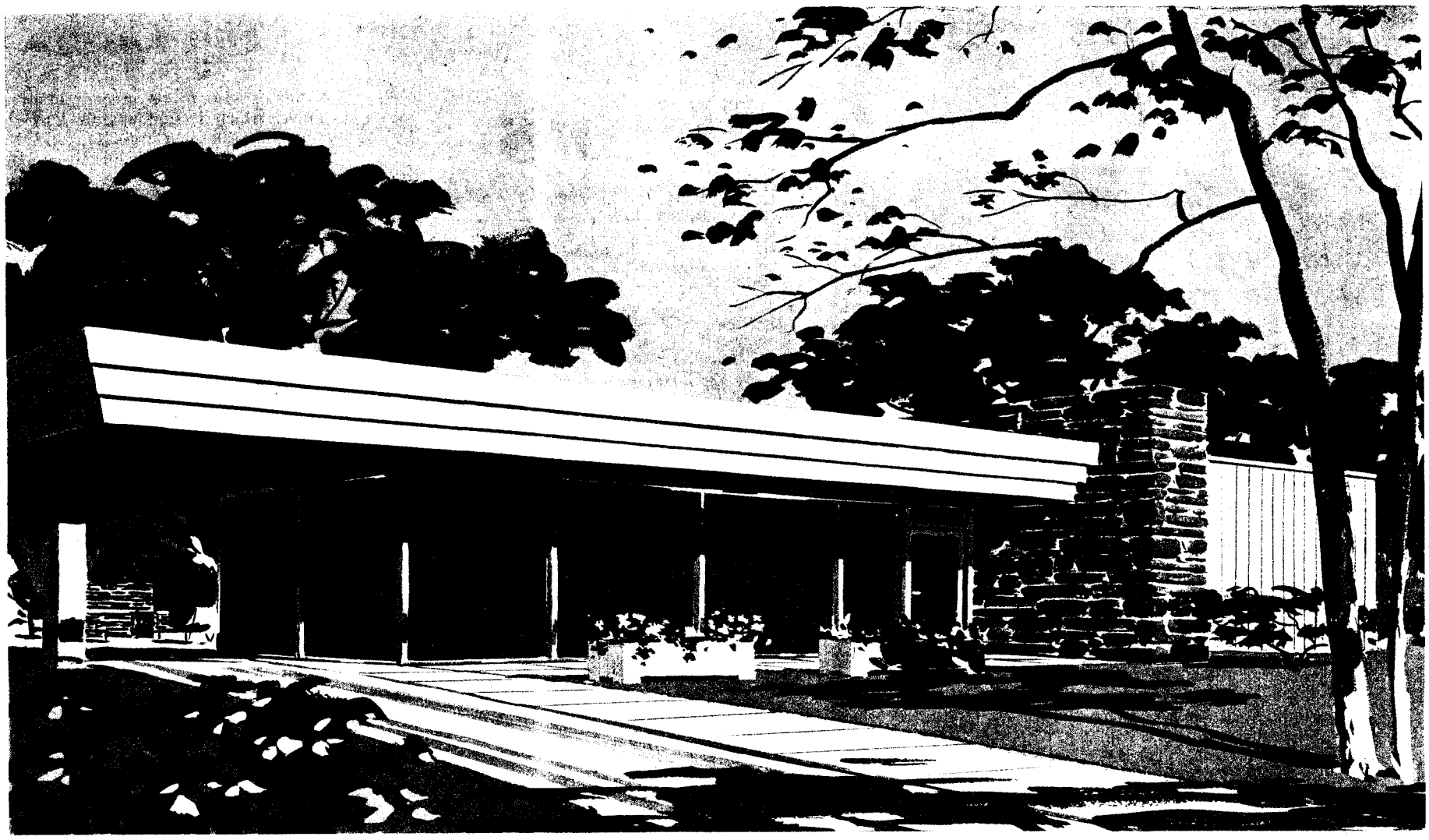


WHERE WILL YOUR CHILDREN LIVE IN 1973?

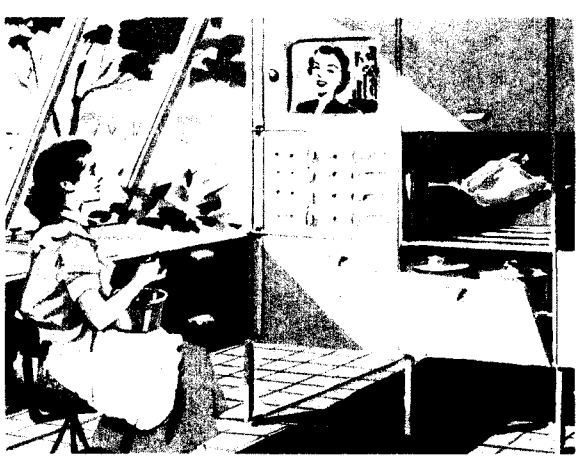
What kind of homes will your children have twenty years from now? The nation's electric light and power companies are thinking about them — *and getting ready for them.*

Part of the answer can be found in the new electric appliances still in the early stages of development.

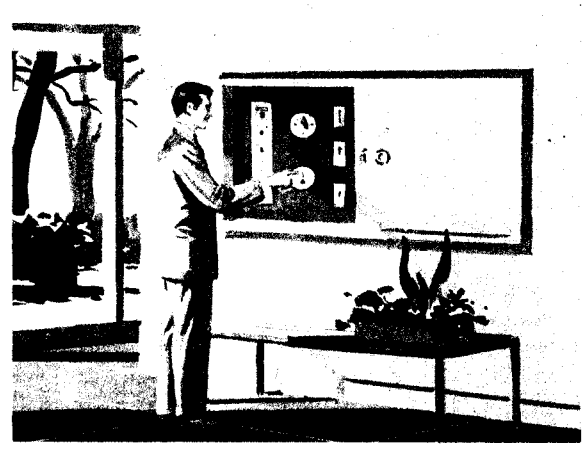
There will be new ways of heating and cooling homes with the help of electricity. Glareless lighting will come on automatically as darkness falls. There will be electric equipment to kill germs in the air.

Most people will have electric kitchen equipment in units which can be arranged in different ways. They will be able to talk electronically to any room in their homes. They will have color television — several sets. They will need many times as much electricity as you use today.

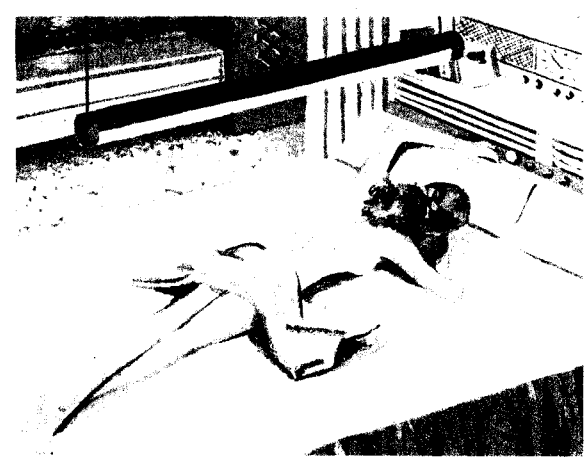
To supply this extra electricity, the electric companies are making tremendous strides. They've doubled the postwar supply of electric power. By 1960, they'll triple it—with more to come. This is one more reason why there is no real need for new federal government electric power projects.



COLOR TELEVISION. There will be almost as many sets in 1973 as there are radios today. That means most homes will have several units.



HOME CONTROL. Central electric "heart of the home" will control heating, cooling, lighting, communications —maybe even doors and windows.



LIGHT-CONDITIONING will include built-in sunlamps, special fixtures for producing striking lighting effects indoors and out, ceiling panels that glow.

THE HOMES OF TOMORROW, LIKE THE HOMES OF TODAY, WILL BE SERVED WELL BY AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

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*Names on request from this magazine

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January 17, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 131, No. 3. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Grass is said to be greener in other fields, which is undoubtedly why the traveling salesmen for Mac and Bill prefer the outdoorsy, locked-in-goodness of Tony's hot dogs. Artist Jim Dwyer is interested in people like Tony; so when he saw this frankfurter wagon, patronized by meandering and hungry sandwich-board men in downtown New York, the idea of painting this cover occurred to him faster than you could say, "Mustard or relish?"

Week's Mail

Epic Road Show

EDITOR: It was indeed a thrill to read your article, John Brown's Body Hits the Road (Dec. 6th), for I had the privilege of seeing this great production.

I can honestly say—and I know I speak for hundreds more—that I have never been so deeply moved by any dramatic enterprise before.

Miss Judith Anderson, Messrs. Raymond Massey and Tyrone Power, together with the chorus, held a huge audience spellbound for two hours. And we could gladly have heard it over again!

We must have more of this type of production. The people are ready for it, want it, need it. A dramatic interpretation of this type demands thought and imagination of its audience, and we are proud of the compliment paid us by Charles Laughton and the others. They assume that the American people don't want premasticated bilge tossed at them, that they are capable of thought. And it's true. We don't—and we are!

MRS. K. J. HENSELER,
Brandon, S.D.

Curtailed Campaigning

EDITOR: I have read your editorial entitled Now You Know What We Meant (Dec. 6th), and let me say that I knew what you meant back in April when you said it the first time. I do believe, as you, that if a shorter campaign were possible, the two candidates of this past Presidential campaign would have had none of the "mudslinging" that did finally occur. As you said, they were both intelligent and well-brought-up men and I'm sure, if given a chance, they would have campaigned in a fashion of which the United States could have been proud.

CONSTANCE ANN MADEIRA,
New Bedford, Mass.

. . . I should like to disagree with your editorial. A candidate must be given enough time to show himself to the people. As it is now the candidates do not have enough time to make a thorough tour of the country.

A candidate cannot expect to win if he only makes speeches in the big cities; he must go out and sell himself to the rest of the American people. Certainly a month is not enough to accomplish this large task.

J. G. HINKLE, Southborough, Mass.

Annual Second-Guessing Game

EDITOR: I have seen many All-America football players during the past 25 years, including the almost immortal Dutch Clark, and never have I seen a

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What about your heart?

PERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trouble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination *every* year—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—*but at a slower pace*. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund—financed by 140 Life Insurance companies—is devoting its full resources to the study of heart disease. Since its organization in 1945, the Fund has made available about $4,700,000 for 185 different research projects. As a result of the work which the Fund and other agencies have supported, the chances of winning the fight against heart disease have improved materially.

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Please send me the free booklet, 253C, "Your Heart."

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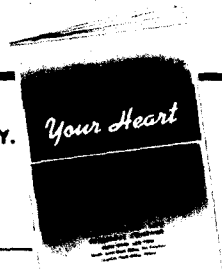

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Like a chocolate nut sundae!
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BAR

Week's Mail CONTINUED

better ball carrier than Oklahoma's Billy Vessels. I am not from Oklahoma and I am damn' tired of Oklahoma winning the Big Seven title, but no fair man who had seen Vessels in action could leave him off the All-America team.

L. F. CUSHENBERY, Oberlin, Kans.

Vessels wasn't entirely left out. The board of coaches picked him as an offensive back among the All-America Specialists.

. . . I imagine you must be slightly embarrassed in finding out that Billy Vessels was awarded the Heisman Trophy. Previous Heisman winners such as Doak Walker, Leon Hart and Dick Kazmaier were All-Americans, but poor Billy couldn't make it.

IRVING M. RACHLIS, Washington, D.C.

. . . In my opinion you sure missed the boat in not placing Paul Giel of Minnesota on your All-America team.

I realize that it is a tough job filtering top talent from all over the nation, and that you cannot possibly satisfy everyone. However, Giel was without a doubt the finest back in the Big Ten and he had a chorus of Midwestern sports writers singing his praises.

RICHARD W. CONKLIN, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . I notice that Buddy Leake and Thurlow Weed are named as the Extra Point Specialists for 1952. With all due respects to these men, Tennessee Tech has a truly All-America Specialist in *Bobby Holloway.*

In the game with Memphis State he booted five for five to surpass the former leader, Oklahoma's Buddy Leake, who booted 28 before missing.

Bobby wound up the regular season with a record of 32 consecutive conversions.

E. WITT COMPTON, JR., Cookeville, Tenn.

Paraplegics, Inc.

EDITOR: Norman Calhoun's Paraplegics, Inc. (Dec. 6th), is one of those inspirational articles that appear only once in a lifetime. And the initiators as well as the staff and working crew of Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, Inc., in Franklin Park, Ill., deserve and should receive all the credit in the world for their courage in facing difficulties known to but few of us.

If anybody represents the spirit of America, they do.

TIP BLISS, Coral Gables, Fla.

. . . Congratulations for publishing the interesting and inspiring article, Paraplegics, Inc. I am pleased to know that one company will employ paraplegics. There should be one in each large city. Of the 35,000 different kinds of jobs in this country (Collier's Feb. 9, 1946) handicapped persons can fill 2,000 of them. But they never get many opportunities.

I am a paraplegic too. When I was seven, I was hit by a car which broke my back and paralyzed the lower half of my body. I've never walked since, but get around everywhere in my wheel chair—which I propel myself.

I've never had a job but hope to get one someday. My occupations are printing and journalism. I have a 6x10 *printing press and I personalize station*ery, Christmas cards, and do small jobs. Next May 25th will be the 25th anniversary of my disabling accident.

LE ROY BURNETTE, Lima, Ohio

More About Plastics

The plastics industry has developed so far, so fast and in so many directions that even the article in our December 6th issue, as encompassing as it was, failed to cover the subject completely.

For example, we did not report that the Firestone Plastics Company, a division of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, controls its products from the earliest stage of resin production through the printing or embossing of its finished Velon materials.

These materials are a boon *to housewives—especially to* those with chocolate-éclair-loving children. In the past, ladies often bought dark, drab draperies and sofa upholstery that wouldn't show dirt. The modern housewife uses light, attractive plastic house furnishings which she can clean instantly with a damp cloth.

Incidentally, Firestone recently completed a $5,000,000 addition to its resin plant in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, making it one of the largest and most modern in the country.

Bright plastic materials also are made into house furnishings and into yard goods for women who sew their own

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

From here and there in these United States come demands for our opinion on what would happen to an income-tax official if he agreed with a professional model who claims a depreciation tax allowance because of age and obsolescence. We don't know and it would serve him right.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, the Internal Revenue Bureau must be more weary than we

thought of errors in our income-tax returns. It is plugging a plan to teach children to help their parents.

★ ★ ★

Colorado's highway department has served notice on snow and ice accumulations in Loveland Pass, west of Denver, to stay where they are or be shot. To prove it isn't fooling, the department has borrowed a 75-millimeter howitzer and a 105-millimeter howitzer from the National Guard and warns avalanches not to make any funny moves.

★ ★ ★

Freshly sprung by a large university, a newly drafted young man was being interrogated by a sergeant in Los Angeles. "Can you read and write?" demanded the sergeant. "I," began the about-to-be rookie, "am a bachelor of—" The sergeant looked bored. "I don't care if you never get married," sighed he. "Can you read and write?"

★ ★ ★

Fellow in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, says his doctor told him the ear is man's only physical accessory that acts independently of the brain. We wouldn't have mentioned this except it sounds funny to hear of a doctor who never heard of the tongue.

★ ★ ★

Just as we were about to ask someone what had become of the Townsend Clubs, news trickles in from Milwaukee. In that city the Townsendites are feuding with the Golden Agers. Townsendites say the Golden Agers are frivolous, thinking only of having fun—like a good game of checkers. . . . Just occurs to us that some child of thirty is going to ask us who the Townsendites are. Well, kiddies, they are the old folks organized away back in 1934 by Dr. Francis E. Townsend to urge the government to grant pensions of $200 a month to all American citizens sixty years old or more. Money to be raised by such two per cent levies as a national sales tax. Townsend Clubs used to have several million members. Sort of petered out. Golden Agers are just old folks who want to have as much fun as they can while they last.

★ ★ ★

Industrious Oklahoma house rifler, having confessed to 19 burglaries, was asked about a twentieth. He thought hard for a moment, then said indignantly: "No, sir, not me. That was on a Sunday. I was in church."

★ ★ ★

Nebraska lady's car inflicted minor fender damage to a parked car as she parked her own. On the accident report she came to the most controversial question: "What could the operator of the other car have done to avoid the accident?" But it didn't stump her. She wrote: "Well, he could have parked somewhere else."

★ ★ ★

Fred Jones of the Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Press has made a survey that may indicate something. A cat (tom) of the younger generation hits the barber's chair and demands a "New Yorker with a backsweep." This, Mr. Jones finds, means the lad wants his hair cut about an inch long on top with the sides left long enough to sweep to the nape of the neck, where the hair is split vertically. Or he may call for a Hollywood Box. Tony Curtis, movie actor, is said to have originated this one. Much like the New Yorker, except that the hair is cut straight across the back of the neck. There are of course slight variations. If you'd like a tail to your Hollywood Box, the barber will permit a short V of hair to fall below the horizontal clip. If, says Mr. Jones, the barber doesn't know what the hepcat is talking about, he's "stunned" or "stunted" which is to say "not hep to the sharp haircut." The girl friend doesn't seem to mind. Mr. Jones concludes: "In some cases she will adopt the same hair style as that worn by the current boy friend. However, it is still easy to tell them apart. The girl wears lipstick."

★ ★ ★

Some talk of equipping the police of Kansas City, Missouri, with ladders. Otherwise, the police protest, it is go-

IRWIN CAPLAN

ing to be difficult to enforce that new municipal ordinance making it a misdemeanor to smoke in bed. ▲▲▲

Cook on Your Refrigerator

3-in-1 refrigerator, stove, sink combination

SAVE SPACE AND DOLLARS

Shown above: General L-K Model R-520. In only 27½″ width and less than 5 square feet of space, combines 4 cu-ft. refrigerator with horizontal freezer holding 9 ice-cube trays, big inner door shelf and storage drawer, 12″x16″ sink, 3 gas burners, and timer. Unit is standard 36″ height. Also available with electric burners for 220 v. or 110 v.

Top left: General's L-K Model S-550 makes complete Kitchen-With-Oven in 48″ by combining with any 20″ apartment range! 4 cu-ft. capacity, storage drawer, inner door shelf, horizontal freezer, and topped by 1-piece porcelain sink, drainboard and back-splash.

Middle: General Chef combines 4 cu-ft. refrigerator with 3 electric burners, 220 volt, in only 4.1 sq. ft. of space. Also available with 3 gas burners or 2 electric burners for 110 v. plug-in use. Range heats do not affect refrigerator temperatures.

Below: General's Executive Refrigerator has acid-resistant formica table top and choice of finishes: flame-grain mahogany, blonde, walnut, knotty pine or gleaming white. Size, space-saving features, same as units above, including ice-cube tray capacity. Ideal for offices, home bars, apartments, hotels.

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Collier's, January 17, 1953

—NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—

Japan's Balloon Invasion Of America

By DR. LINCOLN LAPAZ with ALBERT ROSENFELD

The balloons had us scared, reveals a scientist who worked on the project—especially when word came the Japs were planning germ warfare. Here, for the first time, is the full story

BALLOONS aren't just toys any more. They're weapons, terrifying and effective. They could wreak havoc on the United States—as our military experts and scientists learned during World War II. Few people realize that the balloons cast adrift over North America by the Japanese gave our authorities a bad scare which lasted right up to the day the war ended.

Scientists studying the balloons in this country (I was one of them) believed that the next step on the Japanese war plan, scheduled for the fall of 1945, was to be a balloon-borne bacteriological attack which almost certainly would have hurt us greatly.

We were extremely vulnerable to balloon warfare. To a great extent, we still are. It's time the full story was told.

It was on a crisp fall afternoon in 1944, while I was serving as a wartime consultant with the Second Air Force, that I interrogated a tall, red-haired Colorado ranchwoman who had something unusual to report.

"The thing just suddenly appeared up there in the sky," the woman told me. "It came out of nowhere—just blazed out there in one place, stood for a moment without moving, then vanished. I can't describe it as anything but a big brilliant ball of fire, about the size of the moon.

"I hope you won't use my name. When I tell my friends about it, they think I'm having hallucinations."

Major General U. G. Ent and other officers of the Second Air Force were rather inclined to agree with the lady's friends. But in the next few weeks, people all over Western North America seemed to be having exactly the same hallucination. More and more reports poured into Second Air Force Headquarters in Colorado Springs, and I investigated many of them personally. All the stories sounded just like the ranchwoman's.

I remained the scientific skeptic. Fire in the sky obviously meant meteors. But in order for a meteor to seem to be standing still, it would have

Dr. Lincoln LaPaz is director of the University of New Mexico's Institute of Meteoritics and also heads that school's department of mathematics and astronomy. In World War II he served as technical director of the Second Air Force Operations Analysis Section, receiving letters of commendation from Secretary of War Patterson, Gen. Henry H. Arnold and others —including one approved by the commanding general, Second Air Force, which specifically praised his "contributions . . . on Japanese balloon warfare"

U. S. AIR FORCE

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ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Jap balloons, 33 feet across, landed all over Northwest forest country, started many fires

to be coming directly at the observer. This phenomenon happens rarely, and I simply couldn't believe that so many brilliant, stationary fireballs could appear in such a concentrated area in so short a period. In all my years of looking at the skies and studying the literature of meteoritics, I had run across nothing to compare with it.

While I was tracking down fireball reports, an apparently unrelated series of events was taking place in scattered parts of the world.

Off Hawaii, a Coast Guard vessel found a deflated paper balloon of impressive size floating on the surface. Shortly afterward, a similar envelope was discovered near Kalispell, Montana.

About a hundred miles off San Pedro, California, a Navy destroyer recovered another giant balloon carrying a complex assemblage of what appeared to be weather instruments. (Mighty clever, these Japanese, thought the Navy men; they're launching weather balloons from submarines to get information about places they can't otherwise reach.)

Big bomb blasts were heard in several towns—among them Thermopolis, Wyoming, and Ventura, California—and there were reports of great, silvery, drifting balloons that suddenly blew themselves to smithereens. Odd bits of rice-fabric paper were picked up in the streets of downtown Los Angeles, and people in scattered parts of the Northwest sighted giant spheres which seemed to be releasing objects from high in the air.

At about the same time, Western forest fires suddenly became so numerous and so bad that military personnel had to help fight them.

Near an Oregon beach, a group of picnicking children under the care of a pastor's wife investigated a strange-looking bundle. It exploded, and the lady and five of her young charges were killed.

Officials quietly launched a word-of-mouth campaign advising people all over the West to keep children away from unfamiliar objects.

During this period, B-29 crews coming back from raids over Tokyo started talking about a novel "antiaircraft" device consisting of huge, shining spheres which rose up to meet the American planes. Puzzled, one of my Second Air Force associates went along on a bombing mission.

He came back even more puzzled. He had seen the spheres, all right. But he couldn't understand why the Japanese were releasing them so soon—much too early to damage the approaching Superforts, or why they were foolish enough to let the balloons rise to heights that even B-29s couldn't reach, or why they permitted the supposed weapons to drift out over the ocean, where there was practically no hope of recovering them.

Those were the bits and pieces we had to work with: flaming objects in the sky, mysterious explosions, an epidemic of forest fires, deflated balloons, some scraps of rice paper, shining spheres over Japan.

The pattern was becoming clear. Huge balloons were being launched in large numbers over the Japanese mainland. Huge balloons were drifting in large numbers over the American mainland—by now, reports had come in from Mexico, Canada and Alaska; in the northern territory, up to 17 balloons were sighted in one day—and they were dropping incendiaries, explosives and booby traps.

To the scientists working on the balloon project, who knew all about the west-to-east air circulation caused by the earth's rotation, it seemed obvious that the balloons floating in over North America were the same ones as those seen rising over Japan. But the nonscientists in our group were not easily convinced. They stubbornly maintained that the balloons appearing in the American skies were inflated and launched by submarines off our West Coast. The only way to settle the argument was to capture a balloon. All the recoveries to date had been fragmentary. We needed a whole balloon, complete with instruments. Catching one, we were soon to discover, was no simple task.

The main difficulty was that the balloons were self-destroying. Each went up in a great burst of flame (the Colorado ranchwoman's fireball) after performing its mission.

Various schemes were concocted and rejected. We even considered tearing holes in the spheres with airborne grappling hooks, but then we decided that a pilot lucky or skillful enough to snag a balloon in this fashion might find it impossible to disengage the hook.

We tried shooting down the balloons. They remained defiantly buoyant, even after the fabric had been peppered with holes.

Military Pilot's Dangerous Exploit

Finally, one January afternoon in 1945, a military pilot found one of the balloons over Crater Lake, Oregon, at the unusually low altitude of 28,000 feet. Although the sphere was as big across as a city street, the pilot, flying with extraordinary skill and courage (he might have been burned to a crisp in a split instant), started maneuvering the balloon to earth.

His scheme was simple, but difficult to execute. He flew over and around the balloon again and again, whipping so close that the flow of air from his wings and propeller forced the sphere downward. It took hours, but it worked. The balloon landed on a mountainside near Alturas, California.

Ground crews hurried to the scene and captured the bloated mammoth. Everyone rejoiced. At last we had in our hands a complete specimen, intact to the last detail, for study.

Then we almost lost it again!

The balloon had been taken to Moffett Field, California, then our main West Coast antisubmarine base, whose enormous dirigible hangars provided the only space big enough for the captive giant. Military photographers wanted a picture, so several soldiers and I held the balloon's ropes just outside the hangar. Suddenly, a strong gust of wind roared around the hangar, and we felt ourselves being lifted off the ground.

By the time our feet touched earth again, the wind had become a howling fury. We pulled with all our strength, desperately fighting the gale that threatened to sweep our hard-won prize back into the upper atmosphere. We finally brought the balloon under control, but I still remember how angry I was at the men who kept snapping pictures of our struggles, instead of giving us a hand.

The captive balloon answered many of our questions. A chemical analysis of its hydrogen proved that the envelope had been filled at a large, land-based factory—the submarine theory was definitely out. Furthermore, the sand in its sandbags was of a type found on Japanese beaches. We were even able to determine *which* beaches, so bombers were able to strike the launching sites. In any case, there was no doubt that the balloons were coming from across the Pacific.

We could not help admiring the ingenuity that had gone into the making of the balloon and its intricate cargo. Most amazing of all, perhaps, was the cheapness of the materials, which obviously made it possible to produce the weapons in quantity with no strain on Japan's national budget.

The balloon envelope was made of five layers of long-fiber rice paper glued together with hydrocellulose—as inexpensive a combination as could be imagined. Yet those thin paper envelopes leaked less than one tenth as much as our own costly rubberized-fabric balloons!

The sphere was 33½ feet in diameter. Around its webbed center was a strong, flexible band from which hung long shroud lines. A small rubber shock absorber, located where the ropes came together, supported the assemblage of gadgets that did all the damage.

On its eastward voyage, the balloon floated somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000 feet above the Pacific. It would descend at night, as the cold air contracted it. When it got low enough, increased air pressure, measured by a barometer, would close a circuit setting off blowout plugs that would drop a sandbag. The loss of weight would send the balloon up again. All the way across, the balloon would move up and down in great leapfrog arcs. By the time it reached the North American continent, the sandbags, about 20 in all, would be gone, and it would start dropping its cargo—usually 16 incendiary bombs, and, in some cases, high-explosive antipersonnel bombs.

When the last missile had been released, a two-pound block of picric acid would explode, blasting all the instruments to bits. Then, when the weight-free hydrogen bag had soared up to great heights, a pouch of magnesium flash-bulb powder would flare, setting off the "fireball" that so many people had reported seeing. Japanese agents in this country, we later learned, were to use these sightings to give Tokyo some idea how many balloons were reaching the United States.

As it happened, our project was kept so quiet that the Japanese only slowly came to realize how many of their devilish packages were reaching North America and how much damage they could do. Otherwise they might have started sooner on plans which I shall tell about in a moment.

The Japanese scientists, with German assistance, tried to overlook nothing. Every sandbag and bomb was supported by two blowout plugs, with circuits wired in parallel. Unless both circuits failed simultaneously, everything worked. The picric-acid block and the magnesium powder were meant to ensure that no one would recover anything of value.

But the Japanese made one miscalculation. They used a wet-cell battery to power the balloon's electrical circuits. Had they used dry cells, we might even yet be wondering what hit us. The below-zero temperatures at high altitudes often froze the wet cells, rendering all circuits inoperative, and making it possible for us to capture enough balloons intact to give us a good idea of what we were up against. (Some of the catches were quite dramatic. One man was carried back and forth across a valley from one hillside to another several times, hanging stubbornly to the balloon's shroud lines until help came.)

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...e're working on defenses—but the Pacific winds still blow in one direction: ours

As our collection of balloons grew, a newer and bigger worry began to keep us awake nights. The first balloons we recovered had been handmade affairs. The balloons we began to find in the spring of 1945 were unmistakably machine-tooled. Apparently the first balloons had been sent across for test purposes; now the Japanese obviously were mass-producing the spheres in preparation for a large-scale offensive.

But what kind of offensive? We knew that the balloons were designed to carry much heavier pay loads than any we had seen. But we feared there might be more than just bigger incendiaries and explosive bombs in the new cargoes.

By the middle of 1945, no less than 900 of the Japanese balloons were estimated to have safely made the transpacific voyage, although we had sighted or recovered fewer than 300, in whole or in part. Most of the balloons had clustered in the Northwest, but some had drifted as far as Detroit.

In June, 1945, the balloon offensive tapered off. But that did nothing to allay our suspicions. We knew the halt was only temporary, due partly to the damage our bombing crews had inflicted on the launching bases, but mostly to a normal summertime wind change which would have carried the balloons off course.

In that lull period before the expected storm, we anxiously tried to figure out what might be in store for us when the autumn winds began to blow steadily our way again. Our worst fears were confirmed at secret conferences of top officials.

As technical director of the Second Air Force Operations Analysis Section, I received a number of reports based on these conferences. They contained factual evidence such as prisoner-of-war statements, digests of captured documents and intelligence summaries—all apparently completely authentic—which could only mean that the Japanese were planning to use bacteriological warfare.

Many types of diseases, according to these documents, were being considered, infectious to animals and human beings alike. The reports indicated that the biggest project was in Nanking —now in Red China—where a Japanese major general was said to be supervising the growth of certain germs (if I remember correctly, the verdict of our experts was that he was growing anthrax spores in potato cultures) to be launched in balloons.

I'm sure the knees of many brave men were shaking at many a hush-hush meeting which I attended in those harried days during the summer of 1945. Conferences with veterinarians at Ohio State University, men who had had firsthand experience with anthrax epidemics, did nothing to put our minds at ease.

We learned, for example, about the dread "woolsorters' disease," a swift, deadly pulmonary infection which often afflicts people who handle the wool or hides of anthrax-stricken animals. If anthrax had been dropped in quantity over America (penicillin was in its infancy in those days, remember), it would have taxed our medical resources to the utmost.

If the Japanese used the full arsenal of dangerous animal diseases available to them, one alarmed veterinary expert said, perhaps with some exaggeration, within six months there might not be a hooved animal left between the Arctic Circle and the Panama Canal. And those were only the beginnings of the dread possibilities.

Our anxiety was further heightened when an authoritative report was placed before us indicating that the Japanese were planning to launch literally thousands of balloons in the coming fall offensive, expecting at least one tenth of them to reach the target. It was a frightening prospect, but those of us who saw the report had to assume it was correct.

Countermeasures?

There seemed to be almost none—except to fight the bacteria when they came. The balloons contained almost no metal, so chances were slim that any might be picked up on the relatively crude radar of 1945. Besides, with thousands of them coming our way, even the most elaborate precautionary networks of aircraft and antiaircraft probably could not prevent some from getting through. And not many would have to get through to give us a very hard time.

Then came the great reprieve.

The first A-bomb exploded at Hiroshima, and the second was dropped at Nagasaki. (Some people talked about how inhuman we Americans were. If they had only known what we avoided! I don't know how much influence the anticipated Japanese balloon offensive had on President Truman's decision to use the bomb, but it seems reasonable to guess it was a factor in his consideration.)

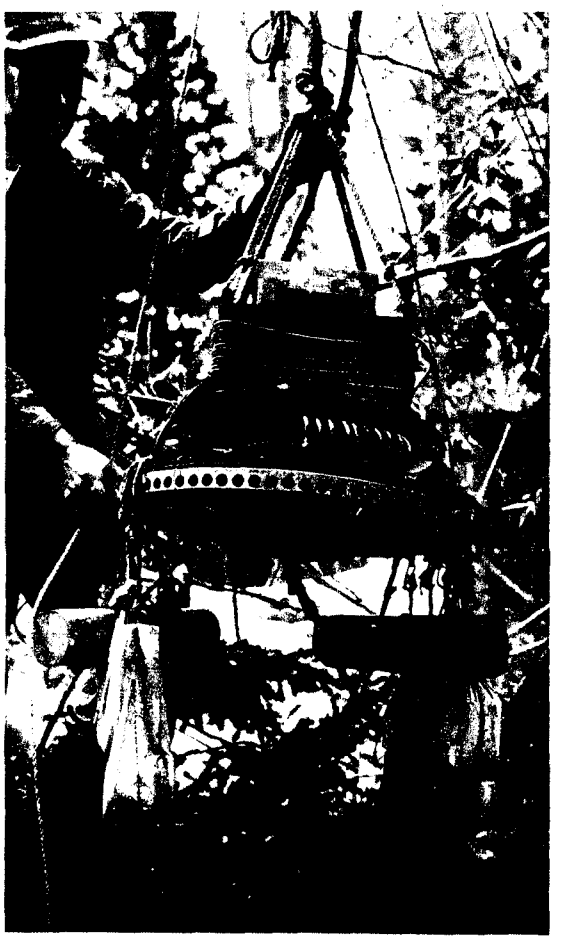
The Japanese quit the war. The balloon threat was ended, and there was peace in the world—we thought. We could all sit back and relax.

Cold War Follows Illusory Peace

As everyone now knows, the peace was illusory: we had merely gone from a hot war to a cold war that threatened at any moment to get hot again. I am not one of those people who believe a third world war is inevitable. But there seems to be no question that it is a definite possibility.

The Russians most certainly know all about the Japanese balloons and their capabilities. So do the German and Japanese scientists who are captive workers—perhaps willingly, perhaps unwillingly—for the Soviet cause. The Russians, whatever else one may say about them, have some excellent bacteriologists. And the wind over the northern Pacific is still blowing just as steadily from China, and still in one direction: ours.

Those phony germ-warfare charges now being brought against us by the North Koreans and Russians—are they efforts to convince the world that we started it before the Reds launch a bacteriolog-



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

This device, slung to balloons by Japanese scientists, dropped incendiaries, explosives

ical offensive of their own? We have no way of knowing.

But we do know something about the dangers we might face in such warfare. And we also know that balloons can carry more than bacillus bombs. They might carry atomic pay loads—and either photoelectric cells or heat-homing devices that would set them off over a big city.

Our enemies could not, of course, send over 10,000 A-bombs a day. But they *could* send over that many balloons, some of which might carry fissionable materials. There would hardly be a time of day when a balloon was not visible somewhere in the vicinity of our Western cities, and—not knowing which were the lethal ones—people might be forced to spend entire days in shelters. Can a more diabolical kind of psychological warfare be imagined?

But couldn't we retaliate by sending balloons across Europe?

We might, but it would not be easy. Over land masses like western Europe, all winds are extremely variable. I have heard, for example, that during World War II the British sent up balloons which carried long, trailing copper wires. The idea was to hit and short-circuit German power lines and create a nuisance by temporarily halting production wherever they might roam. But they roamed erratically. They cut out as many power lines in France and Belgium as they did in Germany, and some are reported to have returned to harass the British themselves. The project was soon abandoned.

Suppose we were at war with China and our balloons were to drop their missiles on Afghanistan or India? We might do more damage to neutral and friendly nations than to our enemies.

Western Germany offers a partial solution. It's well inland, almost next door to Russia, and pamphlet-bearing balloons now being released there are undoubtedly getting over the Iron Curtain. But the vast plains of Russia and China present almost too large a target. Striking specific cities within that huge area would not be easy.

A much better solution is being developed by our military scientists. I understand that we now have a balloon which can seek out the most favorable altitude for winds which will lead it to the target area.

Nevertheless, though our potential enemies may be somewhat vulnerable, so are we. And we may be sure that Russia at war will never make the mistake of going only halfway.

The defense picture isn't entirely a gloomy one. We now have jet planes which can fly much higher and faster than anything we had during World War II. Our new radar is sensitive enough to pick up even raindrops, and our scientists have developed an impressive array of new wonder drugs which thwart diseases previously capable of striking us down overnight.

What specific steps can we take to meet the threat of balloon warfare?

We can mobilize all our medical resources to fight any epidemic that might come our way.

We can, by meteorological studies of air patterns in the upper atmosphere, be prepared to predict the probable launching sites for a potential balloon offensive.

We can maintain our present friendly relations with Western Germany—and with South Korea and Japan, which are potential launching sites in the hands of our enemies, and potential attack bases in the hands of our friends.

We must keep our scientific research programs moving full steam ahead in order to hold our lead in the atomic race, and we must maintain an air force strong enough to convince our foes that we can retaliate against any kind of warfare.

Finally, and most important, we must do all we can to prevent *any* weapons from ever being used again, by striving for a lasting and honorable peace —while there is still time. ▲▲▲

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The Case of THE IRATE WITNESS

Perry Mason refused to believe the proof against his client. The district attorney was too smug. The evidence was too good

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE early-morning shadows cast by the mountains still lay heavily on the town's main street as the big siren on the roof of the Jebson Commercial Company began to scream shrilly.

The danger of fire was always present, and at the sound, men at breakfast rose and pushed their chairs back from the table. Men who were shaving barely paused to wipe lather from their faces; men who had been sleeping grabbed the first available garments. All of them ran to places where they could look for the first telltale wisps of smoke.

There was no smoke.

The big siren was still screaming urgently as the men formed into streaming lines, like ants whose hill has been attacked. The lines all moved toward the Jebson Commercial Company.

There the men were told that the doors of the big vault had been found wide open. A jagged hole had been cut into one with an acetylene torch.

The men looked at one another silently. This was the fifteenth of the month. The big, twice-a-month payroll, which had been brought up from the Ivanhoe National Bank the day before, had been the prize.

Frank Bernal, manager of the company's mine, the man who ruled Jebson City with an iron hand, arrived and took charge. The responsibility was his, and what he found was alarming.

Tom Munson, the night watchman, was lying on the floor in a back room, snoring in drunken slumber. The burglar alarm, which had been installed within the last six months, had been by-passed by means of an electrical device. This device was so ingenious that it was apparent that, if the work were that of a gang, at least one of the burglars was an expert electrician.

Ralph Nesbitt, the company accountant, was significantly silent. When Frank Bernal had been appointed manager a year earlier, Nesbitt had pointed out that the big vault was obsolete.

Bernal, determined to prove himself in his new job, had avoided the expense of tearing out the old vault and installing a new one by investing in an up-to-date burglar alarm and putting a special night watchman on duty.

Now the safe had been looted of a hundred thousand dollars, and Frank Bernal had to make a report to the main office in Chicago, with the disquieting knowledge that Ralph Nesbitt's memo stating that the antiquated vault was a pushover was at this moment reposing in the company files. . . .

Some distance out of Jebson City, Perry Mason, the famous trial lawyer, was driving fast along a mountain road. He had planned a week-end fishing trip for a long time, but a jury which had waited until midnight before reaching its verdict had delayed Mason's departure and it was now eight thirty in the morning.

His fishing clothes, rod, wading boots and creel were all in the trunk. He was wearing the suit in which he had stepped from the courtroom, and having driven all night he was eager for the cool, piny mountains.

A blazing red light, shining directly at him as he rounded a turn in the canyon road, dazzled his road-weary eyes. A sign, *STOP—POLICE*, had been placed in the middle of the road. Two men, a grim-faced man with a .30-30 rifle in his hands and a silver badge on his shirt and a uniformed motorcycle officer, stood beside the sign.

Mason stopped his car.

The man with the badge, deputy sheriff, said, "We'd better take a look at your driving license. There's been a big robbery at Jebson City."

"That so?" Mason said. "I went through Jebson City an hour ago and everything seemed quiet."

"Where you been since then?"

"I stopped at a little service station and restaurant for breakfast."

"Let's take a look at your driving license."

Mason handed it to him.

The man started to return it, then looked at it again. "Say," he said, "you're Perry Mason, the big criminal lawyer!"

"Not a criminal lawyer," Mason said patiently, "a trial lawyer. I sometimes defend men who are accused of crime."

"What are you doing up in this country?"

"Going fishing."

The deputy looked at him suspiciously. "Why aren't you wearing your fishing clothes?"

"Because," Mason said, and smiled, "I'm not fishing."

"You said you were going fishing."

"I also intend," Mason said, "to go to bed tonight. According to you, I should be wearing my pajamas."

(Continued on page 39)

Mason turned to Paul Drake and Della Street. "It would be suicidal to put Corbin on the stand," he said. "He has a record of prior criminal conviction, and he lied"

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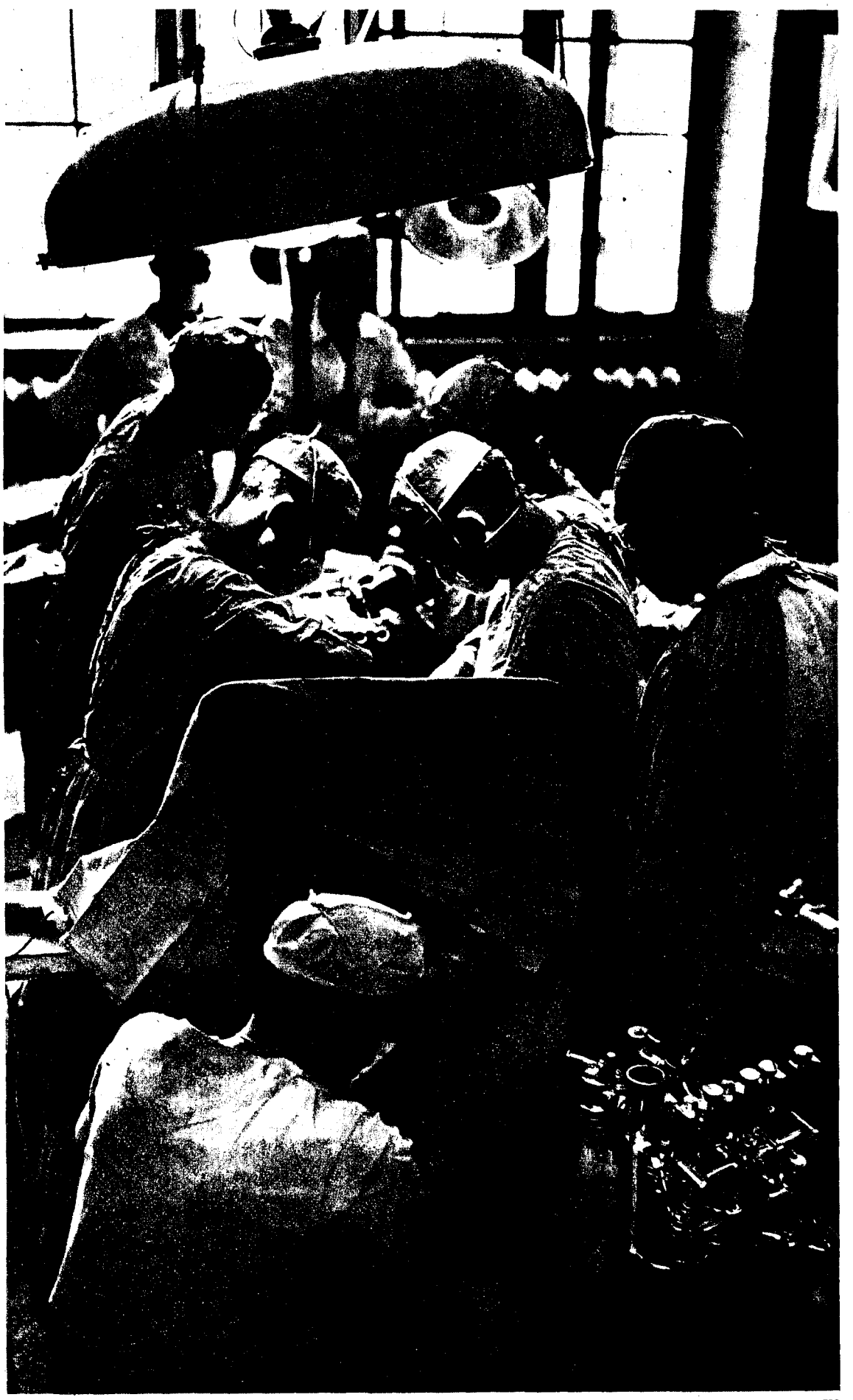
What We Doctors Must Do

Simply shouting against socialized medicine isn't enough, warns this famous surgeon



FPG

It takes expensive equipment and highly trained personnel to offer adequate medical service in a community. Too many doctors are hampered by a lack of facilities, but they needn't be

THE American people want better health protection. If the medical profession fails to provide it, the government is sure to try. Like most doctors, I'm against government medicine; I'm convinced it would lower the quality of medical practice. We doctors can forestall that—but not by merely yelling frantically about socialized medicine. Some people are getting the idea that doctors are against *any* change. We must be constructive. We must do whatever we can to make you, the patient, satisfied at last with the medical service you are getting.

I grew up in the days of the old-time doctor. I was graduated by the University of Pennsylvania in 1908, before common use of the automobile, paved roads, rural telephone service and scientific medicine. At the time of my graduation, the family physician was perhaps the best-loved character in America. Older people remember him as a friend and comforter, ministering to their physical, mental and spiritual ills; as the father confessor, adviser on family relations, psychiatrist and dispenser of medicines.

Yet, no matter how warmly he fitted into the life of his times, he was not the kind of doctor we now need. The kind of man, yes; but not the kind of doctor. His training didn't compare with that required today. Perhaps he spent two years in the study of medicine. The medical student today studies at least eight years; he is usually around thirty before he is ready to begin practicing medicine—and it may be another five years before he begins to make a living.

The old-time family physician could buy all the equipment he needed (including his horse and buggy) for three or four hundred dollars, but the doctor of today must have many thousands of dollars' worth of equipment available for his use, if he is to give you the kind of diagnoses and treatments that will maintain your health.

How many of you would swap a modern diagnostic examination for the old method: a few thumps on the chest, a look down the throat and a little listening to the heart—often without a stethoscope?

Here's what I'm trying to say: to the old-time doctor, the practice of medicine was an art, partly because not much was known about science. Today, the science takes precedence over the art. Both ways are wrong. The time has come when we doctors must bring the art and the science of medicine into sensible relationship. It can't be done by law. But it can be done.

I happen to be an orthopedic surgeon, but there is no reason why I can't recognize the ills of a whole patient while I am taking care of his bones and joints. His attitude, environment, frustrations and worries may affect any part of his body. We older doctors used to say that we could tell whether the stock market was going up or down by the stomachs and the colons of our patients.

Medical students and young doctors may find this talk of the art of medicine bewildering. How can a man possibly learn all a doctor must know and still take time to listen while a patient unloads his worries? I understand the bewilderment, and sympathize with it. Last autumn, I read a Collier's article by Red Grange, the great college football player of a generation ago. He said he couldn't make the varsity today. I feel the same way about medicine. I doubt if I could pass the sophomore examinations.

Today's young doctors have studied harder and longer than I did. They have vastly more knowledge than I had. I understand why, in the always widening field of medical science, so many of

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to Stay Free

By DR. PAUL B. MAGNUSON
with JAMES C. DERIEUX

Americans want better health services, and if medical men don't act, the government may

CARROLL SEGHERS

Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, one of America's top orthopedic surgeons, headed the Presidential commission which reported on America's health needs last month. He's also known for his fight, as VA medical director, to maintain high standards of veterans' care

them decide to become specialists.

But it often is a mistake, I think, for a young man to begin to specialize while still in the early stages of training, before he has had experience in the broad field of medicine—or with patients. It is important to know not only what disease a patient has, but what patient has the disease. People do not like to be passed from one specialist to another, like anonymous specimens—and I don't blame them. When it is necessary to send a patient to another doctor to get the right diagnosis or treatment, I have found it a good idea to tell him why, so he will not feel that he has lost his identity.

When I was teaching at Northwestern University Medical School, I tried to make my students understand that medicine cannot be a precise science, because human beings are not identical. One approach I used was to tell a class, the first time it met, that before proceeding we would have to choose a member who had a normal face. The students would look at me blankly.

"Can't you do that?" I'd ask. "Has the admissions committee let in a class without a single normal face? Are all of you deformed? Or"—and then I would come to the point—"are you *all* normal?

"If you don't learn anything else from me," I'd continue, "I want you to remember that every patient you meet is different from any individual you ever saw before. His skin is different, his disposition is different, his metabolism is different, his body chemistry is different, his fears and his family history are different. You will never find a 'normal' stomach or 'normal' spine, any more than we can find a normal face in this classroom. When you have learned that, you will know the basis on which you must practice medicine."

Too much specialization may make a doctor forget the individualism of the individual. I once had a patient with swollen knees. He had been to many doctors, but still his knees would sometimes swell until he could hardly get his pants on. I suspected an allergy and had him list every item of food he ate. Then we started cutting first one item then another off his diet. But still, every now and then, his knees would swell. Finally spinach was the only food left; so he stopped eating it.

The man went away, and I did not see him again for six months. I supposed he had got tired of me, and had moved on to another doctor. Then one day he came to my office.

"Doctor," he said, "you hit the mark! I haven't had swollen knees since I cut out spinach."

We talked about his trouble for a while, then I asked him, "How would you like to be a guinea pig? I want you to eat big helpings of spinach three times in the next few days. Let's see what happens."

He tried it—and got swollen knees again. Something happened in his chemical plant when he ate spinach, but don't ask me what, or why the swelling was always in his knees. I don't know the answer.

That man's problem was solved by the trial and error method, which at times is the only method to use. But treating patients as individuals isn't enough. Science must be the partner of art. Unfortunately, the scientific facilities available to many of our doctors are far from satisfactory.

The modern doctor must have hospitals, or medical centers, or diagnostic clinics where proper examinations of patients can be made. He cannot carry radioisotopes in his little black bag. His automobile isn't designed for an X-ray machine. Biochemical tests can't be made in the patient's kitchen. Diagnosis and maintenance of health will never be as good as they can be, unless the doctor has electrocardiographs to check the condition of the heart, blood-pressure readings to learn the condition of the circulation—and the ability to interpret the tests.

The Flaw in the Old-Timers' Logic

If some old-timers rise to say they lived without all this, I'll tell them yes, they did, but too many of their neighbors did not. The life expectancy of a man today is about 20 years longer than it was 50 years ago, when we had only the art of medical practice. Many of the infectious diseases of a generation ago—typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough—have all but disappeared, or have been reduced to minor illnesses. Tuberculosis is coming under control. Infant mortality is only about one third of what it was in 1915. These advances have been accomplished by the *science* of medicine.

Even if there were enough doctors to make home calls on every family needing them today, this country would not have adequate health services unless scientific equipment and trained personnel are available to the doctors to aid in diagnosis. There is no reason why most communities should lack these facilities. Practically every town in America today has good roads, schools and churches, and most of them have good libraries. If a community wants the best of health maintenance, it can get that, too. It is up to us private practitioners, to medical schools, to state and local boards of health to tell the people how to get the facilities, how to use them, and how to get the trained personnel to staff them.

Under the Hill-Burton Act, passed by the Congress in 1946, 1,900 hospital projects have been approved, of which 1,010 have been completed, with federal aid, in every state and territory. More than half the new hospitals have been built in towns of less than 5,000 population. The projects will add 90,000 hospital beds, 360 public health centers and 15 state health laboratories to the nation's total. We need 800,000 more beds. But we are moving to meet that great shortage, which developed in the depression and war years, when there was very little construction done for civilians—and when the practice of medicine was changing rapidly from home-bedside to hospital treatment.

The initiative in efforts to get a Hill-Burton facility is taken by the local community. After completion, the facility belongs to the community. The federal government makes its contribution, then gets out.

Under the act, a community can have a modern clinic which would provide free, part-pay or full-rate medical examinations and health advice to all citizens who want them. But the clinics should not provide free *treatment*. The family physician, nearby hospital or specialist would treat the patients at the usual rates, graded to the patient's economic status.

It is unreasonable for a community to demand that its doctors give service out of all proportion to the service demanded of bankers or grocers or plumbers. The doctor has spent more time, effort and money preparing himself than any of the others, and he has a right to receive fair pay. Of course, he will accept nonpaying responsibilities, but he has his own family to feed, in most cases, and a limited number of years for earning.

Doctors should face the question of fees honestly and realistically, and explain the problem to the public. I think we should encourage private insurance companies to move more and more into the field of complete family health insurance. Fees would tend to become standardized, because the insurance companies would have to operate on an actuarial basis, certain that the premiums are enough to pay the claims. I believe firmly that private insurance can do a better and less costly job than would be possible under government insurance—although the government might establish a reinsurance corporation to protect private companies against catastrophic losses. Most families can afford insurance coverage, and there would be only a small number of needy cases for doctors and hospitals to take care of.

Widespread insurance coverage, assuring doctors of reasonable fees in nearly all cases, would

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Federal control is one matter, federal aid another, says the author. With governmen

have another good result. It would help the medical profession cleanse itself of fee splitting between practitioner and surgeon, which often results now from economic urgency.

Supposing we provide adequate health facilities for all Americans—are there enough doctors to take care of everybody?

In the United States today there is one doctor to approximately 850 persons. No other country has that many. But our doctors are not distributed as we would like, and that's why you hear talk of a "doctor shortage." Yet we are making progress. There are now 72 full status medical colleges in the United States, with more than 26,000 students. Several of these colleges are expanding, and some new ones are coming into being.

We won't eliminate the "doctor shortage" in all localities for years to come; quality simply cannot be sacrificed for quantity in medical education. But the shortage can be made less acute almost everywhere, even without more doctors, by a better distribution of the doctors already in practice.

For years, young doctors have been going to cities to practice, because that's where the facilities, the people and the money are. (New York State, largely urban, has 205 doctors for each 100,000 of population, while mainly rural Mississippi has but 70 per 100,000.) As a result, there has been a serious breakdown of medical services in hundreds of rural communities, and neglected patients have begun to wonder whether American free enterprise is working in the health field.

Some steps are being taken to clear up the rural health situation. In Kansas, Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, chancellor of the University of Kansas Medical School, met with officers of the State Medical Society and Board of Health. They worked out the Kansas Rural Health Plan, a three-part program designed (1) to expand the faculty, hospital and laboratory of the medical school so the number of students could be increased by 25 per cent; (2) to help rural communities set up well-equipped "medical workshops" to attract good doctors; and (3) to provide circuit lectures and university refresher courses for physicians all over the state, to keep them abreast of medical developments.

The Kansas legislature, at the urging of doctors, farmers and others, appropriated almost $4,000,000 in 1949 to put Dr. Murphy's plan into operation. Since then, rural medical workshops have become common in Kansas. They aren't equipped for surgery, but they don't have to be. If there's a hospital within 100 miles, it usually is possible to get a major surgical case there by passenger automobile or ambulance.

Another illustration of the kind of medical leadership we need is Dr. George F. Bond, who has practiced at Bat Cave, North Carolina, for some years. He was wearing himself out, and still he could not give his patients the kind of treatment he wanted them to have. Finally he called together the leaders of the community and said he could not go on for long at the kind of day-and-night saddlebag medicine he was compelled to practice.

The Bat Cave people were aroused at the prospect of losing their doctor. In less than a year, the community raised enough money for a 12-bed hospital, later expanded to 16 beds. Some surgery is done there; some is passed on to larger hospitals and specialists. Dr. Bond estimates that about 90 per cent of the community's medical needs are now being met. He is doing the work of several doctors, because he can care for so many more patients.

A third illustration of good spark-plugging by a doctor is that of Dr. H. C. McCoy, in Gordonsville, Virginia. Dr. McCoy returned to Gordonsville from military service in 1945, eager to stay —but only under satisfactory conditions. He took the lead in organizing the Gordonsville Medical Aid Fund, which, without any state or federal help, expanded a small, inadequate hospital to a modern 40-bed establishment. Wealthy persons in the area contributed to the fund, on condition that there be beds for the needy; others loaned money to it. Doctor McCoy brought in a partner, Dr. J. G. Bruce, Jr.; later a dentist opened offices in the hospital.

Improving facilities is only one answer to the rural health problem. Small towns also need more doctors. Most medical students today are from cities, and they generally return to the cities when they finish their studies. Somehow, we must get more country boys into our medical schools—and then lure them right back to the country by supplying them with proper facilities.

Dr. W. C. Davison, dean of the Duke University School of Medicine, tells of another reason why country boys have trouble becoming country doctors. "We practice a kind of discrimination against them," he says. "They can't qualify for medical school because their high-school and college background is weak." That's a problem for the state educators. Meanwhile, Dr. Davison hopes tutoring courses may be provided for rural boys of first-rate ability but deficient education, so more of them can enter medical schools. He also says boys

Dr. George F. Bond (l.), concerned at quality of medicine he was forced to practice in Bat Cave, N.C., got townsfolk to build hospital below. Result: better care for more patients

EWART BALL

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who may practice in the country should marry country girls, but I don't know how he intends to work that out. City girls, he says, generally protest against their husbands' going to the country.

The steps I have been discussing in this article seem to me to offer a practical, middle-of-the-road solution to the shortage of medical facilities which has been plaguing many localities in recent years. My suggestions would avoid the two extreme viewpoints which have developed, one favoring a sort of do-little, or *status quo* policy, the other going all the way to national health insurance (and a long way toward socialization of health maintenance).

The *status quo* advocates say this nation's medical facilities are far better than those of any other industrialized people and that government action of any kind is sure to be contrary to individual initiative, harmful to 'patient-doctor relationships, expensive and bureaucratic.

The group at the other extreme seems to think that illness can be handled by law; that Washington can serve the diversified needs of regions, states and localities better than these areas can serve themselves; that state and local governments and agencies are ineffective; that national health insurance will solve all our medical problems; that another agency in Washington need not weaken our American system of individual initiative.

One of these extremes is as far off base as the other. Members of the first group are right when they say America has good health, but they overlook several facts. Unless we maintain continuing improvement, we will deteriorate. Action by the federal government is not necessarily incompatible with the private enterprise system; the federal government can help without controlling. Co-operation between government and private agencies is an effective way for government to serve the people, without becoming their master.

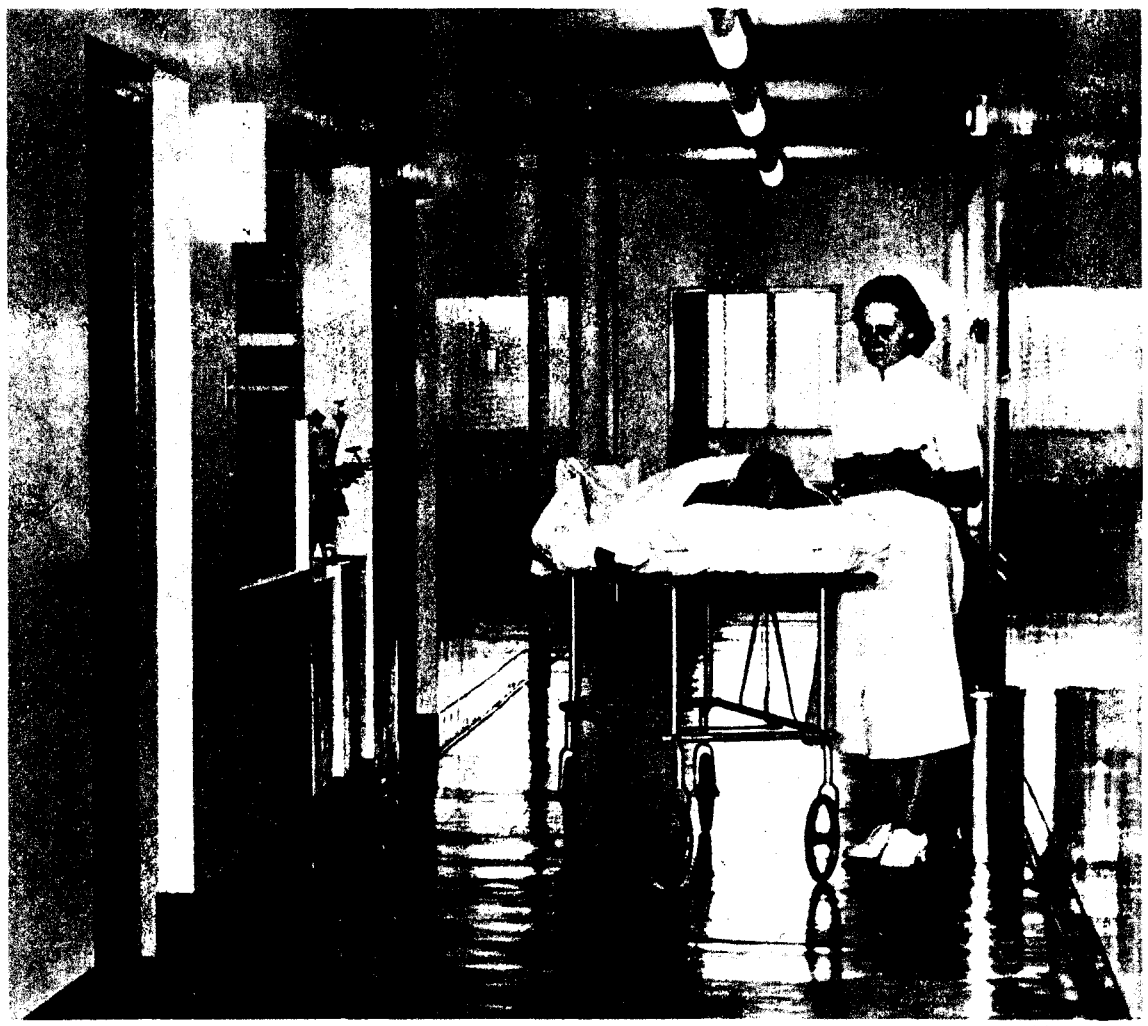
The advocates of national health insurance ignore a few facts, too (or, at least, take a far more optimistic attitude than the facts justify). In my opinion, a law designed to eliminate illness will be no more effective than a law designed to eliminate war. There is little doubt that bureaucratic control is damaging to individual initiative; under a national health plan, the controls would tend to become more important than the patients. Furthermore, the nation's health problem is too complex to lend itself to any single solution; how about the shortage and maldistribution of doctors and the professional personnel needed to help them?

Most important, everywhere a compulsory scheme of medical aid has been tried, the results have been disappointing.

Last summer I visited England to study that nation's socialized medicine setup. I found that the British family doctor devotes two thirds of his office time to 28 varieties of official forms (including 18 basic forms which must be filled out for every patient). These physicans can't really practice medicine because they lack both facilities and time. I sat with one doctor while he saw 18 patients in 90 minutes; all he had time to do was ask a few questions, then reach for a form.

This is not my idea of good health maintenance. It is contrary to American ideals and to the methods which have given such fine results up to now. I don't think this country will go the socialist way in medicine—but I want to make certain it will not, by arousing doctors to take the lead in seeking solutions to our undeniable problems.

If we are to keep the medical profession, and America, free, we must combine medical science with the humanities of practice, educate the public to its own medical needs, encourage private health insurance programs, expand facilities for medical education, increase our ability to serve more people per doctor by stimulating communities to acquire health centers of one kind or another, and, in summary, shatter all the arguments for government control of medicine by demonstrating that our free way is the better way for the patients. ▲▲▲



RALPH R. THOMPSON

At urging of Dr. H. C. McCoy, Gordonsville, Va., expanded its small, inadequate hospital to modern establishment with free beds for needy. Hospital now has two doctors, one dentist

COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

University of Kansas professors and fieldworkers start on circuit tour to inform country doctors of medical advances—part of state-financed program to improve rural health care

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ROBERT BUGG

"When the Lord's Dollar went in," I said, "I went out. I didn't like the look in Harry's eyes"

The Lord's Dollar

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

REVEREND MEEKER'S money-raising plan would have gone off without a bobble if Harry Tate just hadn't been in the congregation that morning. The scheme was this: instead of putting money *in* the collection plate, the congregation was supposed to take money *out*.

But not to keep, the reverend explained real fast; the church was in bad enough financial shape as it was. What he wanted was for everybody to take one of the crisp, new dollar bills he had put in the plate and invest it for the Lord. The proceeds were to be returned to the plate the next Sunday morning. For example, some lady might invest her dollar in apples and sugar and convert them into apple pies for selling. He thought the returns on the Lord's Dollar would be pretty handsome.

Well, the whole thing was based on the parable of the Good and Faithful Servant, and everybody thought it was a whale of an idea. The ushers passed the plates, and we all took out a dollar. There were some mighty poor risks in the crowd, but nobody got excited until they saw Harry Tate, sitting on the back pew all by himself, dip his long, bony, white fingers into the till.

Nobody had realized he was there, and you could hear women gasping all over the place. My wife, Edna, punched me. "Blasphemy, that's what it is!" she whispered loudly.

Well, I wanted to punch her back but not with my elbow. If there was ever a Christian gentleman, it was Harry Tate. Didn't drink, didn't cuss, didn't chase women, and wherever he was, he went to church every Sunday. What put the Lucifer label on him was his gambling. He played poker for a living, a very high-tone living. He operated up East, but every fall he came back home to our town for a couple of weeks of bird hunting. That's what made our wives rise up in their wrath. He had a room at the hotel, and every night we could, we'd slip down there and take him on.

That's when he'd really prove he was a gentleman. He knew we were all out to cut his throat—show him what sharks we were—but he'd never let on. Every trip, he'd drop a couple of hundred, and then say he was awful glad he was getting back to the Eastern amateurs: we pros had really cut him up. Joe Craig, Charlie Burkes, Tom Bagshaw and the rest of them really went for that stuff, but I knew when I was being toyed with.

WELL, after church, the morning we heard about the money-raising scheme, the ladies really got wrathful. Mamie Craig, Joe's wife, said to the reverend: "It's downright shameful. A fine Christian project like this being ruined by that heathen. Right on a poker table, that's where Harry Tate's dollar is going!"

The reverend just smiled. "I sure hope not, Mamie. I hear Joe and the boys clean him every time he comes to town."

He had her. Joe was really a missionary's nightmare—along with Charlie and the rest of them. They didn't even belong to a church. The reverend—and their wives—had been trying for ten years to herd them into the fold, but every Sunday morning they were off hunting or fishing or lying around their camp down on the river calling me a hypocrite.

Mamie knew it was so, but she got all insulted. "I really think he wants that tainted money!" she said to my wife. "If he does . . ."

That's the way it went all week. When they weren't investing the Lord's Dollars in cakes and pies, they were grumbling about Harry's unholy offering. The situation had its compensations, though. Every night my wife forced me down to Harry's room. She figured it was her Christian duty to keep abreast of all the local sinning. Every morning at breakfast I'd get the same sneering question. "Well! Did the Lord's Dollar get in the game last night?"

I told her I'd let her know when it showed up. I did. It got in the game Saturday night. At five o'clock Sunday morning I was shaking her awake. "It showed up," I said. "The Lord's got seventeen thousand, four hundred and twenty-four dollars and twenty-three cents coming!"

She bolted up in bed, but it took her thirty seconds to get her mouth in gear. "Seventeen thousand dollars!" she shouted.

"Not all in cash!" I said. "Mostly in IOUs, bad checks and mortgages on stores and farms!" Her mouth wouldn't work again. I put it back in gear. "I didn't lose a cent!" I said. "When the Dollar went in, I went out. I didn't like the look in Harry's eyes."

That took the hysterics out of her voice, when she spoke again, but she still had plenty of volume. "He cheated! Nobody could win like that and—"

"Nope," I said, "he just quit pampering them. He played with them like he plays with the boys up East. He checked a few cinches into 'em, bluffed 'em a few times, and they started crowing and saying they could be just as big time as he could. They bet mad; Harry bet 'em when he had 'em. That was all it took. He—"

She wasn't interested in the technical details. "Seventeen thousand dollars!" she said again. "They'll be the rest of their lives trying to pay off the—"

"Well," I said, "he was offering to settle with them when I left. Drives a pretty hard bargain though."

"That heartless, godless creature!" she said. "He'd better not dare come near that church!"

She waited till about eight o'clock, and then she headed for the telephone: the Ladies Aid Paul Revere.

BY THE time church started, the reverend and everybody in the congregation had heard about it. And everybody but the reverend and I was trying to look shocked instead of fascinated. By the time the hymns and the responsive reading were over, though, they really were shocked. No Harry. My wife was like all the rest of them—so disappointed she could spit.

"This church will never see that dollar again!" she said. "He's not only a swindler, he's a common thief!"

They had one hope. All the Investors for the Lord had to make their reports. Harry might come in while that was going on. At the end of an hour, though, every dollar but his had been accounted for. They were ready to form a posse and go after him. He had no business getting off with a dollar sin. They wanted seventeen thousand tainted dollars' worth of sin.

The reverend was determined to cheat them out of it. He made a short but impassioned report on the project, and then he got ready to wind things up. He raised his arms and issued his usual invitation. "If there be those present who would join the church of the Lord, will they please come forward!"

Well, there was this stir in the vestibule and then this wholesale gasp. Harry Tate was coming down the aisle. That was sensation enough, but following in his wake was the primest bunch of sinners in all captivity: Joe, Charlie, Ed and Tom. Their faces looked like tomatoes. Harry's was right appropriate. He was wearing his poker face.

He led them down to the railing around the altar, sort of bowed to the reverend, handed him a dollar, stalked back up the aisle, and was gone. No church had ever gotten such a bargain: four lost souls for a dollar. That's the way he had settled with them. They could either pay up, he told them, or they could join the church—and stay joined. He'd be back checking on them.

I was the only one who knew the details, but there wasn't a soul in church who wasn't putting two and two together and coming up with the answer. My wife got real red and hung her head. Not the reverend. There wasn't a happier shepherd in all the fields of the Lord. He knew those stray sheep at the railing had been *forced* into the fold, but they were his for the taming. And the taming wasn't going to be too hard. ▲▲▲

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How Marciano Can Be Beaten

By CHARLEY GOLDMAN with TOM MEANY

The trainer of the great undefeated heavyweight admits his boy someday probably will be defeated. But it will take a lot to make The Rock crumble—and he explains why

ASKING me who is going to take the heavyweight title from Rocky Marciano is like asking a Republican who's going to succeed Eisenhower as President. After all, the guys have just moved in.

The question before the house is: What kind of a fighter will beat Marciano?

That's a tough one to answer because you have to remember that nobody has licked Rocky—yet. It is logical to suppose that somebody will someday, because virtually every fighter has been beaten somewhere along the line.

One reason it is difficult to pick out a man who will defeat Marciano is that I, as Rocky's trainer, don't believe he has reached his peak yet. He's still coming up and, while I don't look for him to add any new stuff, I'm certain that he'll improve the weapons he already has.

Marciano has had only about half the experience of any other boxer who has been in the ring for the same length of time. That sounds screwy until you remember that most of Rocky's fights ended in early-round knockouts. He averaged only four rounds a fight until he took the heavyweight title from Jersey Joe Walcott in Philadelphia last September.

Everybody, fans and experts, raved about Marciano's knockout of Walcott, but take it from me, Rocky was not at his best. He was daydreaming against Jersey Joe, not concentrating on the business at hand as he did against Joe Louis or Kid Matthews. He wasn't overconfident, careless or anything like that, but he just couldn't believe that he, a kid from Brockton, Massachusetts, was really fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world. If he hadn't been wearing boxing gloves he'd probably have pinched himself to see if he was awake.

I can appreciate how Rocky felt that night. The same thing happened to me when I had a great deal more experience under my belt than Marciano. Back in 1912, I boxed 10 rounds in New York against Johnny Coulon, who was then the bantamweight champion of the world. I stayed the 10 rounds with Johnny, but I was fighting in a trance. Any time a fighter meets his first champion it's bound to have an effect on him. Lots of fellows, of course, win the championship first crack out of the box, as Rocky did, but rarely is the fight one of their best.

Rocky's daydreaming is over now. The title is a reality and you'll see Marciano a much improved fighter. The fact that he is the heavyweight champion is bound to make him a better fighter. And his confidence in himself certainly wasn't jarred when the New York Boxing Writers Associations last month voted him the Fighter of the Year.

When I say Marciano will improve I'm not shilling for him just because I'm his trainer. He went into the Walcott fight with only 176 rounds of boxing experience. The record books had Jersey Joe with close to 500 rounds of experience—and maybe many more rounds which weren't in the books. It also was the first time in Rocky's life that he ever fought longer than 10 rounds. Out of 42 fights before he beat Walcott, Marciano had only five which went to a 10-round decision and one in which he scored a knockout in the tenth.

But let's get back to the fighter who's going to take Marciano, if anybody ever does.

First of all, it won't be a fighter who resembles anybody fighting currently. The guy will have to be versatile, for Rocky has beaten all kinds of fighters, which makes picking the fighter who will eventually lick him a tough proposition. He stopped a smart, experienced fighter, a sharp hitter and a good ring general in Walcott. He beat boxers like Roland LaStarza and Kid Matthews, punchers like Joe Louis. Whatever type they threw against him, Rocky took care of them.

Ahead on Points When He Landed KO

A thing everybody overlooks about Marciano is that he not only beat everybody he ever fought but of those he knocked out—38 out of 43—he was ahead of every one of them on points when he hung up the kayo, with the exception of Walcott. Jersey Joe was leading on points when Rocky hung the equalizer on him but there was an excuse for it.

I already mentioned that Marciano was daydreaming in the Walcott fight, but don't forget, too, that he suffered a temporary blindness in the fight. Some ointment, or something, got into his eyes and he had to fight three rounds in darkness. It was an accident, of course, but it didn't help our guy any.

The first asset you'll have to look for in Marciano's conqueror is durability. He'll have to have a chin of granite, like Jim Jeffries had in his prime. Big Jeff was about as rugged a man as I ever saw. He was past thirty-five and hadn't fought in six years when Jack Johnson knocked him out. And it took big Johnson 15 rounds to finish him off. It was, incidentally, the only time anybody ever knocked Jim out.

I don't think there ever has been a fighter who can dish it out like Marciano, so the first thing the man who will beat him must have is the ability to absorb plenty of punishment. I don't know if people even today realize what a murderous hitter Rocky is. Just before he knocked out Matthews in New York, he belted out Bernie Reynolds in Providence, Rhode Island. Reynolds actually floated through the air in a horizontal position and his shoulder blades and the back of his heels hit the deck simultaneously.

Giving a man the chin and stamina of Jeffries is

A bemused Rocky gazes at the composite portrait Goldman has dreamed up of the next heavyweight champion. He will be a tough guy to tangle with, all right, but he will find Rocky a rough one too

DRAWING BY WILLARD MULLIN

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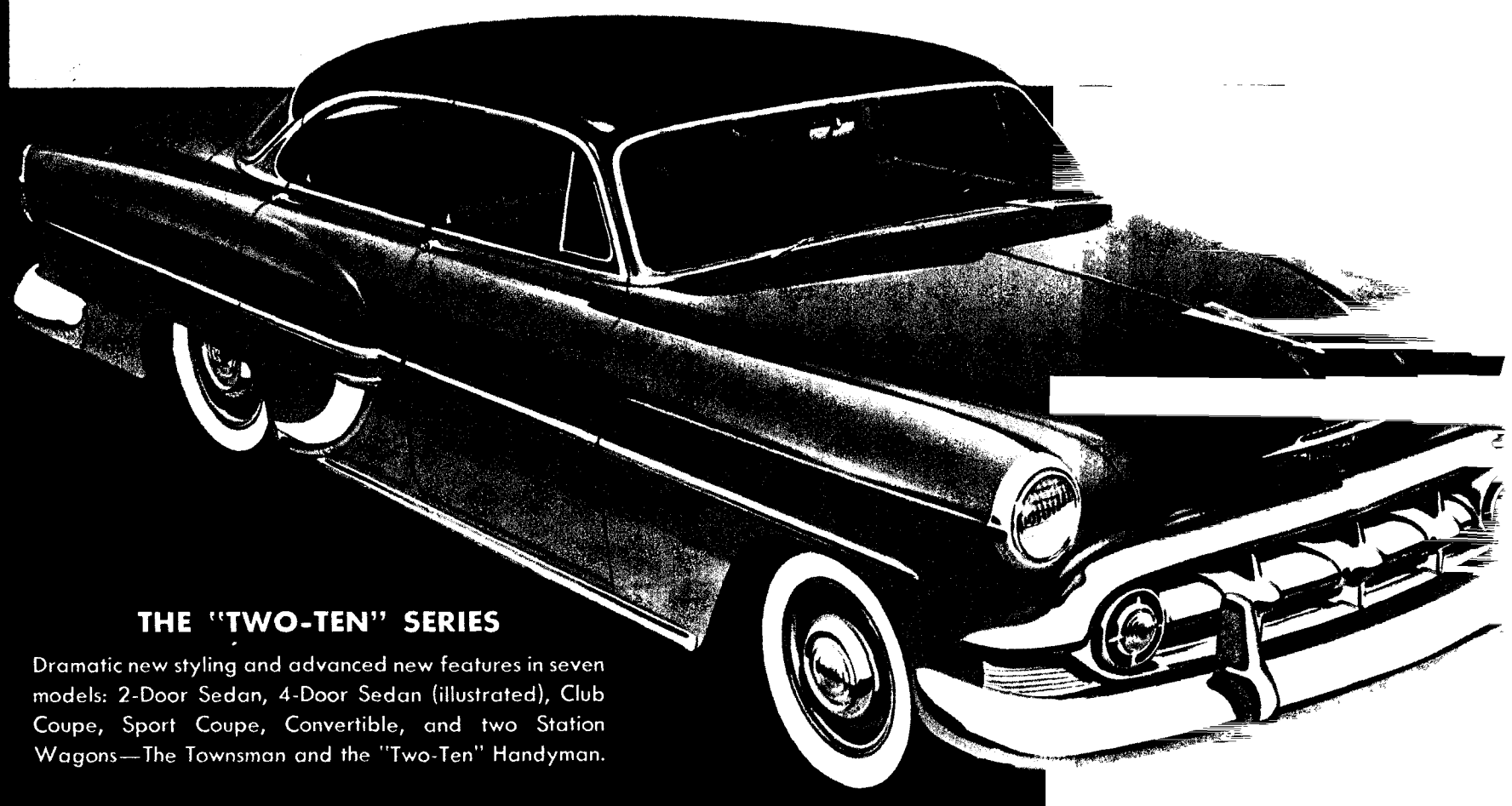

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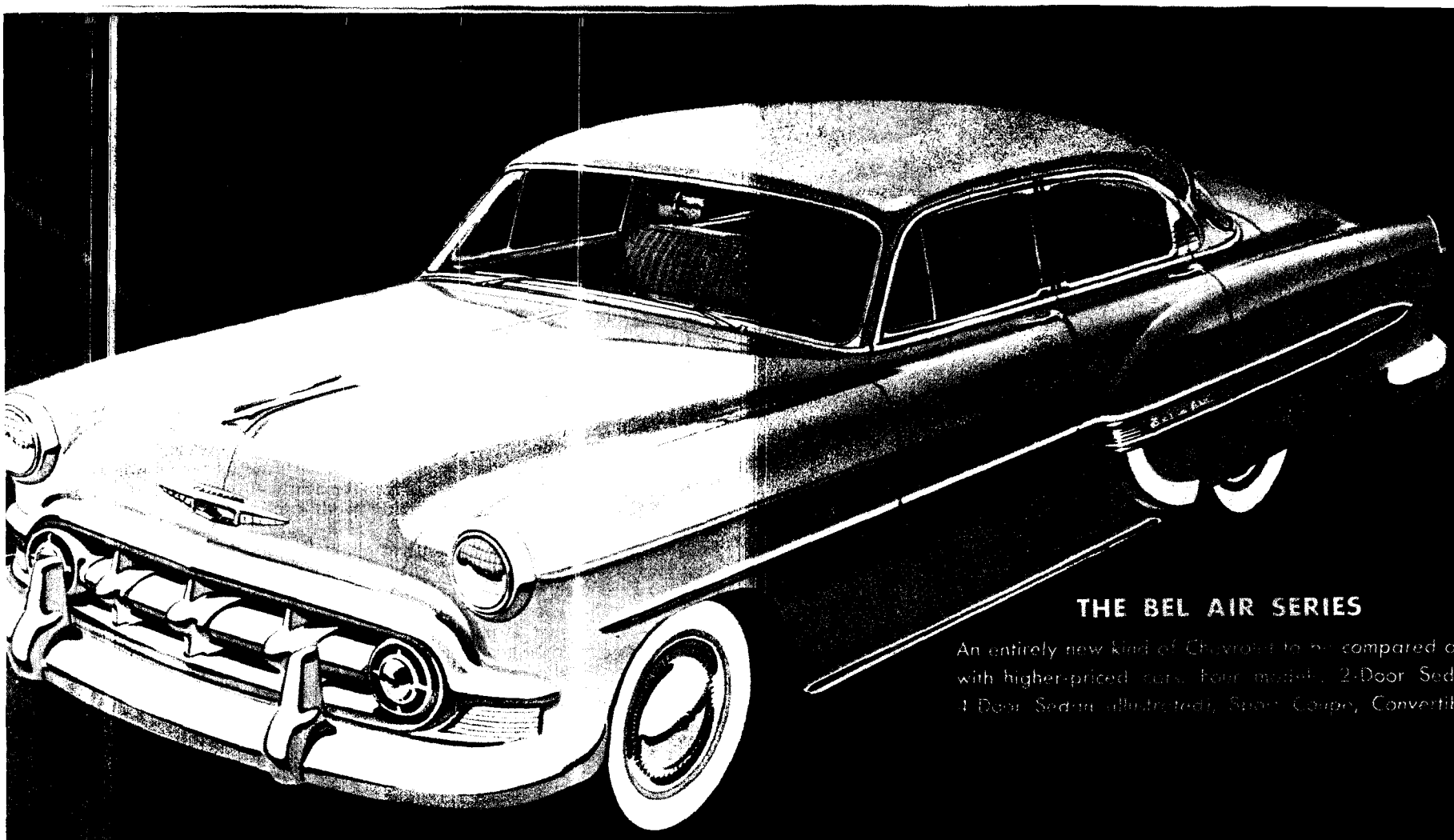

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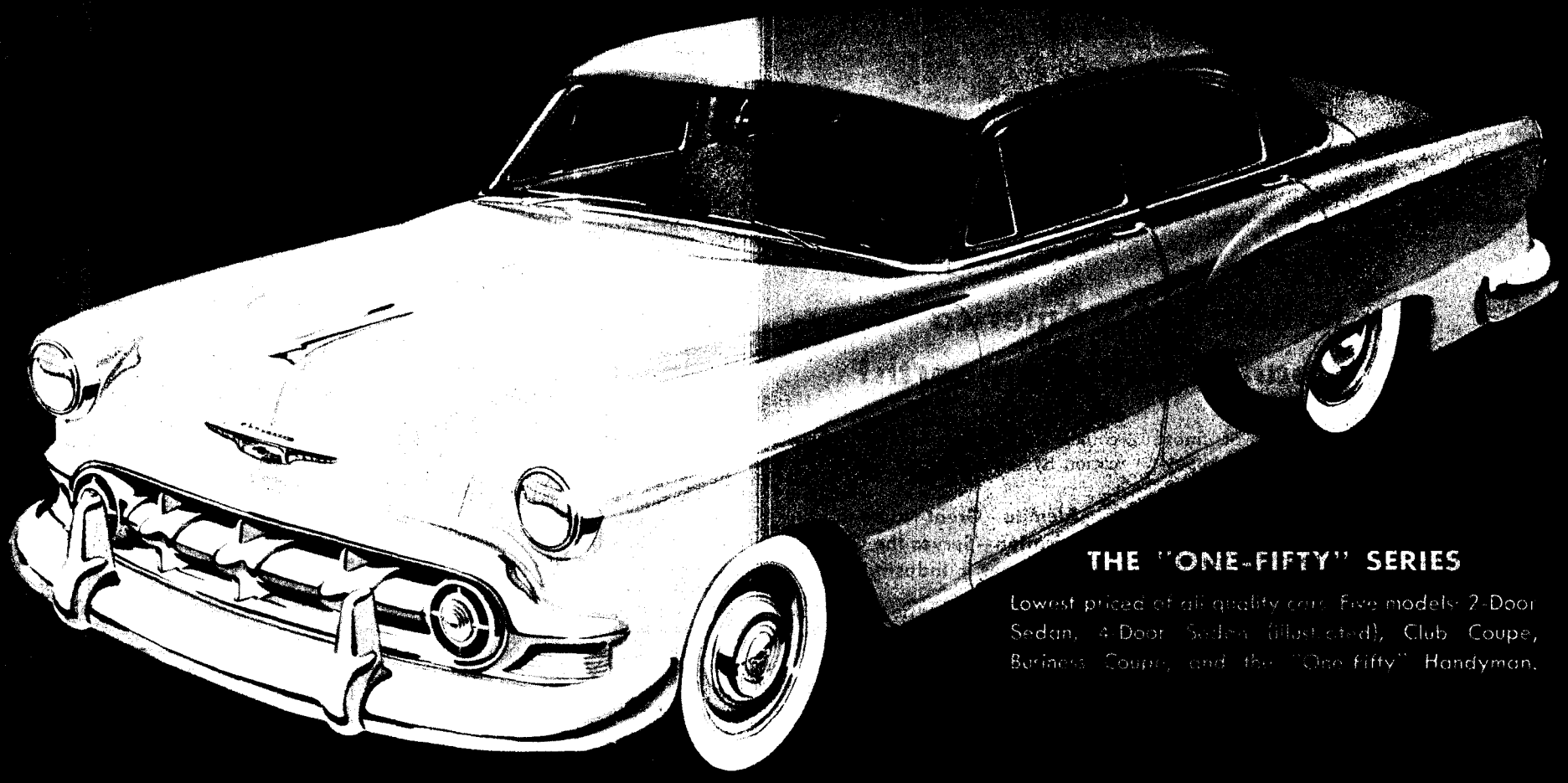

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asking a lot, but that's only the start of it. The man who would beat Marciano must be able to hit like Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis, or even Rocky himself, who I believe hits harder than Jack or Joe. Dempsey and Louis beat their opponents to the ground with a series of punches, but it takes only one with Rocky. Louis is one of the very few of the 38 guys Marciano stiffened who needed a second punch to finish him.

In addition to having the fire power in his fists of a Dempsey or Louis, Marciano's theoretical conqueror would have to be able to jab like Tommy Loughran or Gene Tunney. Both had accurate left jabs which they used effectively to keep their opponents off balance. A really good jab would be necessary to prevent a puncher like Rocky getting his right hand across.

Ketchel's Deadly Left Hook

Another weapon anybody who hopes to take Marciano would need would be a left hook like Stanley Ketchel's. He had a really explosive hook. Any time Ketchel missed a right, he'd shift and come in with a left hook that was dynamite. Ketchel had Johnson on the mat when big Jack was at his peak and outweighed Stanley by 25 pounds.

That gives the man who succeeds Marciano exceptional physical ability to take punishment and to dish it out. And he'll need more than that—he'll have to be a whale of a defensive fighter, too.

Any stand-up fighter is a dead pigeon against Rocky. To give him trouble, his opponent must fight out of a weaving crouch like Dempsey, which will make him hard to hit. Although Jack had the reputation of sacrificing defense for offense, his crouch made him a difficult target. Rocky, who is five feet eleven inches, is no sitting duck, because of his crouch.

Not only will the man who beats Marciano have to present the barest of possible targets for Rocky to shoot at, but he'll have to have elusiveness and clever footwork. Here he would have to resemble Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who, to my mind, was the classiest boxer we ever had.

A crouch like Dempsey's and footwork like O'Brien's are essential for anybody meeting a puncher like Marciano. His opponent can't afford to be nailed, because once he's hit, he's gone. I've been watching boxing for over 50 years —ever since as a kid I used to follow Terrible Terry McGovern around the streets of south Brooklyn—and I've never seen anybody stiffen guys as emphatically as Rocky.

Now let's add up all the parts and see what it takes to make the man who's going to take Marciano. He'll need the iron chin, the endurance and stamina of Jeffries; the punching power of Dempsey and Louis; the jab of Tunney and Loughran; the left hook of Ketchel; the bobbing, weaving style of Dempsey and the speed and footwork of O'Brien. That would make him a superman—and that's just what he would have to be.

One thing I'll bet on right now—the man who takes the crown from Marciano isn't going to outgame him. Rocky has a great heart and that's something no trainer can give you. You have to be born with it. He'll never fold—you can lay odds on that.

Perhaps the reason that I have such great faith in Marciano is that I can see how far he has come since I first saw him back in 1948. That we ever met at all was due to a story written by Jack Cuddy, the boxing editor of the United Press, which appeared in a Brockton paper.

Cuddy did a piece about me and my boss, Al Weill. Weill (who was formerly the matchmaker for the International Boxing Club in Madison Square Garden) and I have known each other for nearly 40 years. Al managed three world's champions before Marciano, and I served as trainer for all three—Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion; Joey Archibald, featherweight; and Marty Servo, welterweight.

MARCH OF DIMES

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 2-31

Cuddy wrote that Weill had a knack of bringing young, green fighters along, that he was a shrewd manager and that I could teach youngsters boxing, provided they were willing to learn.

The article was seen by a lifelong pal of Rocky's, Al Colombo, and he wrote and asked if we could spare the time to look over Marciano. Al wrote back to Colombo and told him to bring the fighter to the Catholic Youth Organization gym in downtown Manhattan. Anybody connected with boxing is always willing to inspect an unknown heavyweight—for one look, anyway.

Green—But Could He Punch!

Al and I have often looked over green kids who thought they could become fighters but I'll eat my derby hat if I ever saw anyone cruder than Rocky. There is no point in wasting time with a kid who can't fight, no matter how ambitious he is. The sensible thing for the manager and the trainer, and for the boy as well, is to tell him to go home and learn a trade and forget all about boxing. We would never have taken a chance with Marciano except that right off the reel he showed he could punch with authority.

To start with, Marciano was pretty old to learn to be a fighter. He was twenty-four when we first saw him and the time to start out young fighters is

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ighter. Marciano murders that kind

when they're about eighteen. As a kid, Rocky had been a good rugged athlete at Brockton High, taking the workhorse jobs, catcher on the ball club, center on the football team. He had done no boxing at all until he got into the Army, and then he started fighting at Fort Lewis, Washington.

Because he could punch, Rocky was able to win in the camp bouts, and when he got out of the Army he did some amateur fighting around Brockton, and his showing prompted Colombo to believe that he could get somewhere with the proper handling and training.

His Left Jab Was All Wrong

It was the fact that Marciano was able to get leverage behind his right-hand punches that prompted Al to take a chance on him. The body was behind every punch and that meant something, even though Rocky was so green that he used to try a left jab with the palm of his glove facing upward.

The first thing we had to do with Marciano was to speed up his arms, to get him to punch faster. You couldn't speed up his legs because they were too heavy and we didn't try to change his style for fear it would detract from his punching power. There is no accounting for the boxing style of an individual. Take Sammy Angott, for instance. No trainer would dare to teach Angott's style to a boy, for Sammy did everything wrong, according to the book, yet he won a championship and was the first fighter to defeat Willie Pep, after Willie had won 62 straight fights.

Weill is a smart manager and knows how to bring a young fighter along, by not throwing him with men who have too much experience for him or boxers who have styles that will upset him. One thing I want to get on the record here and now is that there were never any tank jobs for Marciano, as some people hinted. That's no way to bring a boy up. Even the greenest fighter can sense when his opponent has been fixed to take a dive, and it destroys his self-confidence.

Marciano improved with every fight, which is one reason for my belief that he hasn't reached his peak yet. He just started to develop his left hand when he knocked out Louis. He was always magnificent with his right but now he carries an equalizer in either hand. And he's learned to shorten his punches, too, to shorten them without sacrificing any power. The right-hand wallop that put Walcott away traveled no more than 10 inches.

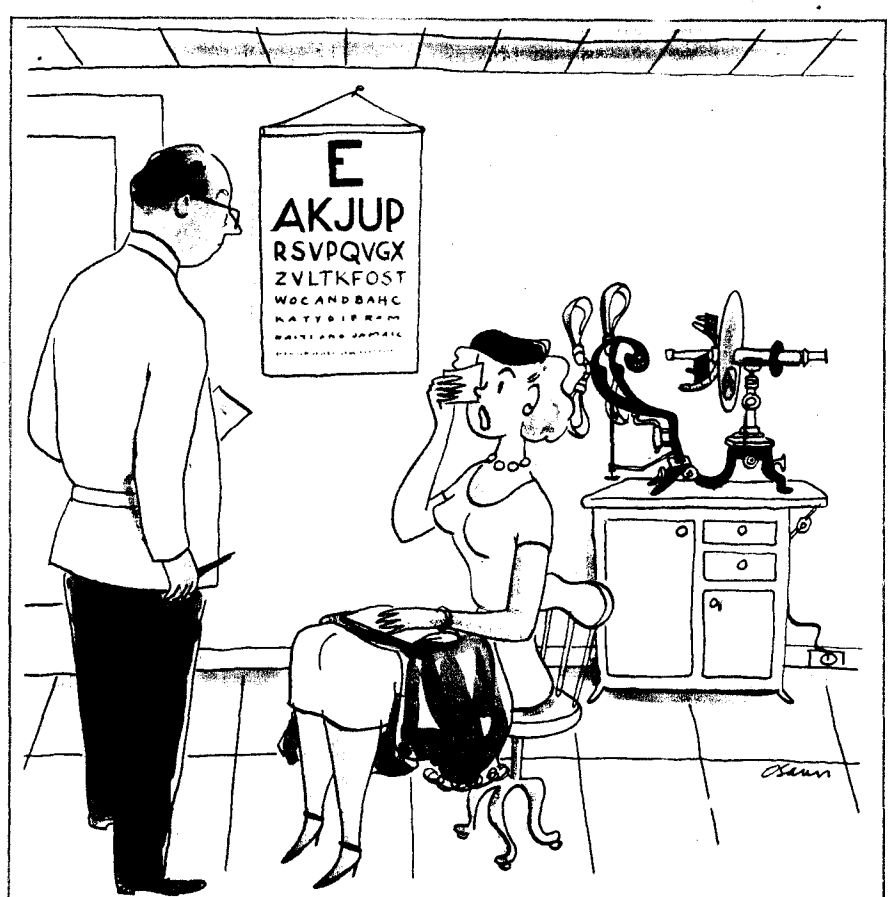
One worry I had with some fighters that I've never had with Rocky is the bright lights. He's wrapped up in his wife and their new baby and his family back in Brockton, Massachusetts. He watches his body carefully and is always taking some sort of exercise, even when he is not training for a fight.

Still an Underrated Fighter

It is only natural that I should be prejudiced about Rocky because I have been so close to him, but I honestly believe that he still is an underrated fighter, which makes picking the man who will eventually beat him such a difficult job.

I don't think anybody around today has the equipment to lick Rocky Marciano, which is why I picked as the man who would eventually dethrone him a composite of seven different champions.

The Rock has great physical assets packed into his 185 pounds and I have a hunch that he will keep those assets a long time. And, as long as he keeps those assets, he'll keep the heavyweight crown, too. ▲▲▲



"Is all this necessary? I just want them so I'll look more intelligent"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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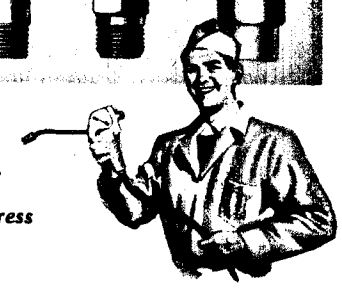

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Susannah and the Elders

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

My father is a movie star, and we have a big house with a swimming pool. The trouble is, the pool is mostly always empty, and I need a mother, and my father needs a wife

THE trouble is that my father is a little bit too old to be a movie star. This is my personal opinion, because I see how tired he gets riding the stationary bicycle we have in the playroom. Mr. Mishner, who is his agent, tells everybody that he is in the pink, but Mr. Mishner spends all his time at the studios and his office, so I don't see how he knows how my father feels. All Mr. Mishner says is that Bogart is giving out his right age to the press and Gable is letting his hair go white, so why is my father worrying?

Mr. Mishner got very angry when my father told Les Carew he was tired of pretending to be a kid and maybe Les ought to keep that in mind. Mr. Carew is a producer at the studio where my father has a contract, with an option coming up in December. For this reason, Mr. Mishner says Father ought to watch his step and just do whatever scripts the studio sends him; but that's kind of silly because the last one was a bosom-and-sand epic (that's a desert picture with a native girl in it), and they were going to do it in Palm Springs where my father always gets sunstroke. Also, he'd put on a little weight, and he said he'd look damn' silly in a burnoose.

Mr. Mishner came over to our house the minute he heard what my father had said, and he brought the writers on the picture over too. In fact, they're friends of Father's because their specialty is swashbuckle and that's what my father does the most of. I've known them ever since I was a little girl. In fact I call them Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted. They always write together as a team, Moffit and Morris, and one year they got an Academy Award for a picture called Sand. Uncle Alan is married to a lady who likes to spend all her time in France, and Uncle Ted is divorced, so they're around the house quite a bit to keep Father company when he's not shooting. When Father is feeling real good he shouts out, "Mishner, Moffit and Morris, Murder, Inc.," and they all laugh like it was the first time they'd ever heard it.

Father doesn't do anything without talking it over with them. In fact, when my mother died they came over and moved in with us for a few weeks. I don't remember much about it except that my father locked himself in his room and wouldn't come out for about three days, until Uncle Ted went in and had a good talk with him. It was Uncle Alan who found the girls' school I go to in Beverly Hills, and he takes me shopping all the time when I need school clothes and stuff, because he's had quite a lot to do with girls and knows all the buyers all over town.

Anyway, the day my father told Les Carew he was getting too damn' old to go around saying, "All right, men, this is it," Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted came over to the house with Father and Mr. Mishner. First they went swimming in our pool—which is usually empty and dirty because our gardener doesn't bother with much except sprinkling the lawn—and then they got themselves some beer and sat down for a heart-to-heart talk. The first thing Mr. Mishner said was, "Susie, why don't you go inside and look at television?"

"Let her stay," said Father. "If anybody in this godforsaken town gives a hoot in hell for me, it's Susie."

"She's a woman now," said Uncle Ted. "Let her stay." It was nice of him to say "woman" because I'm pretty young yet. Uncle Alan offered me a sip of his beer, but I didn't take any. I just sat down and listened.

"Fellows," said my father, "here it is. I went to my doctor the other day. I've got an ulcer and an incipient varicose vein. And I've got high blood pressure. In short, I'm more buckle than swash, and it's high time I faced it."

Uncle Ted and Uncle Alan looked at each other. They weren't smiling like they usually do. "Is this on the level?" Uncle Ted asked.

"He doesn't like the script," Mr. Mishner explained.

"Who does?" Uncle Alan asked. "It's a clinker. I ought to know; I wrote it."

"I'll tell you who likes the script," Mr. Mishner said hotly. "Mr. Les Carew likes the script, that's who. He liked it well enough to let you two work on it for sixteen weeks."

"The money was fine; the script isn't," Uncle Ted said.

"So you're advising him to walk out?"

"It sounds like it's walk or crawl," said Uncle Alan. "I vote for walk."

MR. MISHNER shrugged. "I'm not an undertaker," he said. "I'm an agent. I just have this to say: Our friend, Mr. Joshua Cane, here is not exactly loaded. He's got this house to pay for, and he's got Susie to think about. He says he's no spring chicken. I'm not arguing. I'm only saying that he'd better make hay while he can. They could have had Flynn for this picture. Carew handed it to you, Joshua. They're getting Laslo Frenese to direct and budgeting for Technicolor. You'd better grab."

My father just sort of sat there. He looked around at the house and the garden, and sighed. "You know," he said quietly, "I'd like a little house on the beach beyond Malibu. I'd like to build Susie a boat and slop around in ducks and sneakers and get a paunch."

Uncle Ted, who has a penthouse apartment and a red M.G., shook his head. "You'd go crazy," he said.

Uncle Alan, who has a white Jaguar and a bar in his house that lights up, said, "Look, son, that isn't for you. If you want to knock off for a few months and get into shape, fine. Great. But this back-to-the-land stuff is for the birds. What would you do for laughs, huh?"

"I'd grow some tomatoes," said Father, "and maybe buy a dog." He sounded so serious that all three of them began to look worried.

"Before old rockin' chair gets you," said Uncle Ted, "I've got an idea. Did you ever meet Mitzi Wallace?"

"They call her Rocket," said Uncle Alan reflectively. "Rocket Wallace."

Mr. Mishner looked at me and frowned. "Susie, dear," he said, "I could use an aspirin."

I KNEW they wanted to get rid of me and I knew why. Every time my father talks about quitting and doing what he wants to, this happens. Uncle Ted or Uncle Alan tries to get him to go out with some girl. They keep telling him that what he needs is a hobby, like collecting blondes. They just don't understand my father. Oh, they put in the gossip columns that he goes out with Sandra Laurel or Phyllis Frost, if he is making a picture with them, but he really doesn't. He just lets them say so, because the studio wants everybody to think he's a great lover. In fact, he doesn't go out with girls at all.

It's terribly sad, because he really is awfully lonesome, and when I'm at school he just sort of pots around the house. He has a little woodwork shop fixed up and he makes a few things down there when he gets blue. If that doesn't work he comes over to the school and brings me home for a few days. The reason I don't live at home is that my father says it isn't the kind of a home for a growing girl. For one thing, we've got this houseboy, Jerrico, who doesn't like to clean up, and the whole place gets in a terrible mess. Jerrico orders a lot of expensive things from the grocery store, but when we want to eat at home there's nothing in the house but anchovies or sauerkraut or stuff like that.

If you ask me, the whole place is just like in that picture Sunset Boulevard. Our lawn is all patchy and sunburned, and the pool never gets cleaned out, and the rooms are all dusty and kind of stuffy and gloomy. Also there are the bills. They're awful. I was home once when they came, and my father put on his glasses and took a good look. He almost fainted. Jerrico charges at the grocery store, and there were all kinds of items we couldn't figure out. There was a great big bill from the drugstore and one from a tailor

Just then—just when my father and Miss Adams were beginning to be friendly—in came Moffit and Morris. It made me feel crumby to see them come in like tramps

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and one from a garage, and a lot more we didn't look at because my father isn't very good about money and looking at bills depresses him.

Actually, what my father needs is a good wife. A person thinks because a person is a movie star he isn't a human being. I mean, everybody gets so used to seeing my father swinging around by his hands and giving people orders and making love that they sort of get the idea that he's some sort of a superman or something. Even the kids at school think so, and most of them are in the business. I mean their fathers are producers or directors or something like that. I think my father's pretty good-looking, but he wears a little hair piece, which Max Factor made for him, and he needs glasses like anything, even if he only wears them to read with.

ACTUALLY, glamor makes him sort of sick to his stomach. Lots and lots of times he tells me about when he was a fisherman up in Astoria, Oregon, with his own boat. That's what he was before he was a movie star. Then some big director, who died before I was born, came up there and saw him. That is, the leading-lady friend of the director saw him and said he would be a marvelous movie star. The director came down to the wharf where my father kept his boat and hired it to go fishing. When they got out beyond the breakwater, this director put away his line and told my father that he ought to be in pictures. My father said that sure handed him a laugh because he couldn't act for sour grapes, but the director said that all he'd have to do was move around and wave his arms and look handsome. That was before sound, see, so he wasn't going to have to talk at all. Well, that sounded pretty easy to my father because he worked hard being a fisherman and he wanted to get married to my mother and he couldn't because he was broke. They talked it over, my father and my mother, and they decided that if this director was dumb enough to pay my father as much money as he said he would for just making faces, my father should take the job. My mother and father got married right in Astoria and came down to Hollywood together.

My father said it was just plain damn' silly what happened after that. I mean, he made this picture called Deep Sea and right after that, he was a great big star. He said he never could figure out why just the sight of him running around without his shirt on made him a star, but that's the way it happened. He told me that this was some crazy town in those days. Everybody acted silly and lived in very fancy places and gave real wild parties, except my father. He bought our house, though, because the studio said he had to stop acting like a fisherman and get some glamor. He never should have done it, because he doesn't have much sense about money, and there's a big mortgage on it which he has never paid off.

The trouble is that after my mother died my father didn't do so well taking care of himself, and all kinds of people tried to help him out. Actually, they found out that he was sort of dumb about money and before he turned around, he didn't know where his money had gone. I can remember a lot of people who sort of hung around our house, eating all their meals with us and calling long distance on the telephone and ordering things up and letting my father pay for it. I guess he would have gone on like that forever if Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted hadn't helped him. They saw all the moochers (that's what they called them), and they saw that my father was a patsy (that's what they called him), and they got Mr. Mishner to take him on as a client and see that he wasn't so stupid about himself.

COLLIER'S **"Couple of complaints, chief. One for a house with two kitchens and no bath, the other for two baths and no kitchen"** ALFRED ISLER

Mr. Mishner is kind of cranky because he has stomach ulcers, but I guess down deep he really loves my father. He won't admit it, though. In fact, he says my father is just another work horse to him. He tries to act like he means it, but I guess he doesn't. The reason I know that he is a friend is that when I got diphtheria he was the one who had a real famous doctor flown in from Philadelphia to take care of me, and when I was getting well he moved me into his house in Bel-Air so his wife could see that I did everything I was supposed to. Mr. Mishner doesn't have any children of his own, and he told my father that any time my father couldn't pay him his ten per cent he'd take me instead. My father says if it weren't for Mishner, Moffit and Morris, he wouldn't have ever gotten over my mother's dying. Just the same, they are men and not what my father needs.

What he needs is to be happy and have some nice woman married to him who won't care about the Max Factor hair piece or that he wants to live out beyond Malibu in a little house and have a dog. Oh, there are plenty of ladies in this town who would have married him. I guess I know more about them than anybody, because I'm the one they fuss over when they want to have my father pay attention to them. Only last year, there was this movie actress who decided that she would like to marry my father. You'd know her name if I said it, but I think it's better to keep it private. Anyway, this lady is a very big star who always plays nervous women in her pictures, but she does it very good. She played a nervous woman in a picture with my father, in which she got my father to kill her husband, but then my father went straight and confessed everything, and she was left out in the cold. It was a pretty good picture.

Anyway, they saw a lot of each other, and she started in asking him some personal questions about himself. He right away told her about me, because he tells everybody about me, even the columnists. He says that I'm the best thing he ever did, and by Heaven he wants the world to know about it. He has Irish blood and is kind of sentimental. Well, she wanted to know where was I, and how old was I, and everything like that. He told her how I go to this very expensive girls' school in Beverly Hills and how I look like my mother.

The very next day she came around to school in her car and took me out for the afternoon. She took me for a ride, and she bought me ice cream, and she asked me about a hundred questions about my father. She didn't pay any attention to me except to listen to what I answered. She wanted to know what my mother was like, and what my father liked to eat, and did I ever hear Moffit or Morris talking about her. I knew what was worrying her. Everybody in this town knows that Moffit and Morris are my father's best friends, and they usually tell my father just what they think about everything and everybody. She'd had a fight with them when they wrote her last picture, because she said they gave all the big scenes to Rocket Wallace. I felt kind of sorry for her, because she was trying so hard to get my father, and I knew she was wasting her time because Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted had already told my father that she was an old broad and that he ought to run for his life. She gave up after about three weeks and didn't come to see me any more.

COLLIER'S **"What inexpensive cuts have you that sherry will help?"** BARNEY TOBEY

THAT'S mostly how it was with all of them, but that didn't change the fact that my father was lonesome and getting old pretty fast. He just had to get a nice wife because if he didn't he wouldn't have anybody but me to take care of him, and when I get my braces off I expect to get married someday myself. Of course, he could live with me and my husband, but I don't think he would like that.

It was a big problem. I thought about talking it over with Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted, but all the ladies they know are like Rocket Wallace, and Uncle Ted doesn't think much of marriage anyway because his wife only comes home from Europe when she has to go to the dentist or to get new clothes.

Even so, I decided I'd better see how they felt about it before I made any plans, because my father discusses everything he does with them. Once he made a picture without them, and their feelings got so hurt they didn't come over to drink beer for a week. That made my father feel terrible.

When they're not at the studio, they hang around the West Side Tennis Club a lot watching other people exercise, so I went over there to see them. They bought me a chocolate soda, but I couldn't drink it, I was so nervous. Finally I just blurted it all out. They looked at each other when I was finished and started shaking their heads.

"Don't you worry, baby," Uncle Alan said.

"Leave it to us, cooky," Uncle Ted said. "We'll fix him up."

"Yep," said Uncle Alan, patting my hand, "we'll get him a bird and all the trimmings. He won't be lonesome any more."

That *really* scared me. I knew they'd come up with all sorts of crazy ideas

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that wouldn't be good for my father, but he was getting so lonesome he might just do what they said out of desperation. I heard my father say once that Uncle Ted had gotten married out of desperation, and *his* wife took all of the furniture and went to Las Vegas four months later.

I certainly didn't want anything like that to happen to my father.

WELL, I have one friend, Midgie Carew, whose father is a producer at the studio where my father works, and I decided to talk it over with her. We room together at school, and I've known her ever since I was born. She's a pretty smart girl. She writes poetry. She says when she grows up she's going to go to Paris and write poetry. There isn't very much else for her to do because both her father and her mother are going to an analyst and they don't have much time for her. So I bought a couple of Hershey bars and some Cokes, and we settled down for a good heart-to-heart talk. "The trouble is," I said, "finding the person for him to marry!"

"If you make a mistake," Midgie said, "he'd have to go through analysis, so you better be careful."

She was right, because that's what happened to her mother and father. "Well," I said, "I'm not hurrying. I've just begun to look around. Do you know anybody?"

She thought about it while she ate her Hershey and drank her Coke. "Gee," she said, "everybody I know, *you* know. They're all in the business."

"That's right," I said, "and I kind of would like somebody who wasn't in movies at all. Somebody plain."

"How about Ginny Thomas?" Ginny Thomas is a movie star who always acts the part of a nice girl in her pictures.

"She only *acts* plain," I said. "Uncle Alan says she's as big a bag as he's ever seen. He takes her out."

"Oh!"

"Anybody else?"

"I can't think of anybody. We have people over to the house all the time but they're mostly neurotic. They all go to Dr. Wexben."

"I know one person who would be keen," I said, "but I don't think she'd want to mess around with marrying a movie star."

"Who?"

"Miss Adams."

Midgie's eyes kind of bulged out. "You mean Miss Adams who teaches us English literature?"

I nodded. "She's awfully nice and sweet and plain," I said, "and she's not married. Also, she's very refined, and she smells very good too."

Midgie thought it over and nodded her head up and down. "She'd be keen, all right," she said. "And as far as she's concerned Hollywood is just a town in California. The trouble is, how could you work it?"

"Well," I said, "I've got an idea. It's sort of corny, but if you ask me, adults don't mind corny things."

Midgie nodded. "What's your plan?"

"Well, you told me all about being neurotic and everything so I've decided I'm going to be neurotic. Just temporary neurotic."

Midgie looked surprised. "There are all kinds of neurotic," she said. "Which kind are you going to be, and why?"

"Maladjusted," I said, "with crying and moping around."

"I don't see what that's got to do with your father marrying Miss Adams."

"That's where the corny part comes in. I'm going to *start* being neurotic in Miss Adams' classes." Whenever you act mopey or anything in this school I go to they right away ask your parents to come and talk to your teachers.

Midgie got a real pleased look on her face when I told her my plan. "Go on," she said, "tell me more."

I ate a little bit more of my chocolate bar, because eating chocolate bars helps me when I've got something to figure out. "I thought maybe I'd do a lot of sighing right where she could hear me. That's just to start off with. Then after a while when she sees I'm getting pretty goopey and blue she'll ask me to stay after class. Then's when I'll do the crying and moping part, see? 'Well,' she'll say, 'what are you crying and moping for, Susie?' And I'll say, 'It's my home life, Miss Adams.'" I had to catch my breath because I was talking pretty fast.

"Then what?" asked Midgie. She likes stuff like this. It appeals to her poetic nature.

"I'll tell her that I'm very unhappy because my mother died and my father, who is a very attractive man, is not paying any attention to me because he is grieving like mad about my mother. I'll say that I want to live at home but I can't, because Jerrico is such a lousy housekeeper and runs up the bills. I'll say that my father drinks too much beer with Moffit and Morris and it isn't good for his health, and unless some kind, good woman marries him and helps me out, I'll just have a nervous breakdown. How does that sound?"

"Marvelous," said Midgie.

"I think so," I said, feeling pretty good.

"But do you think she'll do anything about it?"

"Sure," I said, "because I'll ask her to come over to the house and see what a mess everything is in. My father can do the rest."

"What if Moffit and Morris don't like her?" Midgie knows all about Moffit and Morris, and how my father listens to every word they say.

I THOUGHT about Miss Adams and her pretty blue eyes and soft neat hair and nice figure. "They just got to," I said. "If they throw a monkey wrench into this I'll just die."

"I'd better show you a few things before you start in," said Midgie. She knows a lot about being neurotic, so she got down off her bed and began to sigh and twist her hands and make faces. "That's the way my mother does it," she said, "when my father asks her why the house has to cost a small fortune every month, or when she charges a new fur coat."

I watched her and then I tried it out. I think I was pretty good, because Midgie just went bug-eyed. "You've got a lot of talent," she said.

"Thanks."

"You going to start today?"

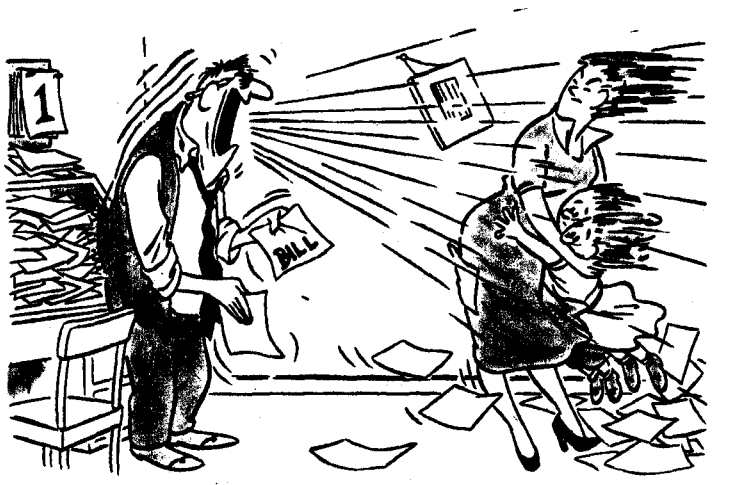
"Yes. Right after she reads to us out of Ivanhoe."

Midgie thought I ought to fix up a little bit so I'd look like I was nervous. I have this old green dress which is sort of a terrible color on me, and I put that on. Then I washed my face a lot till it looked sort of scratchy, and Midgie said I should take a hanky along to kind of twist every once in a while. Then we went to class.

There was Miss Adams, looking just as nice and plain as she always does, only she was wearing a little bunch of violets on her blouse and it made her extra pretty. I sat down right in front of her, and Midgie sat down across the way. Miss Adams asked how we all

Barometer Falling!

By PARKE CUMMINGS



Seasonal gales are designated by the code name Bill

WEATHERMEN have developed an interesting custom. When they discover a severe storm brewing in some far-off locale, they immediately give it a name, such as Albert or Mary. The reason is obvious. When watching how it develops, and discussing it, it's much simpler to describe it as Albert than "the storm that started brewing 600 miles off Cuba."

In fact it struck me as such a good idea that I've taken a cue from the meteorologists and used the same system to designate arguments or hassels that periodically break out in this family—usually between the adult members thereof.

One I'll never forget is Baker, a real mean one that struck about two years ago. It blew up rather suddenly on a Saturday night, and was apparently caused by my dancing too many times with one of our host's weekend guests—a stunning brunette in a green strapless creation. Words reached a velocity of over a hundred a minute, and for a while it looked doubtful whether I'd be able to survive. However, the storm was luckily of short duration, due to our host's tactful suggestion that we stop dancing and start a quiz game instead.

I still tremble when I think of Delia, although it taught me a much-needed lesson. This was a real downpour, occasioned by my forgetting our wedding anniversary. It was featured by a tremendous precipitation of tears (three handkerchiefs were drenched) and was accompanied by brisk-to-violent "You don't love me any more's." A mighty costly one too. By the time the atmosphere had cleared I had committed myself to a wrist watch, a dinner at El Gougo and two theater tickets.

Frankie was one I had carefully charted in advance and for which I fully braced myself. Just after emerging from my office building on the way home to dinner, I happened to encounter an old college pal. Well, one thing led to another, and it was 2:30 in the morning before I got home, trembling at the thought of the mighty storm that would inevitably break over my unprotected head. I explained the situation, and my spouse murmured sweetly: "It's good for you to get out with the boys once in a while," turned over and went back to sleep. It just goes to show. Sometimes you get all set for a hurricane, then it veers away.

It was different with Harriet, though. My better half was reading an article, gave a shocked gasp and said: "Listen, in some primitive lands they sell wives for five dollars!"

"Well," I retorted (too quickly), "a good wife's worth it."

The air immediately became deathly still and the temperature dropped 50 degrees in less than a moment and remained that way for 24 hours. Perhaps a sudden cold wave doesn't technically qualify as a storm, but I won't forget Harriet.

My wife has been reading this over my shoulder, and now requests the privilege of making a few comments.

Mrs. C. taking over: To hear this alleged authority rant, one would assume that all storms around here arise from only one quarter and that he is the sole victim of them. Nonsense! He has completely neglected to mention seasonal gales which I have designated with the code name Bill, and further classified into January Bill, February Bill, March Bill, etc., for identification. These are at the height of their fury on the first of every month. They consist of extremely violent blasts against expenditures. Great masses of air are churned up, the whole house trembles, and the windows sometimes bend outward from the fury. Not only I, but the children quail before these storms. Sometimes the pressure on our eardrums is such that we fear they will burst. April Bill was one of the worst we ever faced, breaking on the first of the month, but continuing through the second and third with the arrival of each new mail. Before May Bill bursts upon us I'm going to install a storm cellar. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WYMA

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World's Newest V8

powers BUICK

Then-Now-Tomorrow

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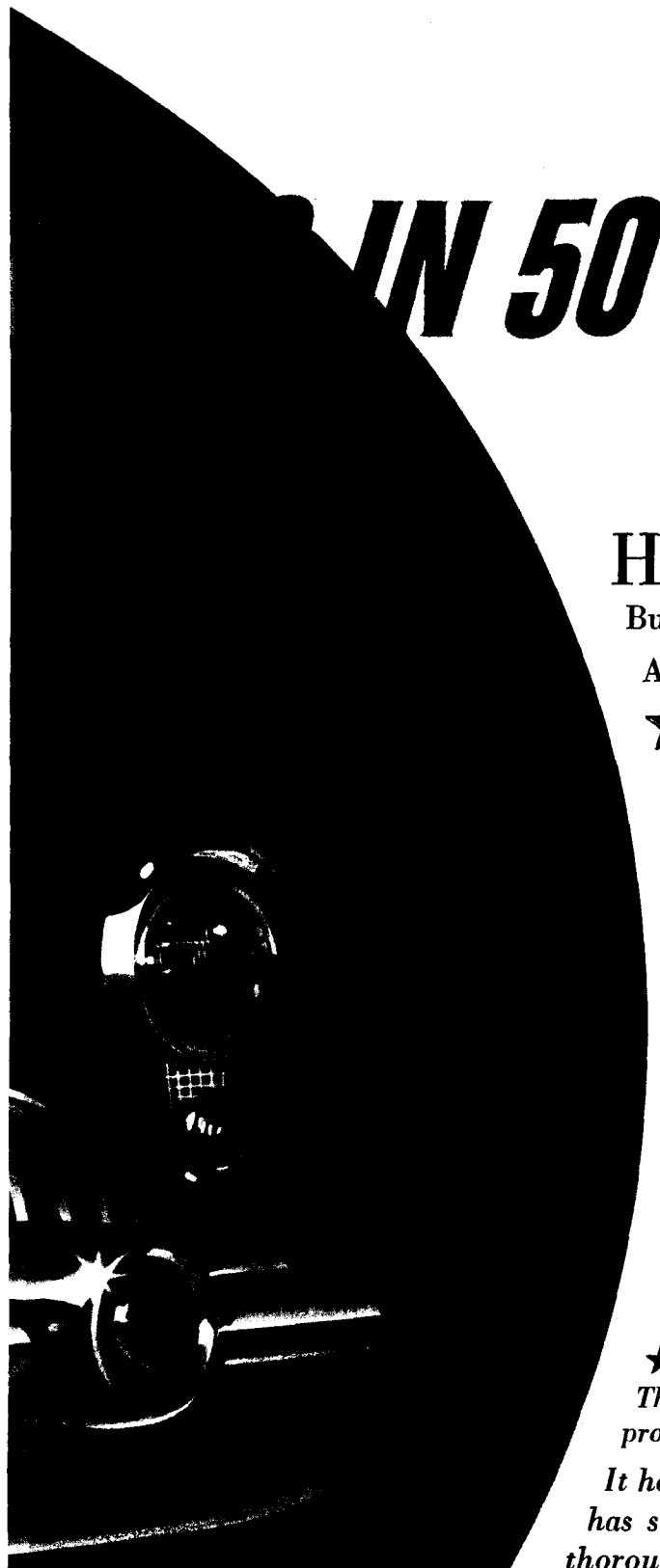
...IN 50 GREAT YEARS



HERE you see pictured the Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER—engineered, styled, powered and bodied to be fully worthy of its paragon role in this fiftieth year of Buick building.

A quick listing of simple facts will reveal just cause for celebration.

★ **It has the world's newest V8 engine.**
Vertical valves; 12-volt electrical system; 180 pounds lighter; entire engine is so compact, a new, more maneuverable chassis has been built around it.

★ **It has 188 Fireball horsepower.**
A new Buick record; engine horsepower per pound increased 40%.

★ **It has a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1.**
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For the first time in automotive history, a muffler with zero power loss.

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The softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced.

It has, also, wondrous handling ease, with Power Steering as standard equipment. It has superb comfort. It has sumptuous fabrics and tailoring. And its acoustics are so thoroughly mastered that it may well be one of the world's most quiet cars.

But no listing of facts can do true justice to this phenomenal automobile, or to its brilliant brothers, the 1953 SUPERS and SPECIALS.

And no words can really tell you the beauty you see, the comfort you feel, the excitement you experience—when you look at and drive any one of these big, beautiful, bounteous Buicks for 1953.

Will you visit your Buick dealer and see for yourself that these are, in simple truth, Buick's greatest cars in five brilliant decades?

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1903 - 1953

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were and everybody said fine, but me. I just sighed and looked at my shoes. Miss Adams didn't see that, so I decided I'd have to ham it up a little. Well, she read Ivanhoe and all the kids listened and I sighed about a hundred times. Just before she stopped I gave a little snuffle and blew my nose very loud. That did it. She looked at me and her eyes got all soft and troubled.

THE bell rang. I got up very slowly, like I was sick, and started to shuffle out, but Miss Adams called after me.

"Susie," she said, "stay a minute, will you, dear?" I could tell she was hooked. I shuffled back and sank into my chair. She came down and sat beside me. I could smell the violets and I could feel her nice soft hand as she patted mine. She's really a doll.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem very happy today."

"It isn't only today," I said, making my voice squeaky.

"Oh? Do you feel you could tell me about it?"

I guess I should have waited a minute like I was thinking it over, but I just nodded and started in. I told her the whole thing, with a lot of sniffling in between the sentences, and a little crying just before I finished up. Miss Adams is the type who is very softhearted and since this was a pretty sad story she began to look very sympathetic and upset.

"It's a big problem for a little girl," she said slowly. "Perhaps I could have a little talk with your father one of these days."

"That would be keen. When?"

"Do you think he could come over to school and visit with us?"

I thought very fast. If she talked to my father at school it would be pretty businesslike, and I didn't think it would lead to anything. If she came to our house it would work a lot better. "He doesn't go out much," I told her. "He mostly pots around making things in his woodshop." I said that because I didn't want her to think my father was any glamorous lover or anything like that, because I knew she wouldn't care for that type.

"You ask him if he'll be kind enough to see me tomorrow afternoon," she said. "You and I can drive over and have a little visit."

"Oh, thank you," I said.

"Don't brood about it, will you?"

"Well," I said, "I'll try not to, but what I need is someone to mother me like you've been doing."

She gave me a real nice hug and told me to go and take a little nap—she'd see what could be done.

I knew right then and there that I'd been right to be so crazy about her. She was kind of new at the school but I'd loved her from the first day she came. She always has time to be nice to the kids and the gardener and the cook and everybody around the place. I looked into her background, too, and it was real nice and plain. She was born and brought up in Springfield, Ohio, and she taught school there. She was engaged to a boy who was killed in the war and she wasn't very interested in love, but I could tell she was lonely. The reason I know that is that she sort of acted like my father. I mean she pots around the school doing knitting and painting little post cards and stuff, and she never goes out. Like I told Midgie, she was practically perfect for my father if I could get them together, and if Moffit and Morris said okay.

I guess I *acted* neurotic so hard that by the time Midgie and I got ready for bed that night I *felt* a little bit neurotic. "I hope I didn't overdo it," I told Midgie. "It's sort of sticking to me."

"Don't worry," said Midgie, "you'll get over it."

"It would be wonderful if Miss Adams fell in love with my father," I said. "She's good at mathematics and she'd straighten out all the bills." I was getting sleepy.

"What she'll have to straighten out is Moffit and Morris," said Midgie. "They don't believe in marriage something fierce."

"If they spoil this one," I said, "I'll do something desperate. I might have to go all the way and have a breakdown. Could you show me how?"

Midgie didn't answer. She was already asleep. . . .

The next day I called up home and told Jerrico I wanted to talk to my father. Father was there because he was on suspension for turning down the desert picture. I told him I was coming home and bringing one of my teachers who wanted to talk to him. My father right away asked if I was sick or anything because he's very nervous about my health, but I said, "No. It's something mental."

That really got him excited. He said, "Susie, what's happened?"

And I said, in a kind of fainty voice, "It's about my adjustment."

He said he'd be home and to hurry up. Midgie was in the phone booth with me and she said that all I had to do was leave them alone together but if I was smart, I'd listen in on the conversation. I said, "Leave it to me."

MISS ADAMS and I had an awfully nice ride to our house. She knows an awful lot about girls and their problems and I really told her a lot of things that had been worrying me. I mean about boys, and if I really looked like a sack with my braces, and things like that. She said she'd worn braces and she told me a lot about boys that I hadn't known, and it was very helpful and educational.

When we got to the house my father came out on the driveway to meet us. My father doesn't go around in Hawaiian shirts and scarves like most movie stars. He usually wears a shirt and a tie like he was a businessman, because it embarrasses him to look like he's in the movies. Anyway, he looked very nice and sweet like he always does, and when I saw him my heart just melted, and I knew the best thing I could do for him was to get him a nice wife like Miss Adams.

He gave me a great big bear hug and then said, "How do you do," to Miss Adams and asked her if she wouldn't come inside and have some tea. He'd tried to get Jerrico to clean up the den but it was pathetic how lousy it looked. I mean, it's a nice den but it needs to be neat and clean. Anyway, he gave Miss Adams a chair and then asked me would I please go ask Jerrico to make us a tea party. I said sure because I wanted them to get started. I rushed out to the kitchen like mad and told Jerrico about the tea. Then I went out the back way and came around so I could listen under the window in the garden and take a peek once in a while. They were talking loud enough for me to hear and it was pretty interesting. My father was talking and Miss Adams was listening with a nice sympathetic look on her face.

"That poor baby," my father was saying. "To think she was eating her heart out all this time and didn't say anything to me. It hasn't been much of a life for her since her mother died. Things in this business are pretty hectic. I've tried to live clean and decent, you understand," he said.

"Of course," said Miss Adams.

"I mean it's just a kind of crazy accident, my being in the movies. I've wanted to get out of it for a long time. Settle down. Live a simple life and do right by Susie." He gave a great big sigh. "The trouble is," he went on, "I'm not too well off financially. I mean I've made a lot of money but I don't hang on to it. Mishner's got me on an allowance now, and he socks it away, but I'm getting past my prime."

"You look wonderful," said Miss Adams in her nicest voice, "and I think you *are* wonderful for being so unaffected. Frankly, I thought I'd find someone quite different."

My father got red in the face, but he was smiling. "Have you known Susie long?"

"I've only been at the school six months. She's a darling girl. Very mature. And she loves you very much. In fact, that's the whole trouble. She feels responsible for you."

"Gee," said my father.

"Yes, she does. She worries about your being—" Miss Adams stopped. "May I speak frankly?"

"Sure."

"Well, she thinks you're lonely. I hope you don't think I'm being tactless or pushing."

My father shook his head. "She's right," he said. "I am."

Miss Adams' blue eyes got real soft and tender. "I know how you feel," she said. She paused, and I could tell she was thinking of her own fiancé and how he was killed. Then she said, "I think that sometimes we don't do the right thing when we're grieving for someone. We shut ourselves away and brood."

"That's right," said my father. "I've done a lot of brooding."

"I guess," said Miss Adams, "that we ought to try to live in the world. To find new interests."

My father looked at her like he was just really beginning to see how nice and plain she was. "It would help a lot," he said, "to have someone around who understood."

It was Miss Adams' turn to get red in the face, but it made her look like a nice red apple. "Yes," she said, "it would."

JUST then, right when they were beginning to be friendly, in came Moffit and Morris. I thought I'd die. They were wearing kind of duck-hunting caps and they had a big paper sack full of beer cans. Honestly, it made me feel just crumby to see them coming in looking like a couple of tramps in their old sneakers with their beer cans and everything. Uncle Ted looked around and said, "If it isn't a tea party!"

That remark could only mean one thing. They were going to be cute, and when those two were cute, they were horrible. That meant they'd gum up the works for sure, with Miss Adams starting to like my father fine, and him liking her plenty, too.

Uncle Alan was bending over and peering at Miss Adams, saying, "And who is *this* colleen?" That's when I started for the door in a hurry.

My father was introducing Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted as his two best friends when I came in. They both turned toward me.

"It's the darling of our heart," said Uncle Ted, giving me a kiss on the forehead. "A real little mother to all of us."

"All the woman any little house needs," said Uncle Alan, and he looked sideways at my father.

"Susie's a fine girl," said Miss Adams. She stopped a minute and then went on. "Susie," she said, "we've had a talk about your problem, and I don't think it's quite as bad as you do."

"Just look at this house," I said loudly. "Look how patchy it is!"

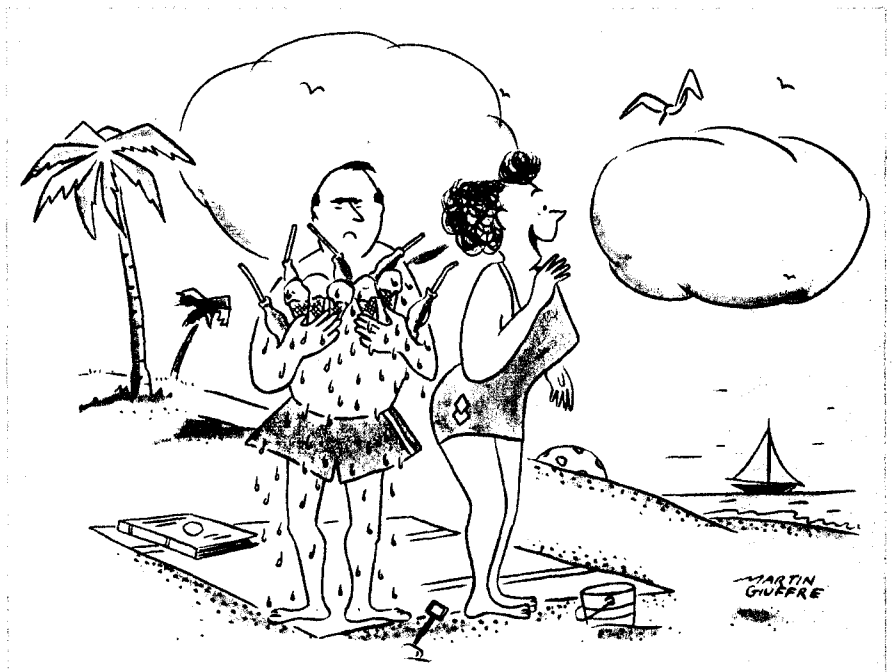
"Well, yes, it could stand a woman's hand, but you see—"

Uncle Ted spoke up. "I know where I can get a great Hungarian cook for you. Great!"

"She loves kids," said Uncle Alan.

"And company," echoed Uncle Ted. "All hours of the day or night."

They were so obvious. They were afraid that if my father got married they couldn't come over any time they wanted to and drink beer and drop ashes on the rug and play poker. What did they know about the holes in my father's socks, or how he needs somebody around to rub him with liniment when he gets neuralgia? A person just



"... GREGORY, RICHARD, THELMA. ... The little scamps are sure having fun. ... GREGORY, RICHARD ..."

COLLIER'S MARTIN GIUFFRE

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can't go all his life drinking beer and talking about the movies. A person has to have someone around who knows if you're allergic and who feels sorry for you when the stock market isn't good. I watched my father to see if he was listening to them, and he had a sort of undecided look on his face. First he took a good long glance at Miss Adams, and then at Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted, and then at me.

"I suppose a housekeeper would be a good idea," he said, in a low voice.

Miss Adams got up and put on her gloves. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted got up. Miss Adams shook hands with them and said, "I know you all love Susie and want what's best for her."

Then my father began to look like a puppy in a dog kennel. "I'll walk you to the car," he said.

The minute they left the room, Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted began to talk to me.

"You'll love this housekeeper," Uncle Alan said. "Makes the greatest strudel in the world. The greatest."

"It'll be a ball, honey," said Uncle Ted. "You'll live at home instead of at school and have the run of the place."

"And we'll be around all the time. We won't let you down. Your old man will think he's triplets. Never a dull moment."

I could feel tears beginning to sting in my eyes. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted are fine. I really love them, but they aren't the same as having a nice wife for my father. I knew my father would listen to them the way he always did, and have a very lonely old age.

They didn't even give him a chance to talk about Miss Adams. The minute he came back into the room Uncle Alan said he'd gotten tickets to a fight at the Legion Stadium, and didn't my father think that Casey would take that bum Goralik? I didn't want to sit around and listen to any opinions on boxing when my heart was breaking, so I just ran out of the room.

Pretty soon I heard the front door slam and then everything was quiet. I supposed that my father was beginning to pot around the way he always does when he feels miserable, but all of a sudden I heard some whistling and singing. I know that my father enjoys the boxing matches, but not enough to go around whistling and singing about them. It got closer and closer, and then he came into the room where I was just using up the last piece of Kleenex, and he had a big smile on his face. He kind of jumped across the floor and scooped me up in a bear hug. "She's going to have dinner with me, Susie," he said.

I stared at him. "But what about Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted and the Hungarian housekeeper?" I asked.

"She can keep house for them," he said, and he smiled a kind of foolish smile. Right then and there I knew my worries were over, because there are some things a grown-up man can do for himself, and one of them is to ask somebody to marry him.

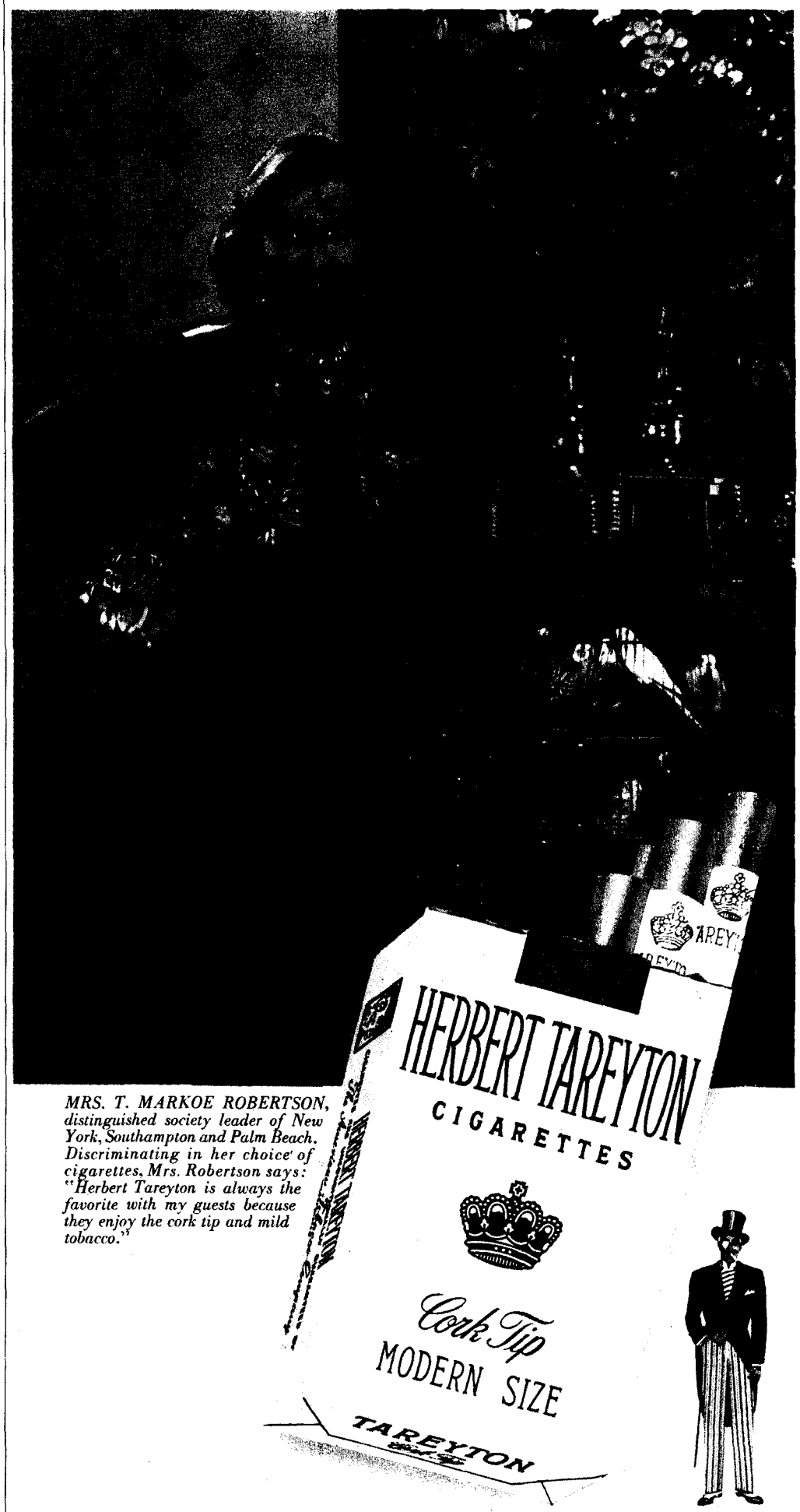
I SUPPOSE I could have let them take it from there by themselves, but I thought I'd better keep an eye on them until they went out on their first date. I hung around while my father got all slicked up. He started about two hours before he was supposed to get Miss Adams. Then he called in Jerrico and told him to slick up the house because if he didn't, he'd be turned out to pasture. He said it like he meant it, too. Then he kissed me about four times and said to watch out the window because he'd be back in a flash.

I was pretty nervous until they came back, but the minute I saw Miss Adams I knew I'd done it. A girl just doesn't get all fixed up like that for nothing. She looked like she'd been doing a little whistling and singing herself. My father made her a Martini and gave me a Coke, and we all sat around for a little bit. Then my father said very bashfully, where would she like to eat, and she said she didn't care. Anyplace he liked, she would like. They got up and both of them kissed me good night like I was a little baby. In fact, my father said, "Bless you, Susie," but that's the Irish and sentimental in him. I must have a little Irish and sentimental in me too, though, because when they walked out of the house together I had a funny lumpy feeling like I get when I read Cyrano de Bergerac. It was lovely.

I waited till they drove off and then I ran like mad to the phone and called up Midgie. All I had to do was tell her it came out like one of my father's movies. She understood, because she's in the business and she knows they all have to have happy endings. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "There's something fishy going on around here. We haven't had a riot in months!" BILL YATES

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER
HERBERT TAREYTON



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A SERENADE TO THE

It's no critter for work. It makes awful noises and eats the most unlikely things. But it's great for laughs, and that's why the donkey is fast becoming a popular household pet

By JOHN O'REILLY

Bea Lillie awoke in Helen Hayes's home to see a donkey staring at her over the foot of the bed. Naturally, she said, "Good morning"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

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DONKEY

YLLA

Donkey Mary was given to Penny Dell and "Pie" Meyer by their engineer dad. But the time he himself spends with it is amazing. "If you feel run down," says Meyer, "get a donkey"

DON'T get the idea that donkeys have fallen into disrepute in this country, just because of what happened in last November's election. These somber comedians with the dead pans and long ears are becoming a national, instead of merely a political, institution. They're all over the place.

The donkey, once identified as the faithful pack animal of Western prospectors, is moving East in rapidly growing numbers, and taking up residence in the back yards and back lots of suburban and country homes. He is also moving west; numbers of donkeys are being shipped to this country from Sicily, Sardinia and other donkey centers around the Mediterranean.

The critters are impractical for purposes of serious transportation. You can't rely on them to get you anywhere, physically or socially. They would create a scandal at a horse show. Their voices sound like French fire engines, and they are too smart to work hard.

Then why the growing donkey fad?

I have undertaken considerable research into this question. I interviewed donkey owners and lovers, I quizzed donkey dealers and finally I took the obvious step. I got a donkey. Now I know the answer.

Donkeys are wonderful. First, they are always good for laughs; the very sight of one of these placid clowns amidst our frantic modern atmosphere makes people chuckle. They also fill the combined role of family pet and riding animal for the children (children are pleased to ride a donkey because they usually don't care whether they get anyplace or not). And they fit into modern living because they cost no more to feed than a couple of cats and are less trouble than a goldfish.

Some folks have more than one donkey. The reason is that there is nothing cuter than a baby donkey. When people acquire a donkey, they begin thinking how nice it would be to have a young one. If their pet is a jenny, or female (the males are called jacks), they get her bred, and a year later the whole neighborhood is smiling.

One retired broker in New Jersey imported eight donkeys from Sardinia, intending to keep them as a hobby. Time went by, nature took its course, and he found himself with a herd of 56. He hadn't intended to go into the donkey business, but there he was. He put one advertisement in a magazine and promptly sold 35 of them at $150 each.

There are even larger herds around the country, but most persons have room for only one. In that case the animal generally becomes a member of the family. Donkeys, you see, are comparable to electric trains. Father buys one for the children, and soon the old man is playing with it as often as the kids.

Joseph A. Meyer, an engineer whose home is in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, has three donkeys and is expecting another. Mr. Meyer also has three small daughters. He insists that the donkeys are for the children, but the amount of time he spends around the barn with the donkeys is astonishing.

Engineer Meyer has named his place the Bonnie Brays Donkey Farm, and he likes nothing better than to sit around swapping donkey anecdotes with other lucky donkey owners.

YLLA

Author O'Reilly's donkey, Cookie, is a very affectionate animal and a fine bird watcher

A Short Course in Managing Burros

"Now, when I got my donkeys," he will start out, "we had a rough time. I borrowed a truck from a farmer and went after them, but the donkeys were averse to that type of transportation. I guess they had grim memories of the long trip up from Texas, and they wanted no more of it. Anyway, they wouldn't go up the ramp into the truck. It was a hot day, and we hauled and pulled and pushed. But once we got 'em in, they were as quiet as lambs. You see, they weren't afraid. They were just being sensible.

"When I took the truck back to the farmer, he said the way to load a donkey is to back him up to the truck and then try to put a peach basket over his head. Donkeys don't like to have their heads in peach baskets, and they'll back away, right into the truck. They're wonderful animals. But I wish that farmer had told me about the peach basket before, instead of after."

Mr. Meyers isn't the only donkey owner who loves to talk about his undersized livestock. We all do.

"Would you like to see a picture of my donkey?" one businessman asked me, reaching into his pocket. He had just overheard me discussing the subject with a friend at a bar. You never know when you're standing next to a donkey owner these days.

Helen Hayes, the actress, enjoys telling about Suzie, an accomplished donkey she owned. Suzie was delivered to her home at Nyack, New York, on a Christmas Day and soon became a privileged member of the household. Miss Hayes claims Suzie was one of the few housebroken donkeys on record. Although Suzie's official quarters were in a tool shed at the bottom of the garden, the animal had the run of the playroom and even made trips upstairs.

"I would sit in the garden reading," Miss Hayes told me, "with my two French poodles on one side of my chair and Suzie stretched out on the other side. It made quite a scene."

One evening, Miss Hayes said, Beatrice Lillie, the dead-pan comedienne, came to visit the family for the week end. The next morning, Miss Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, decided to see if they could get the normally imperturbable Miss Lillie to register surprise, just once. She was still asleep, and she hadn't seen Suzie. So they took the donkey upstairs and placed it in a strategic position, peering over the foot of Miss Lillie's bed. Then Miss Hayes went over and shook her guest gently by the shoulder.

Miss Lillie opened her eyes to find herself confronted by a gray, solemn face and a pair of towering ears. Without batting an eye, she nodded toward the donkey and said matter-of-factly, "Good morning." And turning to Miss Hayes she said, "Now as I was saying last night, dear—"

It must be recorded that the donkey didn't show any surprise, either.

Suzie would get out periodically and wander around town, so everybody got to know her. One day she got hold of some moldy hay, developed colic and died. "The whole county was sad," Miss Hayes said.

Where do all these people get their donkeys? Well, Miss Hayes bought hers at Macy's department store in New York City. Macy's took a fling

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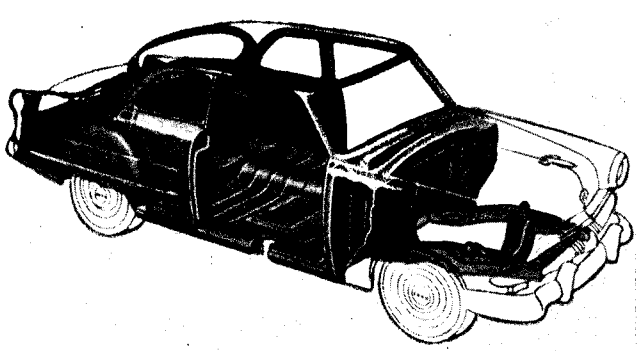

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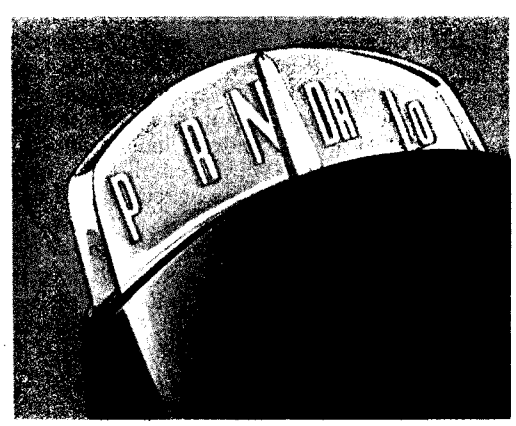

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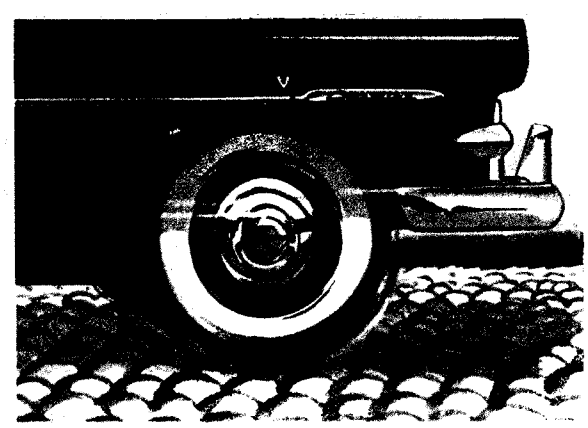

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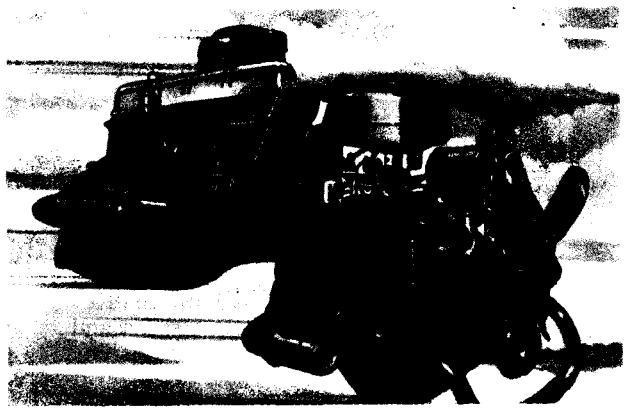

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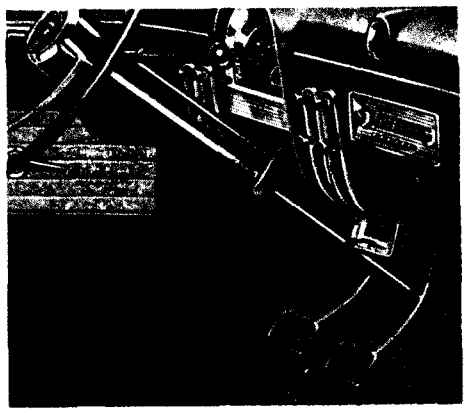

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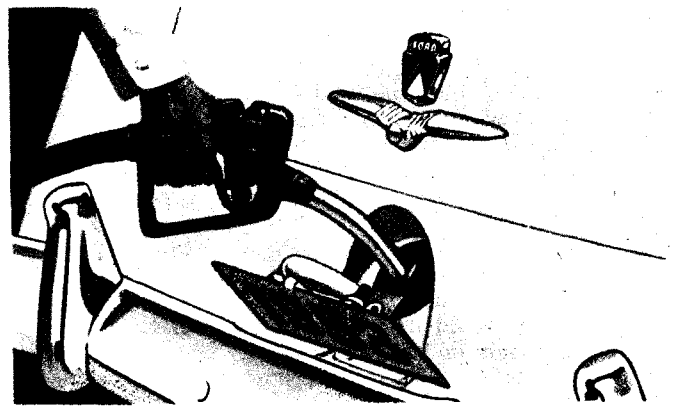

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In today's fast-flowing traffic, you need a car that really lets you *see* everything that's going on around you . . . a car with almost effortless steering, braking and parking.

And, of course, you want the *style*-setter . . . a car that *belongs* wherever you may drive.

ONLY THE 1953 FORD GIVES YOU SO MANY THINGS YOU NEED AND WANT FOR SO LITTLE MONEY.

See the big '53 Ford. *Value Check* its 41 "Worth More" features. *Test Drive* the '53 Ford. You'll agree that *here* is the New Standard of the American Road!

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at donkey merchandising in 1944. Their method was the same used for other large items. They had a floor sample near the toy department, a live donkey that was petted by thousands. If you decided you liked the floor sample, they would take your order and ship you one from the warehouse—or farm, in this case. At night, they exercised the floor sample by letting it run up and down the aisles of the store. On Sundays they would take it up on the roof to get some sunshine.

Two types of donkey are now in vogue in Eastern states: the Southwestern or Mexican version, usually called a burro, and the Sicilian type, which is sometimes only 30 inches high.

The greater New York Council of the Boy Scouts of America get theirs from the Southwest, usually Texas. Donkeys are comparatively cheap in the Southwest, but the cost of shipping them East often is more than the original price of the animal. Charles P. Emmeluth, official donkey buyer for the Boy Scouts in New York, solved the freight problem in 1951 by shipping up a whole carload from Texas. The donkeys were parceled out among various scout camps in New York and New Jersey. The boys learn to throw the diamond hitch, and them thar Eastern hills echo to the shouts of the youthful donkey drivers.

Mr. Emmeluth, like many another man, has developed a weakness for the beasts.

"It breaks their hearts to be alone," he told me. "And how the boys love them! It's a big thing for a city boy to be able to make friends with a burro."

For the guidance of their novice burro skinners, the Boy Scouts have a leaflet called Tips on Burros. Besides information on the care and feeding of donkeys, the leaflet contains such advice as, "If overloaded or abused it is quite possible that they will just sit down or act up." Another paragraph says, "They will eat darn' near anything, including ice-cream cartons, candy wrappers, et cetera. A few of these items are okay, but try to keep this kind of food to a minimum."

The eastward movement of donkeys for scouting purposes is a comparatively new thing, although at Philmont, Arizona, their 127,000-acre national camp, the Boy Scouts have several hundred donkeys.

Back in the effete East, three Sicilian donkeys appeared this fall at (but not in) the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. The animals, which were kept in the basement, were a jack named Bud, a jenny named Queenie and her three-and-a-half-month-old foal, Mickey. They were the mascots of the eight massive Clydesdale horses which pulled the big Budweiser wagon around the arena at each performance. Their caretaker, Harold Naab, a lanky Texan, maintained an air of tolerant amusement toward the hoofed small fry.

Walter Brady, driver of the big team, brought out the baby donkey and one of the Clydesdales to pose for a picture. He said the Clydesdale weighed 2,070 pounds. Then he looked at the donkey. In answer to the unasked question, the six-foot Texan bent over, scooped the donkey up in his arms and

Asked what his donkey weighed, the big Texan hefted it. "Runs about 55 pounds," he said

hefted it. "Runs about fifty-five pounds," he said.

The donkey family, like the big team, belongs to August A. Busch, Jr., president of Anheuser-Busch. On his farm near St. Louis, he maintains a herd of 70 or 80 of the little donkeys.

In Busch's herd there is an elderly sire known as the General, who was brought to this country in 1924. Barring accidents, donkeys seem to live forever. I know one man who has a female more than thirty years old.

One reason donkeys live long is that their wants are few. They eat grass and hay and relish certain types of weed. Like middle-aged men, donkeys develop a paunch when fed too much; and once they do, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

Should you acquire one of these animals, there is one annoyance that will plague you. Practical-minded people are always asking donkey owners why they keep donkeys, which is like asking an art collector, "Why do you have oil paintings?" One donkey *aficionado*, tired of giving a reasonable answer, now has an unreasonable one. "I keep donkeys," he says, quietly, "because you don't have to milk them."

Well, donkeys actually aren't often confused with cows. But they're sometimes mistaken for other animals. On December 10, 1949, a man brought a donkey into the Key West Naval Station at night in a sedan and tethered it on President Truman's bathing beach.

When word was rushed to the President that a donkey was tied to his shower stall, he was not perturbed. "Let him stay there, I don't give a darn," he told an aide.

Investigation disclosed that the guard at the gate who had permitted the car to pass thought there was a dog sitting in the back seat. A dog, indeed!

Donkeys are often transported in automobiles. Robert Emmet Kennedy, a New York businessman, likes to tell how he brought his pet home in a station wagon. When other motorists started to pass him, they would notice a vision from Midsummer Night's Dream standing behind the front seat and would fall back discreetly.

"That grizzled pan was too much for them," Kennedy says.

I started out to tell why donkey lovers love donkeys. Do you see why now? As Mr. Meyer, the donkey-owning engineer, says: "If you feel run down and worried and don't know where your next atomic bomb is coming from—get a donkey. You won't make any money out of it, but I'll guarantee you'll start laughing."

I think Mr. Meyer is right. My donkey, Cookie, likes to dash around the dam of my pond in Bucks County. I clocked her at twenty-six miles an hour one day.

Cookie has strange tastes. She got into the living room one day and ate a Japanese print. She's also fond of pheasants. Last summer, a cock pheasant would show up in the lower field every day. Cookie would stand with her ears at the alert and watch him for many minutes at a time. She's absolutely the only donkey bird watcher I ever heard of.

A couple of months ago, I built a cart so that the children could drive the donkey around the place. First I got one of those big wooden spools that electric companies wind heavy cables on. Then I took some parts off an old threshing machine in the barn to use as an axle and braces. When I got it finished it was a beautiful thing. The wooden wheels made it look like something out of Peru.

The first time I tried to ride in it, we had a crowd of visitors and they all cheered as I set off gaily. Then everything happened at once. One wheel came off, the harness broke in three places and there were ghastly cracking sounds. Luckily I hit rolling. The donkey turned around and looked at me as though I were a pheasant.

Now a funny thing about this donkey is that—But don't get me started on donkey lore. We'll be here all night. ▲▲▲

O'Reilly built a cart for Cookie and staged a trial run. The harness broke. A wheel came off. Luckily, he hit the ground rolling

Collier's for January 17, 1953

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The Case of the Irate Witness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

The deputy frowned. The traffic officer laughed and waved Mason on.

The deputy nodded at the departing car. "Looks like a live clue to me," he said, "but I can't find it in that conversation."

"There isn't any," the traffic officer said.

The deputy remained dubious, and later on, when a news-hungry reporter from the local paper asked the deputy if he knew of anything that would make a good story, the deputy said that he did.

And that was why Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, was surprised to read stories in the metropolitan papers stating that Perry Mason, the noted trial lawyer, was rumored to have been retained to represent the person or persons who had looted the vault of the Jebson Commercial Company. All this had been arranged, it would seem, before Mason's "client" had even been apprehended.

WHEN Perry Mason called his office by long-distance the next afternoon, Della said, "I thought you were going to the mountains for a vacation."

"That's right. Why?"

"The papers claim you're representing whoever robbed the Jebson Commercial Company."

"First I've heard of it," Mason said. "I went through Jebson City before they discovered the robbery, stopped for breakfast a little farther on, and then got caught in a roadblock. In the eyes of some officious deputy, that seems to have made me an accessory after the fact."

"Well," Della Street said, "they've caught a man by the name of Harvey L. Corbin, and apparently have quite a case against him. They're hinting at mysterious evidence which won't be disclosed until the time of trial."

"Was he the one who committed the crime?" Mason asked.

"The police think so. He had a criminal record. When his employers at Jebson City found out about it, they told him to leave town. That was the evening before the robbery."

"Just like that, eh?" Mason asked.

"Well, you see, Jebson City is a one-industry town, and the company owns all the houses. They're leased to the employees. I understand Corbin's wife and daughter were told they could stay on until Corbin got located in a new place, but Corbin was told to leave town at once. You aren't interested, are you?"

"Not in the least," Mason said, "except that when I drive back I'll be going through Jebson City, and I'll probably stop to pick up the local gossip."

"Don't do it," she warned. "This man Corbin has all the earmarks of being an underdog, and you know how you feel about underdogs."

A quality in her voice made Perry suspicious. "You haven't been approached, have you, Della?"

"Well," she said, "in a way. Mrs. Corbin read in the papers that you were going to represent her husband, and she was overjoyed. It seems that she thinks her husband's implication in this is a raw deal. She hadn't known anything about his criminal record, but she loves him and is going to stand by him."

"You've talked with her?" Mason asked.

"Several times. I tried to break it to her gently. I told her it was probably nothing but a newspaper story. You see, Chief, they have Corbin dead to rights. They took some money from his wife as evidence. It was part of the loot."

"And she has nothing?"

"Nothing. Corbin left her forty dollars, and they took it all as evidence."

"I'll drive all night," he said. "Tell her I'll be back tomorrow."

"I was afraid of that," Della Street said. "Why did you have to call up? Why couldn't you have stayed up there fishing? Why did you have to stop and get your name in the papers?"

Mason laughed and hung up.

PAUL DRAKE, of the Drake Detective Agency, came in and sat in the big chair in Mason's office and said, "You have a bear by the tail, Perry."

"What's the matter, Paul? Didn't your detective work in Jebson City pan out?"

"It panned out all right, but the stuff in the pan isn't what you want, Perry," Drake explained.

"How come?"

"Your client's guilty."

"Go on," Mason said.

"The money he gave his wife was some of what was stolen from the vault."

"How do they know it was the stolen money?" Mason asked.

Drake pulled a notebook from his pocket. "Here's the whole picture. The plant manager runs Jebson City. There isn't any private property. The Jebson company controls everything."

"Not a single small business?"

Drake shook his head. "Not unless you want to consider garbage collecting as small business. An old coot by the name of George Addey lives five miles down the canyon; he has a hog ranch and collects the garbage. He's supposed to have the first nickel he ever earned. Buries his money in cans. There's no bank nearer than Ivanhoe City."

"What about the burglary? The men who did it must have moved in acetylene tanks and—"

"They took them right out of the company store," Drake said. And then he went on: "Munson, the watchman, likes to take a pull out of a flask of whisky along about midnight. He says it keeps him awake. Of course, he's not supposed to do it, and no one was supposed to know about the whisky, but someone did know about it. They doped the whisky with a barbiturate. The watchman took his usual swig, went to sleep, and stayed asleep."

"What's the evidence against Corbin?" Mason asked.

"Corbin had a previous burglary record. It's a policy of the company not to hire anyone with a criminal record. Corbin lied about his past and got a job. Frank Bernal, the manager, found out about it, sent for Corbin about eight o'clock the night the burglary took place, and ordered him out of town. Bernal agreed to let Corbin's wife and child stay on in the house until Corbin could get located in another city.

"Corbin pulled out in the morning, and gave his wife this money. It was part of the money from the burglary."

"How do they know?" Mason asked.

"Now there's something I don't know," Drake said. "This fellow Bernal is pretty smart, and the story is that he can prove Corbin's money was from the vault.

"The nearest bank is at Ivanhoe City, and the mine pays off in cash twice a month. Ralph Nesbitt, the cashier, wanted to install a new vault. Bernal refused to okay the expense. So the company has ordered both Bernal and Nesbitt back to its main office at Chicago to report. The rumor is that they may fire Bernal as manager and give Nesbitt the job. A couple of the directors don't like Bernal, and this thing has given them their chance. They dug out a report Nesbitt had made showing the vault was a pushover. Bernal didn't act on that report." He sighed and then asked, "When's the trial, Perry?"

"The preliminary hearing is set for Friday morning. I'll see then what they've got against Corbin."

"They're laying for you up there," Paul Drake warned. "Better watch out, Perry. That district attorney has something up his sleeve, some sort of surprise that's going to knock you for a loop."

Letter Perfect

The scientists who make the bombs
Have only gone, as yet,
From A to H—they still have left
Much of the alphabet.

And as they go from H to Z
And start each testing fuse,
We tremble just a bit and hope
They mind their P's and Q's.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

IN SPITE of his long experience as a prosecutor, Vernon Flasher, the district attorney of Ivanhoe County, showed a certain nervousness at being called upon to oppose Perry Mason. There was, however, a secretive assurance underneath that nervousness.

Judge Haswell, realizing that the eyes of the community were upon him, adhered to legal technicalities to the point of being pompous both in rulings and mannerisms.

But what irritated Perry Mason was in the attitude of the spectators. He sensed that they did not regard him as an attorney trying to safeguard the interests of a client, but as a legal magician with a cloven hoof. The looting of the vault had shocked the community, and there was a tight-lipped determination that no legal tricks were going to do Mason any good *this* time.

Vernon Flasher didn't try to save his surprise evidence for a whirlwind finish. He used it right at the start of the case.

Frank Bernal, called as a witness, described the location of the vault, identified photographs, and then leaned back as the district attorney said abruptly, "You had reason to believe this vault was obsolete?"

"Yes, sir."

"It had been pointed out to you by one of your fellow employees, Mr. Ralph Nesbitt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do about it?"

"Are you," Mason asked in some surprise, "trying to cross-examine your own witness?"

"Just let him answer the question, and you'll see," Flasher replied grimly.

"Go right ahead and answer," Mason said to the witness.

Bernal assumed a more comfortable position. "I did three things," he said, "to safeguard the payrolls and to avoid the expense of tearing out the old vault and installing a new vault in its place."

"What were those three things?"

"I employed a special night watchman; I installed the best burglar alarm money could buy; and I made arrangements with the Ivanhoe National Bank, where we have our payrolls made up, to list the number of each twenty-dollar bill which was a part of each payroll."

Mason suddenly sat up straight.

Flasher gave him a glance of gloating triumph. "Do you wish the court to understand, Mr. Bernal," he said smugly, "that you have the numbers of the bills in the payroll which was made up for delivery on the fifteenth?"

"Yes, sir. Not *all* of the bills, you understand. That would have taken too much time, but I have the numbers of all the twenty-dollar bills."

"And who recorded those numbers?" the prosecutor asked.

"The bank."

"And do you have that list of numbers with you?"

"I do. Yes, sir." Bernal produced a list. "I felt," he said, glancing coldly at Nesbitt, "that these precautions would be cheaper than a new vault."

"I move the list be introduced in evidence," Flasher said.

"Just a moment," Mason objected. "I have a couple of questions. You say this list is not in your handwriting, Mr. Bernal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whose handwriting is it, do you know?" Mason asked.

"The assistant cashier of the Ivanhoe National Bank."

"Oh, all right," Flasher said. "We'll do it the hard way, if we have to. Stand down, Mr. Bernal, and I'll call the assistant cashier."

Harry Reedy, assistant cashier of the Ivanhoe Bank, had the mechanical assurance of an adding machine. He identified the list of numbers as being in his handwriting. He stated that he had listed the numbers of the twenty-dollar bills and put that list in an envelope which had been sealed and sent up with the money for the payroll.

"Cross-examine," Flasher said.

MASON studied the list. "These numbers are all in your handwriting?" he asked Reedy.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you yourself compare the numbers you wrote down with the numbers on the twenty-dollar bills?"

"No, sir. I didn't personally do that. Two assistants did that. One checked the numbers as they were read off, one as I wrote them down."

"The payrolls are for approximately a hundred thousand dollars, twice each month?"

"That's right. And ever since Mr. Bernal took charge, we have taken this means to identify payrolls. No attempt is made to list the bills in numerical order. The serial numbers are simply read off and written down. Unless a robbery occurs, there is no need to do anything further. In the event of a rob-

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bery, we can reclassify the numbers and list the bills in numerical order."

"These numbers are in your handwriting—every number?"

"Yes, sir. More than that, you will notice that at the bottom of each page I have signed my initials."

"That's all," Mason said.

"I now offer once more to introduce this list in evidence," Flasher said.

"So ordered," Judge Haswell ruled.

"My next witness is Charles J. Oswald, the sheriff," the district attorney announced.

THE sheriff, a long, lanky man with a quiet manner, took the stand. "You're acquainted with Harvey L. Corbin, the defendant in this case?" the district attorney asked.

"I am."

"Are you acquainted with his wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, on the morning of the fifteenth of this month, the morning of the robbery at the Jebson Commercial Company, did you have any conversation with Mrs. Corbin?"

"I did. Yes, sir."

"Did you ask her about her husband's activities the night before?"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "I object to this on the ground that any conversation the sheriff had with Mrs. Corbin is not admissible against the defendant, Corbin; furthermore, that in this state a wife cannot testify against her husband. Therefore, any statement she might make would be an indirect violation of that rule. Furthermore, I object on the ground that the question calls for hearsay."

Judge Haswell looked ponderously thoughtful, then said, "It seems to me Mr. Mason is correct."

"I'll put it this way, Mr. Sheriff," the district attorney said. "Did you, on the morning of the fifteenth, take any money from Mrs. Corbin?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Mason said.

"Your Honor," Flasher said irritably, "that's the very gist of our case. We propose to show that two of the stolen twenty-dollar bills were in the possession of Mrs. Corbin."

Mason said, "Unless the prosecution can prove the bills were given Mrs. Corbin by her husband, the evidence is inadmissible."

"That's just the point," Flasher said. "Those bills *were* given to her by the defendant."

"How do you know?" Mason asked.

"She told the sheriff so."

"That's hearsay," Mason snapped.

Judge Haswell fidgeted on the bench. "It seems to me we're getting into a peculiar situation here. You can't call the wife as a witness, and I don't think her statement to the sheriff is admissible."

"Well," Flasher said desperately, "in this state, Your Honor, we have a community-property law. Mrs. Corbin had this money. Since she is the wife of the defendant, it was community property. Therefore, it's partially his property."

"Well now, there," Judge Haswell said, "I think I can agree with you. You introduce the twenty-dollar bills. I'll overrule the objection made by the defense."

"Produce the twenty-dollar bills, Sheriff," Flasher said triumphantly.

The bills were produced and received in evidence.

"Cross-examine," Flasher said curtly.

"No questions of this witness," Mason said, "but I have a few questions to ask Mr. Bernal on cross-examination. You took him off the stand to lay the foundation for introducing the bank list, and I didn't have an opportunity to cross-examine him."

"I beg your pardon," Flasher said. "Resume the stand, Mr. Bernal."

His tone, now that he had the twenty-dollar bills safely introduced in evidence, had a gloating note to it.

Mason said, "This list which has been introduced in evidence is on the stationery of the Ivanhoe National Bank?"

"That's right. Yes, sir."

"It consists of several pages, and at the end there is the signature of the assistant cashier?"

"Yes, sir."

"And each page is initialed by the assistant cashier?"

"Yes, sir."

"This was the scheme which you thought of in order to safeguard the company against a payroll robbery?"

"Not to safeguard the company against a payroll robbery, Mr. Mason, but to assist us in recovering the money in the event there was a holdup."

"This was your plan to answer Mr. Nesbitt's objections that the vault was an outmoded model?"

"A part of my plan, yes. I may say that Mr. Nesbitt's objections had never been voiced until I took office. I felt he was trying to embarrass me by making my administration show less net returns than expected." Bernal tightened his lips and added, "Mr. Nesbitt had, I believe, been expecting to be appointed manager. He was disappointed. I believe he still expects to be manager."

In the spectators' section of the courtroom, Ralph Nesbitt glared at Bernal.

"You had a conversation with the defendant on the night of the fourteenth?" Mason asked Bernal.

"I did. Yes, sir."

"You told him that for reasons which you deemed sufficient you were discharging him immediately and wanted him to leave the premises at once?"

"Yes, sir. I did."

"And you paid him his wages in cash?"

"Mr. Nesbitt paid him in my presence, with money he took from the petty-cash drawer of the vault."

"Now, as part of the wages due him, wasn't Corbin given these two twenty-dollar bills which have been introduced in evidence?"

Bernal shook his head. "I had thought of that," he said, "but it would have been impossible. Those bills weren't available to us at that time. The payroll is received from the bank in a sealed package. Those two twenty-dollar bills were in that package."

"And the list of the numbers of the twenty-dollar bills?"

"That's in a sealed envelope. The money is placed in the vault. I lock the list of numbers in my desk."

"Are you prepared to swear that neither you nor Mr. Nesbitt had access to these two twenty-dollar bills on the night of the fourteenth?"

"That is correct."

"That's all," Mason said. "No further cross-examination."

"I now call Ralph Nesbitt to the stand," District Attorney Flasher said. "I want to fix the time of these events definitely, Your Honor."

"Very well," Judge Haswell said. "Mr. Nesbitt, come forward."

Ralph Nesbitt, after answering the usual preliminary questions, sat down in the witness chair.

"Were you present at a conversation which took place between the defendant, Harvey L. Corbin, and Frank Bernal on the fourteenth of this month?" the district attorney asked.

"I was. Yes, sir."

"What time did that conversation take place?"

"About eight o'clock in the evening."

"And, without going into the details of that conversation, I will ask you if the general effect of it was that the defendant was discharged and ordered to leave the company's property?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he was paid the money that was due him?"

"In cash. Yes, sir. I took the cash from the safe myself."

"Where was the payroll then?"

"In the sealed package in a compartment in the safe. As cashier, I had the only key to that compartment. Earlier in the afternoon I had gone to Ivanhoe City and received the sealed package of money and the envelope containing the list of numbers. I personally locked the package of money in the vault."

"And the list of numbers?"

"Mr. Bernal locked that in his desk."

"Cross-examine," Flasher said.

"No questions," Mason said.

"That's our case, Your Honor," Flasher observed.

"May we have a few minutes indulgence?" Mason asked Judge Haswell.

"Very well. Make it brief," the judge agreed.

Mason turned to Paul Drake and Della Street. "Well, there you are," Drake said. "You're confronted with the proof, Perry."

"Are you going to put the defendant on the stand?" Della Street asked.

Mason shook his head. "It would be suicidal. He has a record of a prior criminal conviction. Also, it's a rule of law that if one asks about any part of a conversation on direct examination, the other side can bring out all the conversation. That conversation, when Corbin was discharged, was to the effect that he had lied about his past record. And I guess there's no question that he did."

"And he's lying now," Drake said. "This is one case where you're licked. I think you'd better cop a plea, and see what kind of a deal you can make with Flasher."

"Probably not any," Mason said. "Flasher wants to have the reputation of having given me a licking—wait a minute, Paul. I have an idea."

Mason turned abruptly, walked away to where he could stand by himself, his back to the crowded courtroom.

"Are you ready?" the judge asked.

Mason turned. "I am quite ready, Your Honor. I have one witness whom I wish to put on the stand. I wish a subpoena *duces tecum* issued for that witness. I want him to bring certain documents which are in his possession."

"Who is the witness, and what are the documents?" the judge asked.

Mason walked quickly over to Paul Drake. "What's the name of that character who has the garbage-collecting business," he said softly, "the one who has the first nickel he'd ever made?"

"George Addey."

The lawyer turned to the judge. "The witness that I want is George Addey, and the documents that I want him to bring to court with him are all of the twenty-dollar bills that he has received during the past sixty days."

"Your Honor," Flasher protested, "this is an outrage. This is making a travesty out of justice. It is exposing the court to ridicule."

Mason said, "I give Your Honor my assurance that I think this witness is material, and that the documents are material. I will make an affidavit to that effect if necessary. As attorney for the defendant, may I point out that if the court refuses to grant this subpoena, it will be denying the defendant due process of law."

"I'm going to issue the subpoena," Judge Haswell said, testily, "and for your own good, Mr. Mason, the testimony had better be relevant."

GEORGE ADDEY, unshaven and bristling with indignation, held up his right hand to be sworn. He glared at Perry Mason.

"Mr. Addey," Mason said, "you have the contract to collect garbage from Jebson City?"

"I do."

"How long have you been collecting garbage there?"

"For over five years, and I want to tell you—"

"Judge Haswell banged his gavel. "The witness will answer questions and not interpolate any comments."

"I'll interpolate anything I dang please," Addey said.

"That'll do," the judge said. "Do you wish to be jailed for contempt of court, Mr. Addey?"

"I don't want to go to jail, but I—"

"Then you'll remember the respect that is due the court," the judge said.

"Of course they're legal! Downtown's full of them"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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"Now you sit there and answer questions. This is a court of law. You're in this court as a citizen, and I'm here as a judge, and I propose to see that the respect due to the court is enforced." There was a moment's silence while the judge glared angrily at the witness. "All right, go ahead, Mr. Mason," Judge Haswell said.

Mason said, "During the thirty days prior to the fifteenth of this month, did you deposit any money in any banking institution?"

"I did not."

"Do you have with you all the twenty-dollar bills that you received during the last sixty days?"

"I have, and I think making me bring them here is just like inviting some crook to come and rob me and—"

Judge Haswell banged with his gavel. "Any more comments of that sort from the witness and there will be a sentence imposed for contempt of court. Now you get out those twenty-dollar bills, Mr. Addey, and put them right up here on the clerk's desk."

Addey, mumbling under his breath, slammed a roll of twenty-dollar bills down on the desk in front of the clerk.

"Now," Mason said, "I'm going to need a little clerical assistance. I would like to have my secretary, Miss Street, and the clerk help me check through the numbers on these bills. I will select a few at random."

Mason picked up three of the twenty-dollar bills and said, "I am going to ask my assistants to check the list of numbers introduced in evidence. In my hand is a twenty-dollar bill that has the number L 07083274 A. Is that bill on the list? The next bill that I pick up is number L 02327010 A. Here's another one, number L 07579190 A. Are any of those bills on the list?"

THE courtroom was silent. Suddenly, Della Street said, "Yes, here's one that's on the list—bill number L 07579190 A. It's on the list, on page eight."

"What?" the prosecutor shouted.

"Exactly," Mason said, smiling. "So, if a case is to be made against a person merely because he has possession of the money that was stolen on the fifteenth of this month, then your office should prefer charges against this witness, George Addey, Mr. District Attorney."

Addey jumped from the witness stand and shook his fist in Mason's face. "You're a cockeyed liar!" he screamed. "There ain't a one of those bills but what I didn't have it before the fifteenth. The company cashier changes my money into twenties, because I like big bills. I bury 'em in cans, and I put the date on the side of the can."

"Here's the list," Mason said. "Check it for yourself."

A tense silence gripped the courtroom as the judge and the spectators waited.

"I'm afraid I don't understand this, Mr. Mason," Judge Haswell said, after a moment.

"I think it's quite simple," Mason said. "And I now suggest the court take a recess for an hour and check these other bills against this list. I think the district attorney may be surprised."

And Mason sat down and proceeded to put papers in his brief case. . . .

Della Street, Paul Drake and Perry Mason were sitting in the lobby of the Ivanhoe Hotel.

"When are you going to tell us?" Della Street asked fiercely. "Or do we tear you limb from limb? How could the garbage man have—?"

"Wait a minute," Mason said. "I think we're about to get results. Here comes the esteemed district attorney, Vernon Flasher, and he's accompanied by Judge Haswell."

The two strode over to Mason's group and bowed with cold formality.

Mason got up.

JUDGE HASWELL began in his best courtroom voice. "A most deplorable situation has occurred. It seems that Mr. Frank Bernal has—well—"

"Been detained somewhere," Vernon Flasher said.

"Disappeared," Judge Haswell said. "He's gone."

"I expected as much," Mason said.

"Now will you kindly tell me just what sort of pressure you brought to bear on Mr. Bernal to—?"

"Just a moment, Judge," Mason said. "The only pressure I brought to bear on him was to cross-examine him."

"Did you know that there had been a mistake in the dates on those lists?"

"There was no mistake. When you find Bernal, I'm sure you will discover there was a deliberate falsification. He was short in his accounts, and he knew he was about to be demoted. He had a desperate need for a hundred thousand dollars in ready cash. He had evidently been planning this burglary, or, rather, this embezzlement, for some time. He learned that Corbin had a criminal record. He arranged to have these lists furnished by the bank. He installed a burglar alarm, and, naturally, knew how to circumvent it. He employed a watchman he knew was addicted to drink. He only needed to stage his coup at the right time. He fired Corbin and paid him off with bills that had been recorded by the bank on page eight of the list of bills *in the payroll on the first of the month.*

"Then he removed page eight from the list of bills contained in the payroll *of the fifteenth,* before he showed it to the police, and substituted page eight of the list for the *first of the month* payroll. It was that simple.

"Then he drugged the watchman's whisky, took an acetylene torch, burned through the vault doors and took all the money."

"May I ask how you knew all this?" Judge Haswell demanded.

"Certainly," Mason said. "My client told me he received those bills from Nesbitt, who took them from the petty-cash drawer in the safe. He also told the sheriff that. I happened to be the only one who believed him. It sometimes pays, Your Honor, to have faith in a man, even if he has made a previous mistake. Assuming my client was innocent, I knew either Bernal or Nesbitt must be guilty. I then realized that only Bernal had custody of the *previous* lists of numbers.

"As an employee, Bernal had been paid on the first of the month. He looked at the numbers on the twenty-dollar bills in his pay envelope and found that they had been listed on page eight of the payroll for the first.

"Bernal only needed to abstract all twenty-dollar bills from the petty-cash drawer, substitute twenty-dollar bills from his own pay envelope, call in Corbin, and fire him. His trap was set.

"I let him know I knew what had been done by bringing Addey into court and proving my point. Then I asked for a recess. That was so Bernal would have a chance to skip out. You see, flight may be received as evidence of guilt. It was a professional courtesy to the district attorney. It will help him when Bernal is arrested." ▲▲▲

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Julie's week of one-night shows began on a train bound for Davenport, Iowa

In Davenport the next morning, she visited a local gift shop to choose presents for friends back home

Before show she was nervous, giggly about actin in 3,000-seat house. "I'll have to yell," she sai

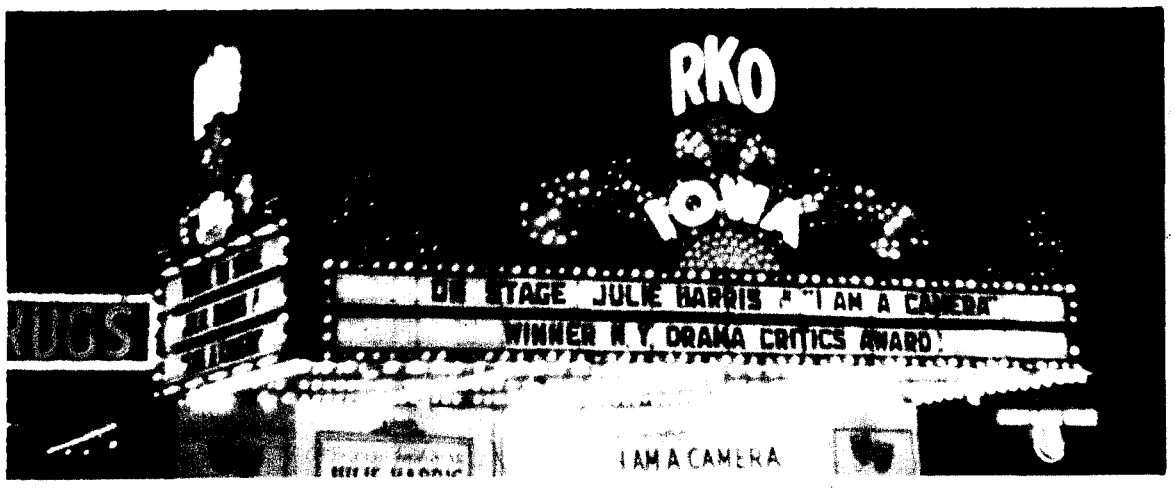
At late supper she shared a pizza with leading man, Charles Cooper (at right)

On train out of Cedar Rapids next night, she told actor Bill Allyn: "We're like gypsies skipping town"

At seven in morning, tired and hungry, she was in Omaha. "Touring is great," she told reporters

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

On the Road



FOR its audience, a touring Broadway play is a glamorous spectacle bearing no reality beyond the footlights. What happens when the stage magic is done—how the players eat, sleep, travel and spend their hours in a parade of strange cities—is a question audiences rarely consider.

Until recently, Julie Harris, star of the prize-winning Broadway play I Am a Camera, had little idea herself of what lies behind the bright façade of a traveling show. Julie is a star born and nurtured on Broadway. Her career has taken her on several short, leisurely tours. But she had never come face to face with real trouping until I Am a Camera, which is touring the country until late spring, embarked on the most grueling experience an actor can know: a run of one-night stands.

It began on a recent cold, wet night in Daven-

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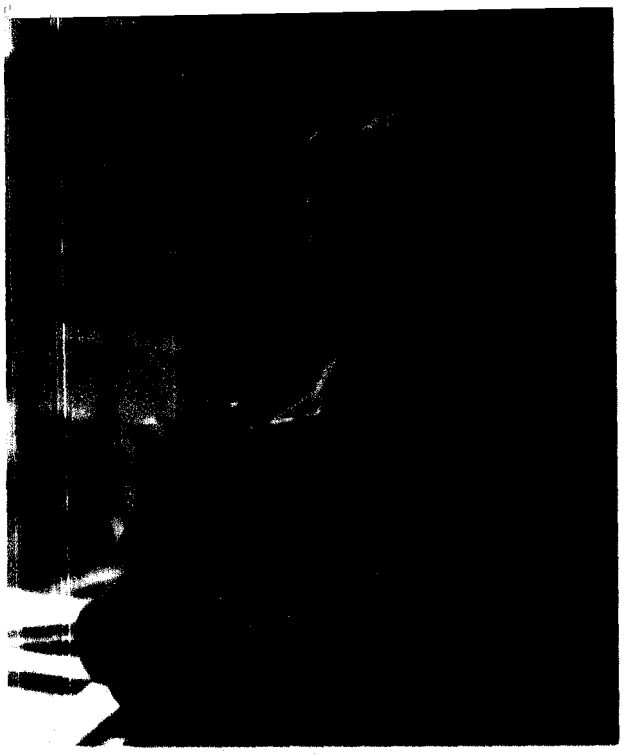

Hugging gifts she'd bought that afternoon, Julie went to theater to watch crew set up the scenery

Wearing hat she uses in first scene of play, she did limbering-up exercises between acts

After Omaha show, friends gave her a party. "Home cooking," she said. "It's wonderful!"

Late next day, troupe came to Des Moines. Julie had an hour for sight-seeing before curtain time

When given her salary by company manager Manning Gurian, she quipped: "Is it worth it?"

As she studied worn face after show, a train already waited to take her to Salt Lake City

with Julie Harris

The young star of I Am a Camera discovers what the old-timers mean whenever they talk about trouping

port, Iowa. In the hectic week which followed her performance there, Julie faced an average of eight long, weary hours each day traveling on trains and busses. She spent two nights on sleepers and occupied six different hotel rooms. She grabbed hurried meals in coffeeshops and all-night diners. She was homesick. Every night she called her husband (Jay Julien, a New York lawyer) and wrote home to friends. Her days began to get mixed up: there came a morning when she awoke, looked at the ceiling and wondered aloud: "Where am I today?"

Following the Davenport performance came Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They arrived there late in the afternoon. That night, after the final curtain, Julie learned how fast a show can move: the troupe had one hour in which to remove make-up, dress, pack and catch a midnight sleeper for Omaha. They made the train three minutes before departure time; it didn't pull out for almost two hours.

In Omaha at seven the next morning, a reporter wanted to know how she liked touring. "It's wonderful," she told him, straining to keep her eyes open. Then she went to her hotel to sleep. She awoke at noon. And suddenly there was time to spare. She read a book. She found some shoes that needed fixing and took them to a cobbler. She stayed out in a forbiddingly cold afternoon, exploring Omaha until dinner.

With the troupe slated to spend the night in Omaha, there was time for a rare break in the routine: after the show, the parents of a friend of Julie's held a party in her honor. It was a small, informal affair. "Most exciting time we've had in ages," she said afterward, and meant it.

I Am a Camera hit the road again the next morning. First a train and then a bus, and then Des Moines. There wasn't time to do much more than rest and eat before the show; by midnight they would be on a train bound for Salt Lake City.

The performance was given in a half-full, 4,000-seat movie theater, in which the actors' voices ricocheted off the walls. Afterward, Julie studied her tired face in the dressing-room mirror. "I'm beginning to wonder," she said, only half seriously, "what I'm doing here." And then a young couple knocked at her door. "We just wanted to thank you," the man said. "We don't get much theater around here. It was a wonderful experience."

Julie watched in her mirror as they left. "And there," she said, "is my answer. Salt Lake City, here we come!" ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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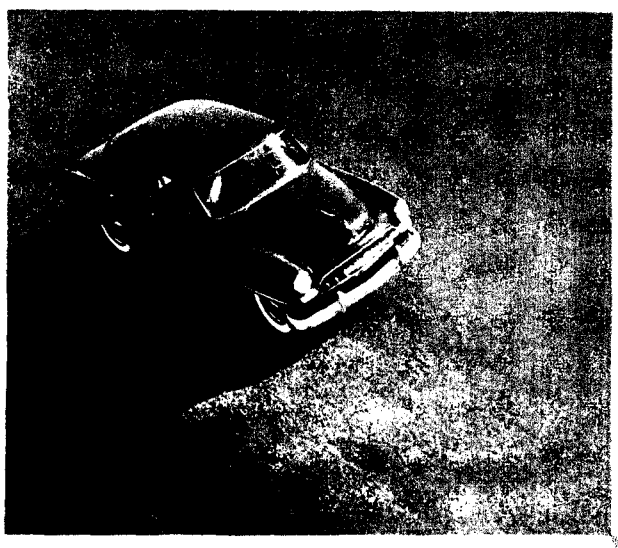
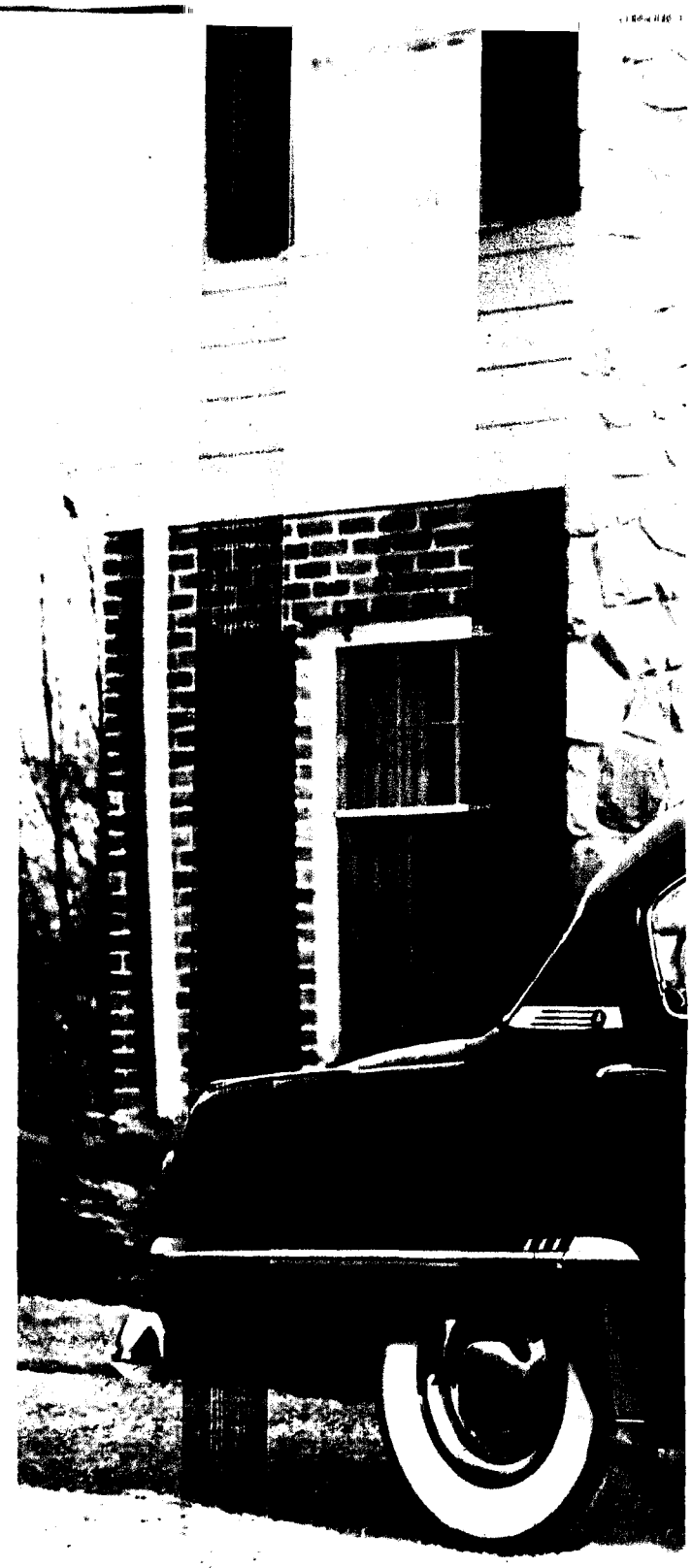
WHAT DOES THE '53 PLYMOUTH'S NEW true balance MEAN TO YOU?

Before you even think of buying *any* new car, drive the new 1953 Plymouth—at your dealer's now! Plymouth is introducing something new in ride-engineering—a new way of keeping the ride in *true balance*—so the new 1953 Plymouth steers and rides like no other car in the low-priced field! For example . . .



New control of ROLL — a car that stays more level and steers true on the sharpest curves

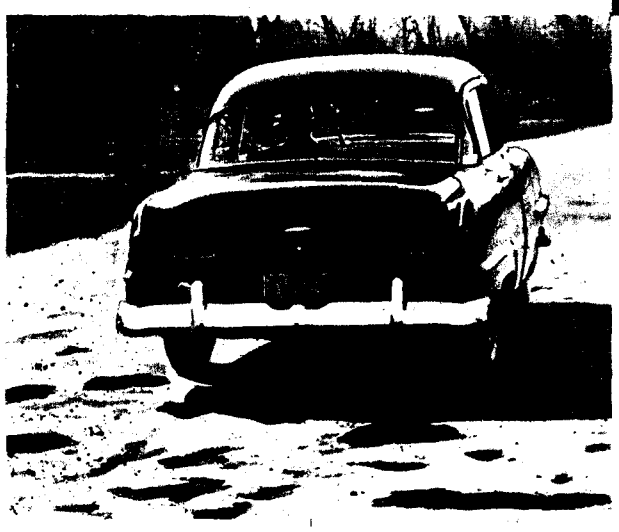
First time you drive the '53 Plymouth you'll notice how it refuses to tip or sway, and how it "corners" like a cat on the sharpest curves! In the new Plymouth, the center of gravity has been lowered, the frame is 4 inches wider and the new, wider rear springs are angle-mounted to resist roll. The beautiful balance built into this car gives you road-hugging stability under all driving conditions.



Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

New control of PITCH — freedom from "rocking-horse" motion when you go over a bump

In the '53 Plymouth, the masses of weight are placed where they'll resist forward-and-back or pitching motion of the car. This new weight distribution combines with other advanced engineering features such as synchronized springs. Rear springs are synchronized to react a split-second faster than front ones, so they catch up with the rebound of the front springs and keep the ride level. You get a gliding—not a galloping—motion in a Plymouth!

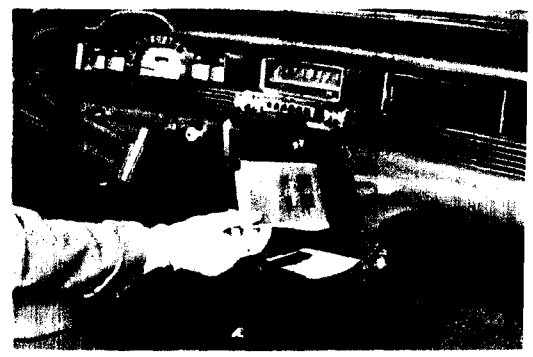


New control of JOUNCE — protection against the bump-and-bounce of road shocks

In the '53 Plymouth, rear springs are wider, and have more up-and-down room to react in. The rear axle is set farther forward on the rear springs, so wheels stay firmly on the road while allowing full spring action. And working with this new spring suspension are Plymouth's famous Oriflow shock absorbers. Result: you go over the most violent chuckhole or bump in a smooth and steady flow of motion.

All this—the control of three riding motions, *roll*, *pitch* and *jounce*—adds up to *true balance!* Try it—for the best ride and the easiest handling you've ever known in a car.

NEW



THE NEW instrument panel features attractive two-tone color schemes, and a new *center* location of the glove compartment, more convenient for *all* front-seat passengers.

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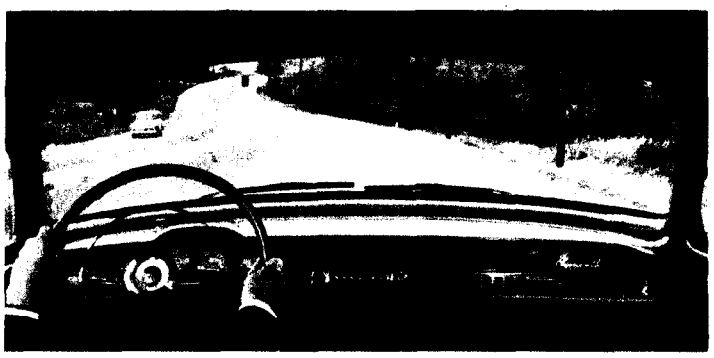

THE NEW one-piece windshield is more *uniformly* curved so you have an undistorted view of the road. There's 16% more glass area in the '53 Plymouth. Constant-action electric windshield wipers. Superb vision!

THIS NEW quarter window lets rear-seat passengers look sideways without leaning forward. And there's a new, larger curve-around rear window that adds to your vision.

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SUPER

They're tops as an appetizer or the main cours

By HARRY

THERE'S no more tempting dish on a cold winter evening than a steaming bowl of soup. It's welcomed equally by rich man and poor man, by gourmet and trencherman. A good soup will titillate and stimulate the most pedestrian of appetites at the start of a formal dinner. Or it will serve as the main course for a hungry and impatient family. It is the pride of a dinner hostess, the refuge of a busy and thrifty housewife.

Many soups have become solid favorites over the years. Here's how to make some of the best of them:

Waterbury Soup

An expensive and famous New York restaurant has established and embellished its prestige by offering a tasty soup, smooth as silk. It can be made quickly and should bring you an accolade. I have served this soup so many times and noted the reaction it gets that I now keep copies of the recipe on hand to give to those who request it. The demand is usually equivalent to the number of guests at the table. Here is the recipe:

Canned consommé, 1 quart
Egg yolks, 2
Curry powder, 1 teaspoon
Heavy cream, ½ cup
Tart apples, finely diced

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SOUPS

for a meal. Here are some taste-tested recipes

BOTSFORD

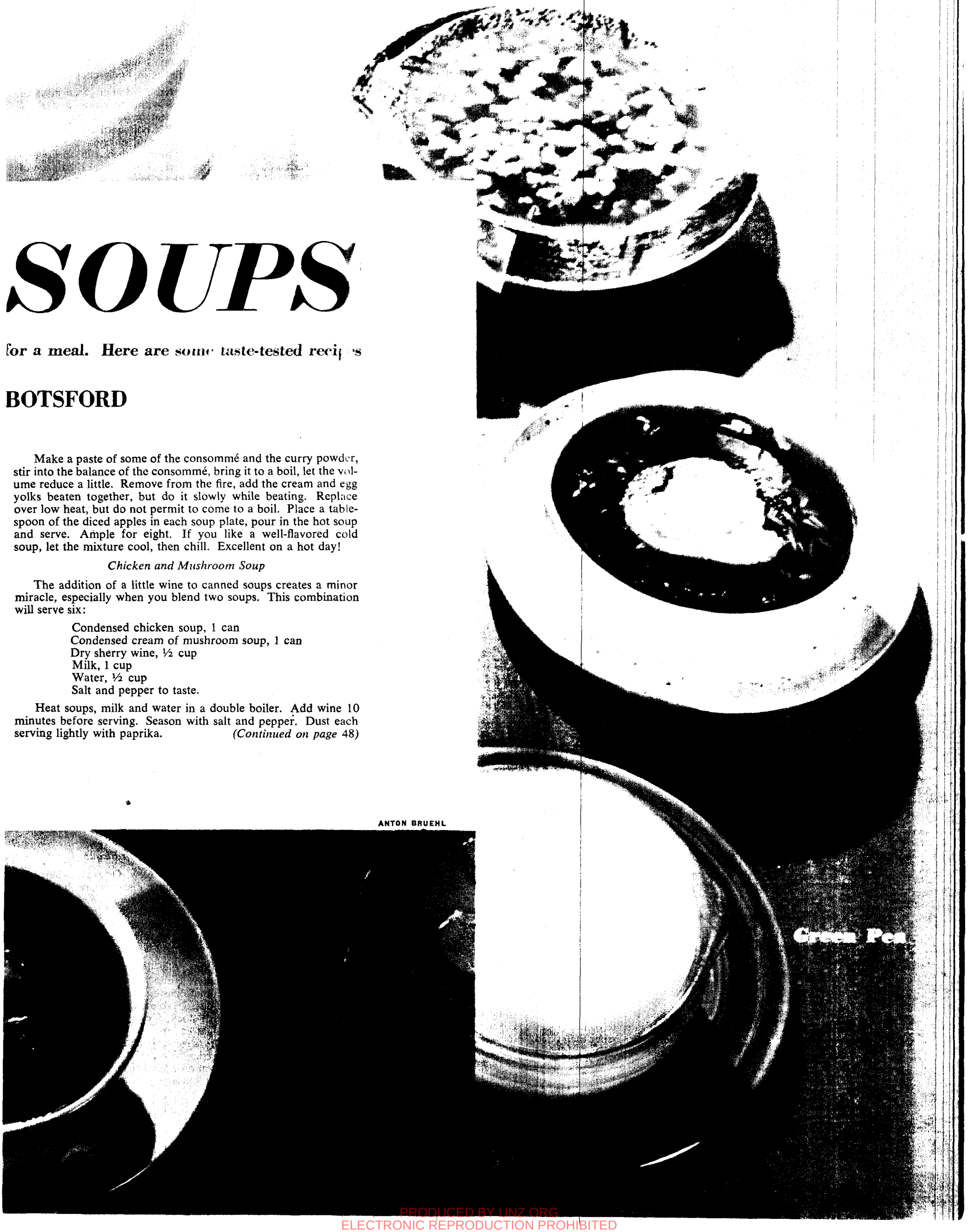
Make a paste of some of the consommé and the curry powder, stir into the balance of the consommé, bring it to a boil, let the volume reduce a little. Remove from the fire, add the cream and egg yolks beaten together, but do it slowly while beating. Replace over low heat, but do not permit to come to a boil. Place a tablespoon of the diced apples in each soup plate, pour in the hot soup and serve. Ample for eight. If you like a well-flavored cold soup, let the mixture cool, then chill. Excellent on a hot day!

Chicken and Mushroom Soup

The addition of a little wine to canned soups creates a minor miracle, especially when you blend two soups. This combination will serve six:

Condensed chicken soup, 1 can
Condensed cream of mushroom soup, 1 can
Dry sherry wine, ½ cup
Milk, 1 cup
Water, ½ cup
Salt and pepper to taste.

Heat soups, milk and water in a double boiler. Add wine 10 minutes before serving. Season with salt and pepper. Dust each serving lightly with paprika. *(Continued on page 48)*



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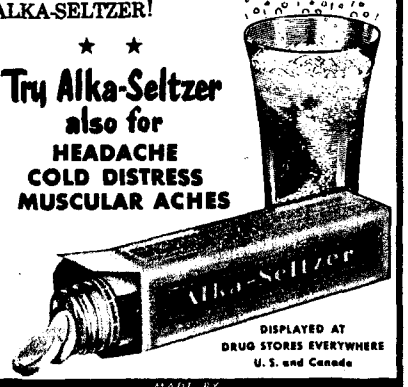

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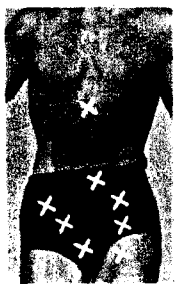

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Soup will warm you in winter, cool you in summer—and temp

Soup Sauterne

Another happy combination is cream of pea soup and consommé Madrilène. The end result is called soup sauterne. Here is how it is done, and there is sufficient for six or seven:

Cream of pea soup, 2 cans
Sauterne, ½ cup
Consommé Madrilène, 2 cans
Pinch of thyme

Blend ingredients, heat thoroughly in a double boiler, add salt and pepper to taste. Garnish each helping with a sprig of parsley.

Tomato Bouillon

This light, flavorsome and invigorating soup is one of the best preludes to a dinner. It is easy to make.

Tomato juice, 3½ cups
Orégano, ½ teaspoon
Dried basil, ½ teaspoon
Parsley flakes, 1 teaspoon

Heat together, season to taste with salt and pepper, serve very hot. Enough for six servings.

Basque Soupe a l'Oignon

A Basque artist taught me how to make onion soup. If he could paint as well as he cooks, he would be rich and famous. As it is, he's a mediocre man with the brush, but very happy. Here is the formula—and don't deviate from it, I pray you:

Onions, medium, 5
Flour, ¾ tablespoon
Pinch of thyme
Salt and pepper to taste
Bacon fat, 2 tablespoons
Garlic, 2 cloves, mashed
Tarragon wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon
Water or vegetable broth, 2 quarts, hot

Slice and chop onions finely, sauté in fat over a low flame. Add flour, stir well, then add the garlic and let cook until light golden color. Add thyme and vinegar, and water or broth, simmer for about 45 minutes, by which time the volume should be reduced to 1½ quarts. Pour into individual crockery casseroles, top with a slice of French bread capped by a thin slice of Swiss cheese. Pop under the broiler until the cheese melts and the bread toasts. Here is a rich and lively brew, enough for six to eight hungry people. If it's for luncheon or supper, a salad of sliced cucumbers and radishes in a vinegar sauce teams up very chummily with the magnificent onion soup.

Bean Soup

A sturdy companion to the onion soup of France is the hearty and enormously good American Navy bean soup. I've eaten it in camp and cabin, in penthouse dining rooms, in farm kitchens and in Army mess halls. It is always good, a prime masculine favorite. It is seldom made the same way, but in spite of the deviations, it always has been better than good. A bean-soup addict from youth, I prefer my own method of making it. It is a formula that has been in my family for over three centuries. The fact that it has survived is clear evidence of its virtue. We used a leftover ham butt, although you can get the same wonderful flavor by starting with an uncooked ham butt. Try it, and see if I am not right:

Ham butt, 1½ pounds
Navy beans, 4 cups
Onion, large, 1
Celery, finely diced, 1 stalk
Potato, finely diced, small, 1
Tomato juice, ½ cup
Thyme, ½ teaspoon

Skin and cover the ham with cold water, boil until tender, let it cool and skim off fat. To the beans, which have been soaked in cold water overnight, add onion, celery and potato. Simmer about three hours until beans are soft, adding about eight cups of hot water to get a volume sufficient to serve eight people. Add tomato juice about one half hour before serving, the thyme 15 minutes before serving. Stir from time to time to prevent burning. Just before removing from the heat, lift out the ham butt, discard the bone, cut the ham in bite-sized pieces. Put about half of the beans through a ricer and return to the pot along with the diced ham. Thick and nutritious, the soup is distinctive and filling. The servings should be on the liberal side, and there is sufficient for eight. There are those who stoutly and enthusiastically maintain that the soup is better on the second day, a fact I cannot dispute.

On a cold and blustery night, with the wind shaking your windows, there's nothing better for a homespun dinner than a big bowl of steaming bean soup, toasted pilot crackers, a robust salad, a fruit pie for dessert—and plenty of coffee, strong and valiant.

"Wel-l-l-l? Was it a boy this time, Dad?" COLLIER'S TOM ZIB

Vichyssoise

But when the temperature soars, there is nothing more delectable than a dish of icy-cold Vichyssoise, a soup of French origin, but perfected in this country. I am going to speak of the homemade variety, but the canned soup is also excellent. Here's how you can make your own Vichyssoise:

Leeks, finely diced, 4
Onion, finely diced, medium, 1
Butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons
Chicken broth or stock, 3 cups
Potatoes, mashed, ½ cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, ⅛ teaspoon
Light cream, 1 cup
Parsley flakes or finely chopped chives

Clean, remove tough green parts of leeks, dice with the onion and sauté over low heat in half of the butter or margarine. Cook until tender but do not brown. Add chicken stock, cook for 15 minutes, then rub through a coarse sieve. Add potatoes, balance of the butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Stir or beat until the mixture is silky smooth. Cool, add cream, stirring constantly, and chill well. Garnish with parsley or chives when served. Sufficient for four. The flavor is delightfully delicate, as elusive as a flying saucer. This soup offers an ideal way in which to launch a summer luncheon or dinner.

Vichyssoise also may be served hot, but in the opinion of settled eaters the soup loses some of its flavor when eaten hot.

Iced Borsch

Another summer soup of undeniable excellence is chilled borsch. Originally a Russian dish, the traditional recipe calls for a small roast duck, a cracked shin of beef, a knuckle of veal and seven vegetables, among other items. Probably not a popular dish in Red Russia in these days of austerity meals in the average Soviet home! But borsch, American style, is simple to make, contains only economy ingredients and, when it is served chilled, its delicate nuances of flavor are indescribably good. Here's the recipe:

Beet juice, 2 cups
Sour cream, ¾ cup
Lemon juice, 1 tablespoon
Salt, 1½ teaspoons
Pepper, ⅛ teaspoon
Scallions, finely minced, 2 tablespoons
Beets, finely diced, 1 cup
Water cress, 1 bunch
Sour cream for garnish, ¼ cup

Add water to canned beet juice to make the necessary amount, blend with sour cream, lemon juice and seasonings in a bowl and beat smooth with a rotary beater. Add scallions, diced beets and coarsely cut water cress leaves, discarding the stems. Chill thoroughly, serve with a topping of sour cream. The scarlet and white makes a pretty picture, and it is as good as it looks. Plenty for four.

Shrimp Bisque

Down in New Orleans, where so many famous dishes were born, the cooks produce a *bisque d' écrevisses*, a shrimp bisque so good that it has been cheered by generations of solid eaters. Happily, the formula has now become national, and it is shared by all:

Shrimp, raw, 1½ pounds
Butter, 1 cup
Tomato paste, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Fish stock, 5 cups
Light cream, 1½ cups
Dry sherry, 4 tablespoons
Parsley, minced, 2 tablespoons
Croutons, fried in butter, 1 cup
Salt, cayenne pepper, paprika

Fry shrimps in ½ cup butter; when they become a brilliant red, cool, shell, devein and cut into small slices. Place in a bowl and add remaining ½ cup

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butter, 1 tablespoon of the tomato paste and crush until thoroughly mixed. To the pan in which the shrimps were cooked, stir in the flour, balance of tomato paste and shrimp mixture. Replace over low heat and stir in fish stock. When the mixture boils, remove from heat, add cream, parsley and sherry. Correct seasonings, serve in heated bowls with croutons. The fish stock is compounded by cooking fish bones (obtainable from your fish dealer), peppercorns, a little butter, 1 chopped onion, carrots, celery, a bay leaf, ½ cup white wine and 8 cups of water. Simmer for 3 hours; strain before using.

The recipe produces about eight generous servings, perfect prelude to a dinner of thinly sliced baked ham, a water-cress salad, a green vegetable, toasted rolls. A lemon sherbet for dessert, or fruit in season, is indicated.

Philadelphia Pepper Pot

If you have ever lived on Philadelphia's Main Line, or dined in one of its clubs, you will remember Philadelphia pepper pot, an American regional creation, generated in a sector which still places great stress on tasty victuals. The soup is smooth, unctuous and enormously good. Here's how it is made:

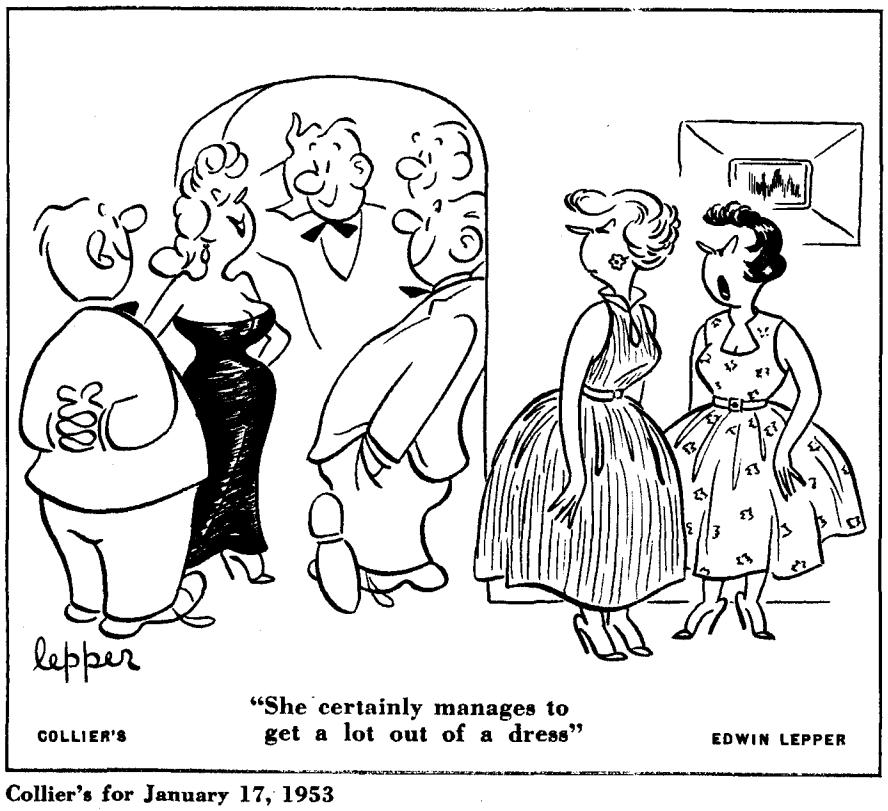
Tripe, 4 pounds
Veal joint, 1
Bay leaves, 2
Onions, diced, 2
Herbs, 1 bunch
Potatoes, diced raw, 4
Parsley, minced, 2 teaspoons
Salt, 2 teaspoons
Pepper, ground, 1 teaspoon
Cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon
Whole sweet red pepper, diced, 1
Beef suet, 1 cup
Flour, 2 cups

Philadelphia cooks place scant value on time, for this is a two-day job. But, when you savor it, you acknowledge that the time has been well spent. Scrape and clean tripe, wash in 3 or 4 waters, cover with cold water and simmer rather briskly for 8 hours, adding water from time to time. Cool and cut in ½-inch squares. The following day, simmer the veal knuckle in 3 quarts of water, skim off scum as it rises. Separate meat from the bones, cut into dice. Strain the broth, add bay leaves, chopped onions and diced meat and simmer for 1 hour. Add potatoes, herbs, parsley and red pepper cut into thin strips. Follow this with the tripe and the seasonings. Compound small dumplings of diced suet, a little water and flour—tiny affairs no more than ½ inch in diameter. Roll each in flour, gently lower into the seething pepper pot for 5 minutes. Serve piping hot, and let the bowls be generous. There should be ample servings for eight. Pepper pot, a salad of sliced tomatoes and some toasted English muffins will constitute fare that is at once robust and stimulating. Ever notice how well fed the citizens of Philadelphia appear? I strongly suspect that part of it is due to pepper pot, and perhaps some of it is due to their incomparable red snapper soup. Incidentally, both soups are now available in cans and are uniformly palatable.

There was a time when the average housewife looked upon all canned soups with deep suspicion. Then an alert soupmaker started to invite members of women's clubs to visit his plants. They saw premises as neat as their own kitchens, they saw vast and shining caldrons equipped with temperature controls, they saw critically inspected ingredients go into the soups, and they saw the rigid tests for butter, cream, meats, condiments and herbs. They went back home converts to canned soup and they told other women what they had seen. Canned soups leaped into popularity.

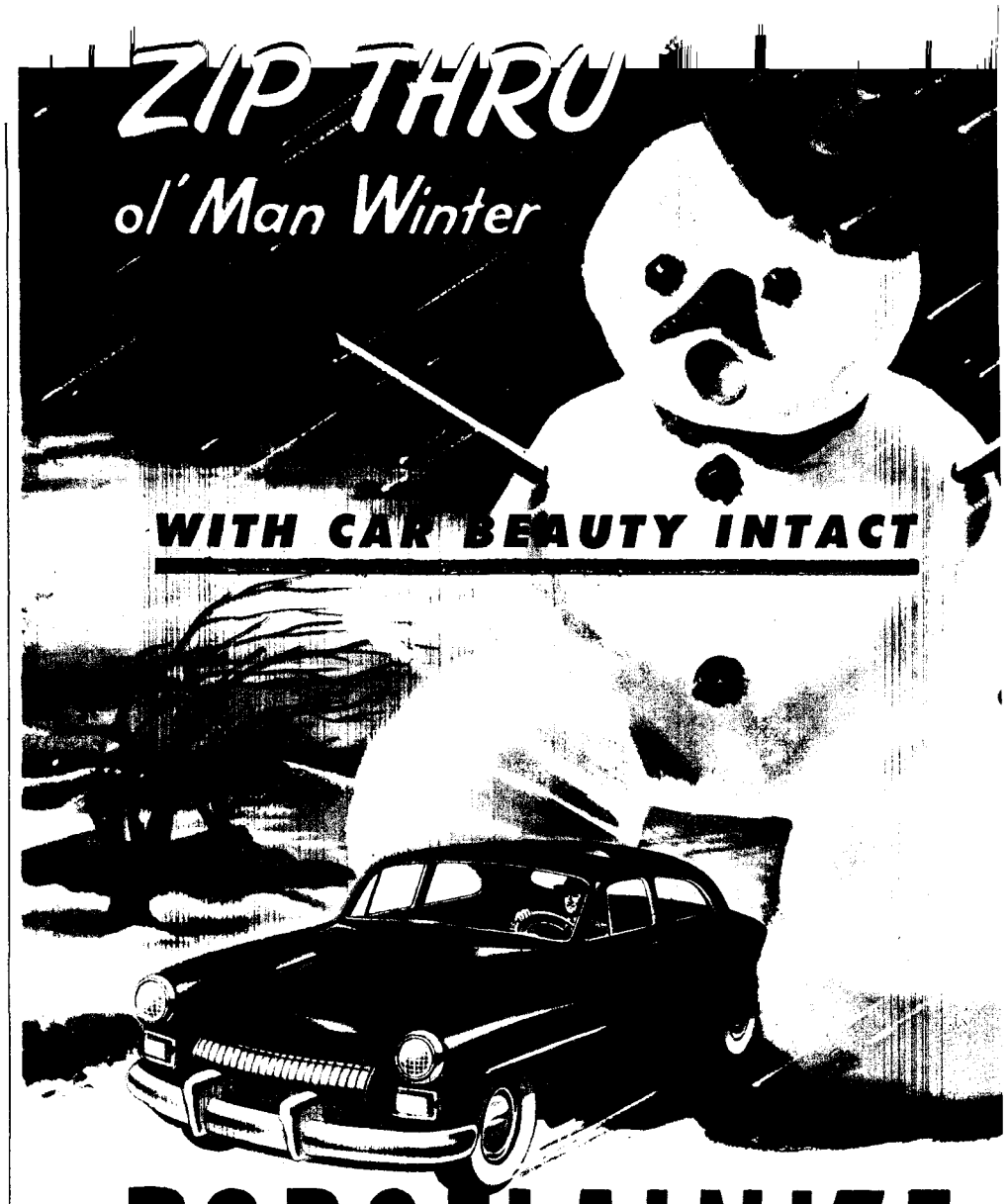
There was a time when the soup addict also viewed dehydrated soups with suspicion. However, several types of great merit have been put on the market in the last few years. These soups are a compact concentrate which may be quickly transformed into a steaming brew so good it will please an epicure. Just add water and bring to a boil for the time specified on the package.

Homemade, canned or dehydrated, hot or cold, soup will give you and your guests a real mealtime treat. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "She certainly manages to get a lot out of a dress" EDWIN LEPPER

Collier's for January 17, 1953



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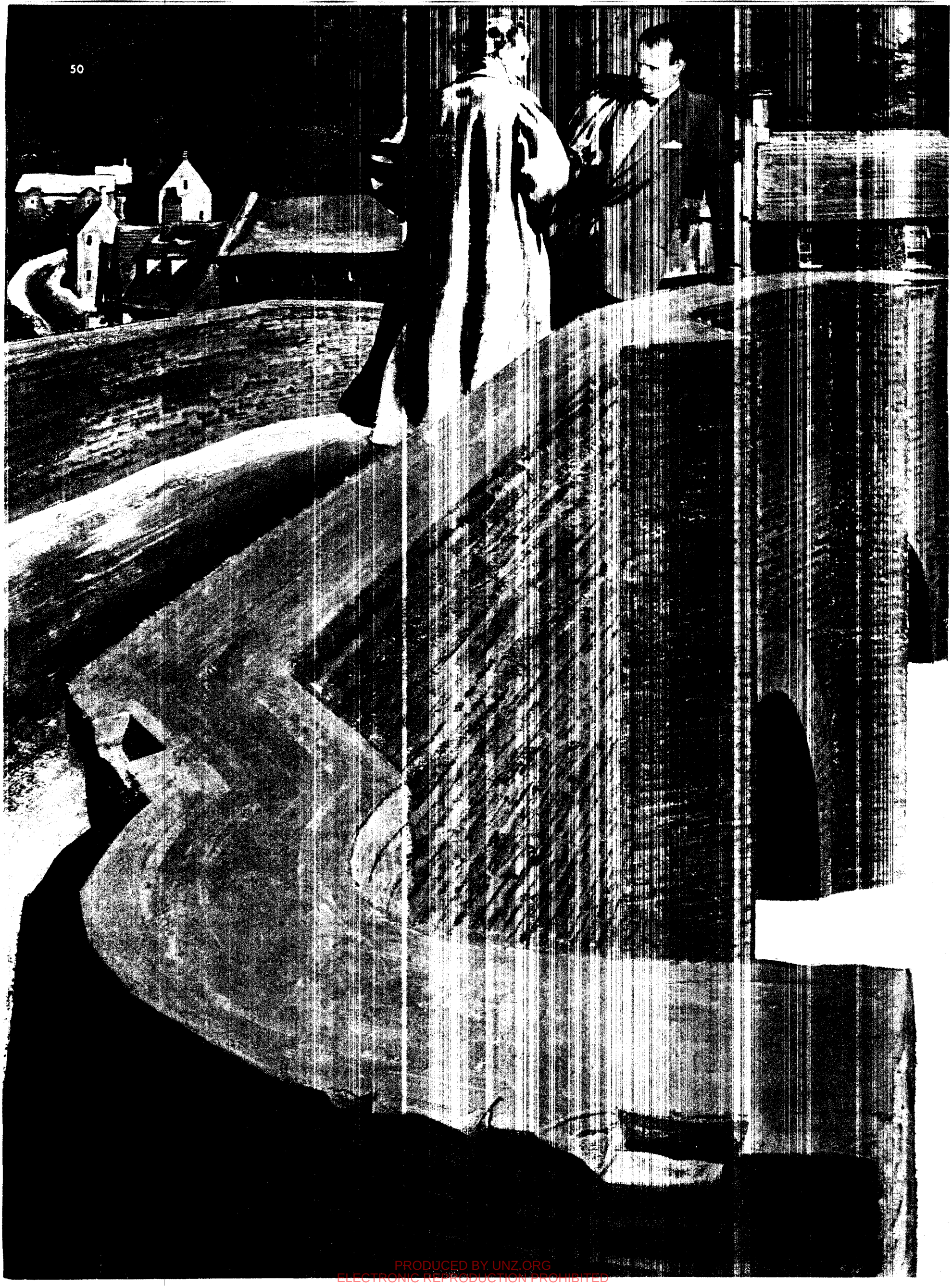

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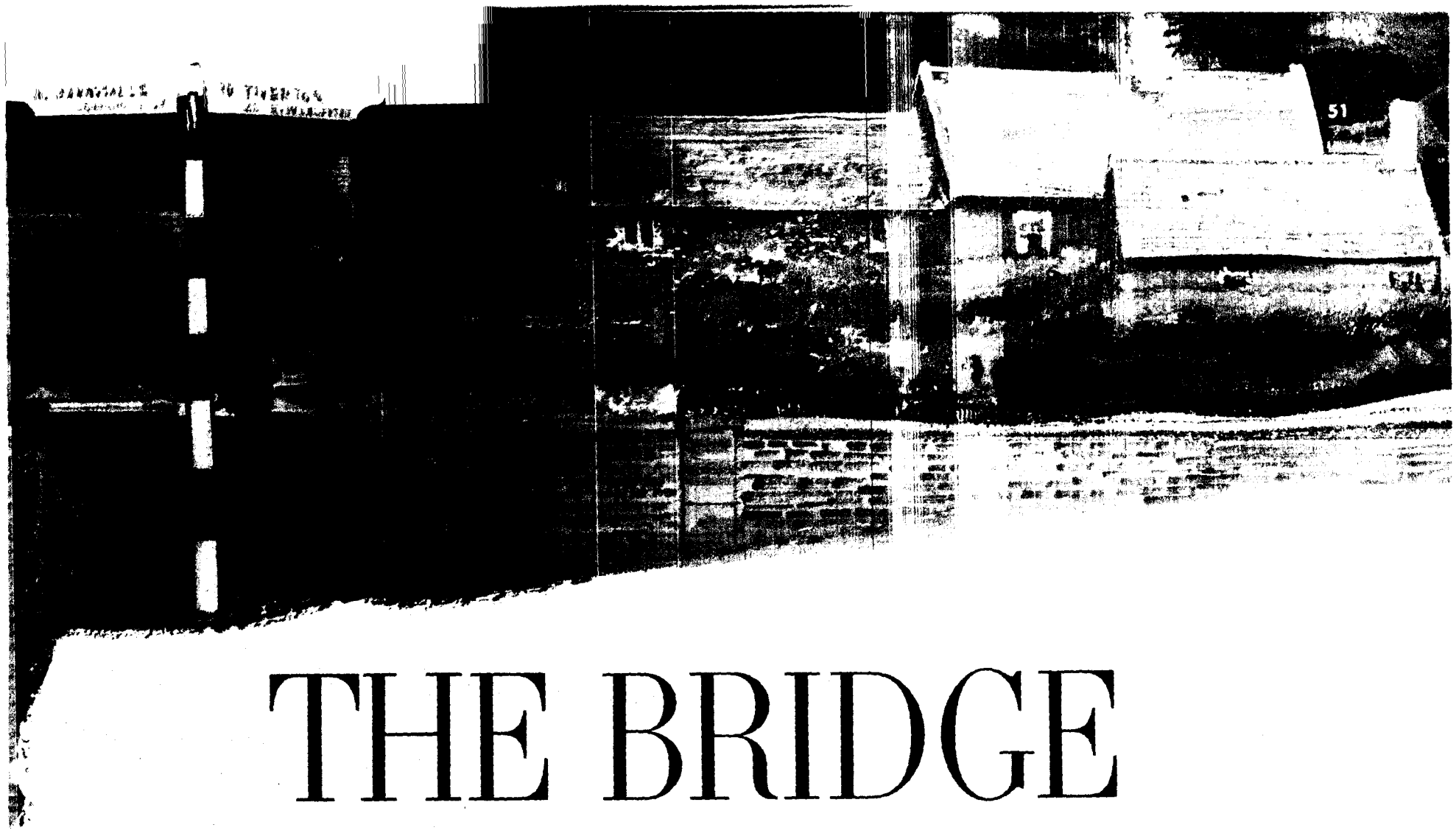

THE BRIDGE

By ALAN WYKES

Here, in this country village, she had spent her childhood. Here she had first been in love. Now she was a visitor—grown, married, changed. And where was her love now?

THE letter was addressed to her personally: *Mrs. Mary Gresham, 35 Warburton Close, Cargill, Birmingham.* Alex watched her with mild amusement from across the table as she opened it.

It was just a sheet of paper with a newspaper clipping stuck on it. There was a note appended below the clipping, in Jeff's oddly formed handwriting that, until that moment, she would have sworn she'd forgotten: *Thought this would interest you.*

The clipping was a paragraph from a local newspaper. It seemed that a bridge called Apple Acres Culvert was to be demolished, and would, under the new rural development scheme, in time be replaced by a wider bridge, of more modern construction.

Mary didn't look at Alex; she didn't look at anything for a moment. Then she passed him the clipping. "It's just a bit of local news from home," she said. She tried to keep her voice steady as she lied quite unnecessarily: "I can't imagine who sent it. Probably old Sprogg, the news agent."

Alex rose and gathered up his pipe and matches from the mantelpiece. "Knowing," he said, smiling, "that, with the sentimentality of your sex, you'd probably be quite prepared to travel three hundred miles to have a last weepy look at the old rustic bridge before it's finally torn down?" He turned, stuffing his pockets, taking the paper from the breakfast table. "Hey! I believe I've got something there. Is that a nostalgic tear I see?"

"Certainly not," Mary said. She clattered the dishes onto the tray.

"No?" He tilted her face. The light brown hair fell back from her shoulders. "You're lying to me, woman," he said. "This bridge, this culvert, whatever it is—it means something to you, doesn't it?"

"We used to play on it as kids—dare each other to walk the parapet. There's a stream with tadpoles. We used to catch them and put them in crocks—"

"We?"

She looked down, away from him. "The kids in the village. The road runs over the culvert, and there're some acacias on one side, and the other side drops to Butter Row, and you can see the post office because it's the only building with a red roof, and farther past that there's McLaughlin's garage and—"

He watched her seeing the things of which she was speaking. Yes, it meant something to her all right. "Could you do it in three days?" he said. "A day there, a day back and a day to stand on the bridge and weep?"

"Alex," she said, "you don't really mean it?"

"Well, considering that if it hadn't been for me, you'd probably have married old Sprogg and never left the place—well, I guess I can do without you for three days. In seven years you haven't moved from my side. I think a nostalgic adventure would probably do you good."

"Darling," she said. "I do like you. I do like you so much."

"You're not bad yourself," Alex said. "You're not bad at all."

She was aware of his tenseness. "What did you come back for?" he said suddenly, urgently. He looked puzzled, but he didn't really care

MARY made the journey on Thursday, so that she could return for the week end. She wished desperately that she did not have such a longing to go. It was cheating Alex in a way, and herself too. But when someone crops up out of the past . . .

At the tiny station she was the only passenger to alight—she had been almost the only passenger in the single-coach local train.

The station was deserted; there wasn't even anyone to collect her ticket. She paused on the dirt road that led from the station to Aunt Lou Flagg's, set down her dressing case, and breathed deeply. It was very easy to convince herself that everything was as wonderful as she'd known it would be. The scents and the scene were precisely as they should be—as if she had never for a moment left the place of remembered childhood.

The road turned and rose, and at the top, like a ship at anchor, the turreted house rode the sea of orchards in the thin sunlight. It wasn't the sort of house you bought: it was the sort of house you came by.

Jeff had inherited it. He lived there now. Once, brandishing a wooden sword and wearing a pyramid hat made out of newspaper, he'd said as they stood on Apple Acres Culvert, "You'll live there with me, see?"

She looked at the clipping again. . . . *To be demolished to make way for a wider, modern bridge.*

They were ten then. The bridge was the place where they always parted—he to walk stolidly, and without looking back, up the hill to the house; she to return to Aunt Lou Flagg's cottage. She always turned to wave, perhaps a dozen times; but he never looked back and she would never injure her pride by asking him.

Always, at the bridge, at parting, there had been his inevitable question: "Why don't you come on up? Nobody'll eat you."

"No. I like it from here best."

"But you can't see it properly, silly."

"Yes, I can. I can see it as I want to see it." Something would be spoiled if she saw the house before the right time—she knew that; it was an ever-present knowledge.

Later, years later, Jeff said, "I know why you've never wanted to go up to the house. It's because you're waiting for me to carry you over the threshold."

That was on the bridge too. "What a quaint idea," she said, and made herself laugh. But she

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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knew it was true. "You needn't think I want to marry you, so there," she added.

"Marry?" Jeff said. "Huh! That's all a lot of rot."

Within six months, though, he had asked her. That night she told Mrs. Flagg; it was something that *had* to be told.

"Jeff Colvin's asked me to marry him! He really means it, too. He asked me on the bridge, and that's a sort of sacred place. Whatever you say on the bridge is cross-your-heart—"

AUNT LOU looked up, not startled, certainly not cross, perhaps not even amused: just accepting, nodding her head. "Nothing unusual in that. *People do it every day.*" Behind her the flowered bag of knitting swung on the chair. "The thing is—when?"

"When I'm twenty-one," Mary said. "I won't have to mind you any longer, then. I can do what I like. You're only my guardian till then."

The older woman looked up. "My dear, I wouldn't stop you doing what you wanted, what you really and deeply wanted, at twenty-one or now or any time. But is it what you really want?"

"Of course," she said with unnecessary vehemence, and ran from the room.

She had believed it. She had believed Jeff and she were made for each other because she needed to. She liked being with him; she liked the way he openly—believing it to be secretly—admired her; and the way that sometimes, if she wasn't looking directly at him, he'd murmur lines of verse. She liked most of all the thought of living with him in the anchored ship that would be his one day. They wouldn't part on the bridge: they'd go straight up the hill together that day, for the first time.

Then Alex had come.

He'd come right out of nowhere and set himself down in the post office one morning when Mary was buying some stamps for Mrs. Flagg.

"Cold in this part of the world," he said. He was tall, with brown hair and a pipe that seldom left his mouth.

He was staying for three weeks, surveying a possible site for a provincial depot for his firm. "I suppose you wouldn't know anywhere I could park? Mr. Sprogg tells me there's a Mrs. Flagg—"

"Yes," Mary said. "I live with her."

"Well, that decides me," Alex said. Mary couldn't help being amused. Later, she decided Alex was the kind of man who could get away with it; he was, as a matter of fact, rather lovable.

"I like him," she said to Mrs. Flagg, a few days later.

"I can see you do," Mrs. Flagg said, dryly.

At the end of the second week Mary's birthday came. Alex had not known about it till the very afternoon. When he came in from the site with his portfolio under his arm, he saw the cake on the table. "Twenty-one candles," he said, standing there and counting them deliberately. "And you never told me."

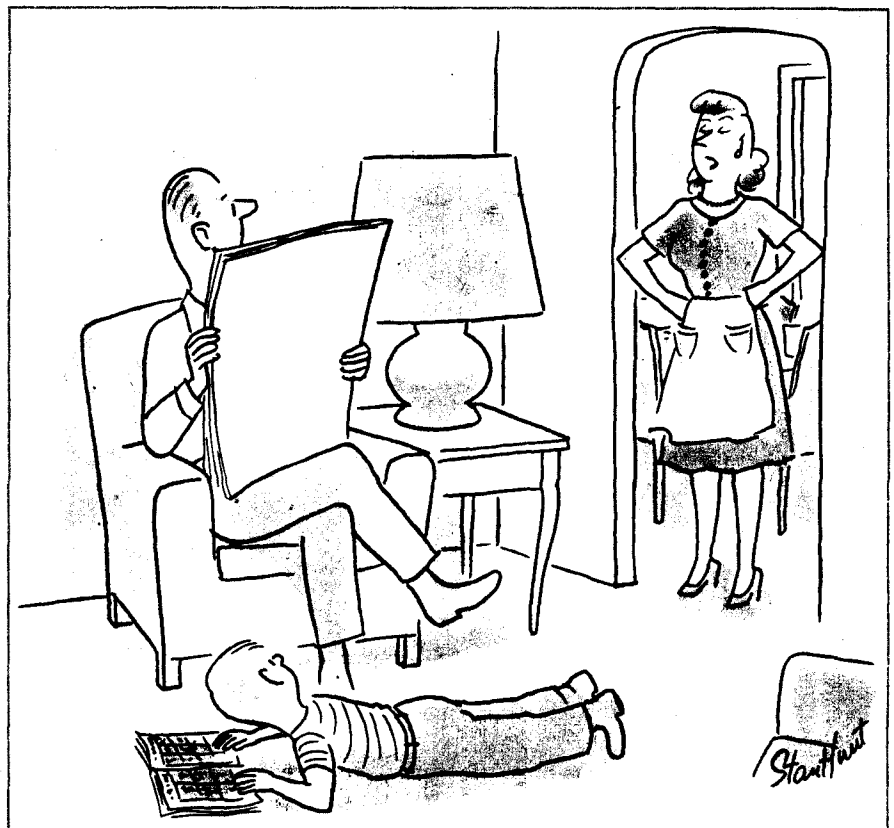
Jeff was not there. He'd been up in London for most of that winter. When Alex asked her to marry him that night, it seemed that Jeff had been away, right out of her life, for years.

She said, smiling, "I feel like a Victorian maiden. I want to say, 'This is so sudden.' "

Alex said, "I expect it seems like awful cheek on my part."

"It doesn't, somehow. It should, but it doesn't." That was true.

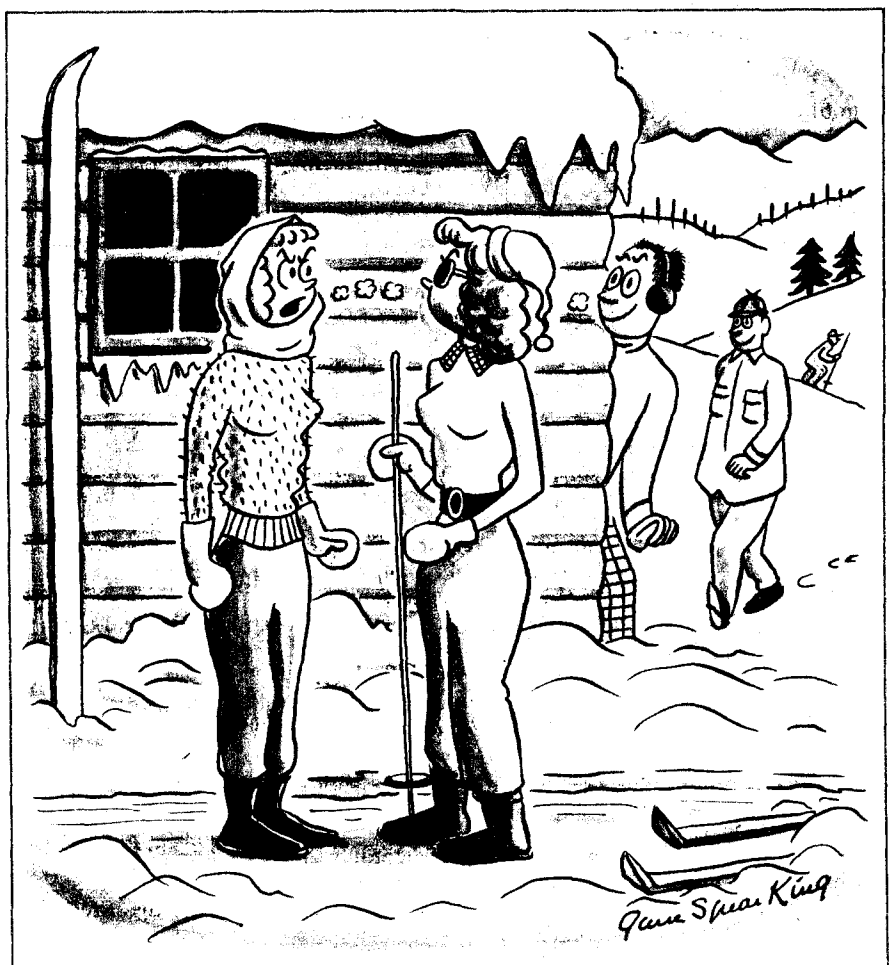
"I've nothing much to offer you," he said. "A regular job, promotion possible but not probable, a bit put by, a chance of a house through a building society, and enough left over to furnish a couple of rooms in it. It'd have to be in Birmingham—my firm's there, and there's no possibility of getting shifted." He looked at her thoughtfully. "You mightn't like it after Devonshire, Mary. Besides, just because I'm free, I'm taking it for granted you are too. And I daresay you're not."



COLLIER'S

"Time for you two to disappear somewhere. Supper is almost ready"

STAN HUNT



COLLIER'S

"I like winter sports if they don't try to get too fresh"

JANE KING

She never even hesitated a second. "Yes," she said. "I'm free"; and later: "Yes. I'll marry you."

It was as brief and sudden as that, like the pain of a wound. Aunt Lou, tilting in her chair, said, "You're not thinking, you're not using your brain."

"No," Mary said. "Not my brain—my heart."

ALEX went away at the end of the week. When he had gone, she realized that, though he had not whispered a single endearing word, though his love was unspoken, she could think of nothing but the day he'd send for her.

She told Jeff. That had to be on the bridge too: Where else could she make the disclosure?

Wearing a green dress, not looking at Jeff or at the stream or at the winter landscape, she told him.

He didn't say anything for long minutes. Then, looking away from her, he said, "Did you tell him about us?"

"No," she said. "I didn't. Suddenly it seemed to me there wasn't anything to tell really."

After a moment he said, "You really believe that?"

She felt frightened, chilled; dusk was coming on. In the frightened voice of her awareness she spoke again. "Well, why not? After all, I'm free." She thought: You can't claim me because you've known me all your life, because we played kids' games together; you can't—

"Yes," Jeff agreed. "You're free."

She remembered a kind of anguish possessing her after that; but through it Jeff spoke again—one of his bits of verse, one she'd never heard before, as if all along he'd been keeping it secret, knowing, perhaps fearing, that the moment would come for it to be spoken.

" 'Free is the girl in green, broken my dream; Careless, my stream glides by; Beneath the bridge my stream goes by.' " . . .

. . . To be demolished, to make way for a wider, modern bridge.

Mary looked up from the clipping. Ahead lay the bridge, arched and narrow, its red bricks chipped and scratched and initialed. So many people . . . so many times . . . Beyond it the acacias bloomed in wild abandon; the heady scent filled the air as though it were already evening. She turned off to the left, down Butter Row, without giving the bridge another glance.

Aunt Lou was as unchanged as the scene. She had a dress for summer and a dress for winter. It was the summer one she wore now—dark as old port, with carefully laundered lace at neck and cuffs and a black band encircling her throat.

"My dear," she said. "I knew you'd be along about now. I heard the train's whistle." At her shoulder the flowered knitting bag (it might have been the same one) swung gently from the back of the chair. "And how is Alex?"

"Alex is wonderful," Mary said. "But I had to come. I just *had* to. You do understand, don't you, Aunt Lou?"

The question was evaded, the knitting put carefully in the bag. "You must be tired, dear. Your room's quite ready. Jeff's expecting you in the morning. He and Sonia—"

"Sonia?" Mary felt her heart leap.

"Yes, dear. Sonia." Aunt Lou busied herself with blue plates from the dark dresser. "Surely you didn't expect Jeff to spend the rest of his days in bachelor pining, simply because you—"

"No, I suppose I couldn't have. It was just that—well, I didn't know."

"Five years," Aunt Lou said. "They have three very nice children. They were married the year Jeff inherited the house. There's an old saying about water flowing under bridges. But since you never asked about Jeff in your letters, I never mentioned him in mine. Most people don't like a part of their lives they've lived interfering with the part they're living now."

Mary looked out of the diamond-paned windows—McLaughlin's Garage and Mr. Sprogg crossing the road with a hoe on his shoulder. The familiar scene.

"No," she said, "but somehow it always does." . . .

Lying in the cool, narrow bed in the remembered room, she thought: Jeff married. Jeff married to a girl named

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Sonia. Jeff with three children. The thought echoed, through her waking or sleeping mind, the whole night long.

By morning she was aware of a sense of urgency about her visit. She no longer concealed it. "When he sent that clipping telling me about the bridge," she confessed to Aunt Lou, "I thought it was just a sentimental journey I wanted to make. But now—"

Aunt Lou looked across the sunny breakfast table. "But now you're afraid it's something more serious. There's a little doubt in your heart; you're not absolutely sure that marrying a man you knew three weeks and living in a suburb of Birmingham in a semi-detached villa is just what you wanted. Be honest with yourself, my dear. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," Mary said quietly. "As long as I thought Jeff had forgotten, I was prepared to forget too. But I know now that he hasn't. And I'm afraid—afraid he may have made a mistake too."

"You must go and see. I could tell you. But whatever I told you, you'd have to confirm with your own eyes."

MARY went up to the house slowly, deliberately slowly, like a child going to meet an expected punishment.

It was cool; she crossed the bridge without lingering and went on up between the orchards where a little of the fallen blossom clung to the ground like spindrift. He might be reproachful, she thought, steeling herself for possible bitterness.

The garden was walled all the way round and had a green gate with a brass bell. She pulled the bell, and almost immediately heard quick footsteps.

The gate opened and Jeff stood there, apparently on his way out, for a trench coat was slung over his shoulders. He did invite her in, but came out to stand in front of her, pulling the gate gently shut behind him.

"Mary," he said.

He'd broadened, and she thought with sudden shock: Why, being rich has made him fleshy. But his clothes were good, if slightly ostentatious, with rather too many pleats at the waist of his expensive flannel slacks. He took her arm and steered her back down the road toward the bridge.

"Sorry, old girl. Sonia and I had a bit of a brawl. It wouldn't have been a nice atmosphere to ask you into. You probably don't approve of that sort of thing in Warburton Close."

Mary ignored the implied sneer. "Do you often quarrel?" she asked.

"Us? Lord, yes. Life's one long gory fracas. We heave things at each other sometimes." They came to the bridge, passed over and beyond it. "About *time* they widened the thing," he said casually.

JEFF looked straight ahead as they walked out of the village. He no longer held Mary's arm. She thought: He's changed, become bitter. All the time, all the morning, she was aware of his tenseness. They came to a place where they'd played as children, but she knew he had not chosen that place for any reason but its convenience at that moment. "What did you come back for?" he said suddenly, urgently.

As she looked up at him she could see a momentary puzzlement in his glance, as though he really wanted to know; but it passed in a second, and she knew the question need never have been asked, just as the clipping need never have been sent. He might even have forgotten that he'd sent it. He didn't really care, either; it was another kind of life he was leading now. She saw just how it was—how brief flashes of the old one came back and touched him sometimes, like needles. In such a moment, he must have sent the clipping. She saw how, in a little while, he would no longer be troubled by any memory of her. He would remember her with cool detachment.

"Tell me about life in the suburbs," he said. Somehow he made it sound patronizing.

Color flushed in her cheeks. "I don't like you this way," she said. "You're not the same person I remember at all." Then, more quietly, she said, " 'Free is the girl in green, broken my dream—' "

Jeff laughed, quite unnecessarily loud. "That tommyrot! I've got past all that. Sonia and I live an intelligent life. It's the sort of thing I've always wanted—"

Mary listened to him speaking of the cocktail parties, the houseboat they had on the river somewhere, the coed school they were going to send the children to, the housemaids and grooms who came and went, the *pied-à-terre* in Jermyn Street, the valuable contemporary water colors he was collecting, the fashionable young composer who had written a symphony . . . She watched the dark face from which something of youth had departed, and thought with momentary pain: It's because of me he's changed like this.

But it wasn't true; she knew that. People went different ways; they came to a bridge and crossed, or they stayed on this side. You went a bit of the way together, then . . .

"Well, I'm glad to know you've been so successful," she said.

"Me? Yes, indeed. A few solid investments I inherited from the old man, beside the house." He jingled keys. "All in all I can count on three to four thousand pounds a year."

"That's nice," she said. "Well, isn't this where we say cheerio?"

"The bridge? May as well. Getting latish, I suppose. I don't know if you'd care to come up for lunch?"

Mary smiled. "I don't think so really, Jeff," she said.

"No? Well, some other time perhaps. Always glad to have you. That reminds me, I've been telling you all about my life—and I haven't heard a thing about yours."

"My life," Mary said, "you would call very dull: getting meals, peeping from behind the lace curtains, queuing for the groceries—"

"Ha!" Jeff said. "Looking after the old man's inner man, eh?" While he was laughing, the thought that she had been fighting off all day recurred: In a year or two he'll be fat, run to seed, a bore.

"Well, Jeff," she said. "I'm glad I came, glad I've seen you."

They shook hands almost formally on the bridge.

"Like when we were kids, eh?" Jeff said. "You never would come up to the place, remember?"

"Yes," she said. "I remember."

SHE walked back to the cottage and repacked her suitcase. "I really think I ought to get back, Aunt Lou. I'd forgotten there was an afternoon train. I'll wire Alex from the junction. He'll be so pleased. I know exactly what he'll say—he'll make a joke about the bridge being too far gone to stand on by the time I got there."

"And was it?"

"I think it was," Mary said softly.

On the way to the station she did not look back. She felt no regret save for the scene, the scents, the remembered words of childhood and early love. I'll always remember and love those, she thought. But she knew she wouldn't come again.

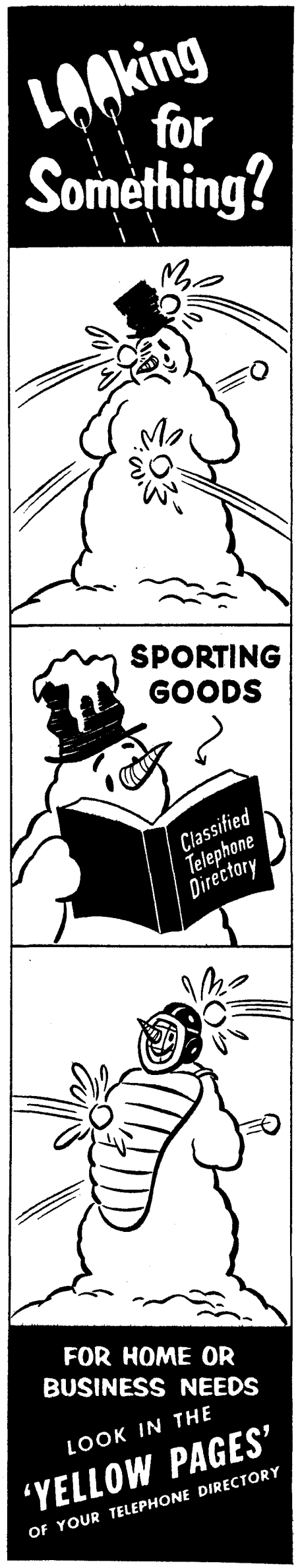
The new bridge will be there soon, she thought—wider, safer, with no scratched hearts and initials, no sentiment at all. For her, that was in another place now.

In the speeding train she thought faintly, as if through gauze, of Jeff and Sonia measuring out their lives in cocktail glasses and belligerent argument. She thought of Alex meeting her at the station, saying, "Glad to be back?" and her own, heartfelt reply, "Yes. I am glad to be back."

She thought of the walk to the suburban terrace, the rooms that he would have tidied to please her, the curtains billowing at the opened windows—the place where love was. ▲▲▲

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Is he in *our* outfit?" VIRGIL PARTCH



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Ships lie at anchor off Thule, Greenland, during construction of U.S.'s northernmost air base. Huts at left housed workers and supplies. Water color is typical of 73 Bernt Balchen paintings now on display in Ne York. Many depict historic events in which Balchen played major rol

Col. Bernt Balchen's

The renowned explorer, pioneer pilot and swashbuckling Medal of Honor winner discloses a new facet to

Balchen's crashed plane lies on Greenland icecap above another downed craft after both were wrecked seeking lost C-53 in '42. Balchen won fame leading party 100 miles overland to safety

Col. Bernt Balchen

BERNT BALCHEN is living legend. Durin the last quarter century h has become a symbol c he-man adventure and da ing. He flew the antarct with Byrd (and won th Congressional Medal c Honor for it) in the wir and-strut days when mo people considered trav by air either for the foo hardy or for those in a lif and-death hurry. In th pioneer days of aviatio he was described as the greatest pilot in the world b Clarence Chamberlain, the first man to fly tran atlantic mail. Balchen has logged more hours over ic and snow than any other human. But during thes years of derring-do, he has kept his eyes open—an they are the eyes of a sensitive, sentimental artist.

Often, in pencil sketches done from quick note on the scene, or from memory, he recorded the de tails of his most exciting adventures. During the la four years he has set his hand to painting those scen in water colors. Thus, visitors to New York's Gran Central Art Galleries currently are viewing a lifetim of swashbuckling exploits in 73 of Balchen's painting

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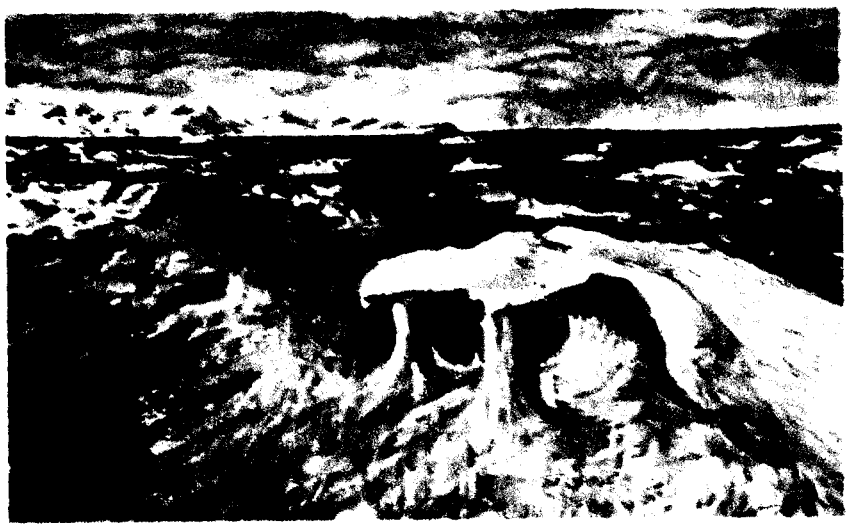


ıring long arctic flights, Balchen was fascinated by the warm-weather eakup of ice fields into bergs. He made sketches, later did painting

Solitude of Alaska, where Balchen often serves as expert for the Air Force, is expressed in water color of mammoth Kadiak bear on glacier

ılchen was key figure in dropping supplies to Finnish and Norwegian ›ops mopping up Germans in 1945. Painting captures the intense cold

Weird lighting effect is produced in Norway's Sundal Valley by sun's rays diffused by overhanging clouds. River and mountains are in shadow

Arctic Art

›onality—as a water-color artist

The water colors enable the viewer to see—rough Balchen's eyes—the rescue of fliers lost in the ctic; the establishment of the U.S.'s northernmost · base at Thule, Greenland; a parachute drop to pply the Norwegian underground, and dozens of her perilous undertakings.

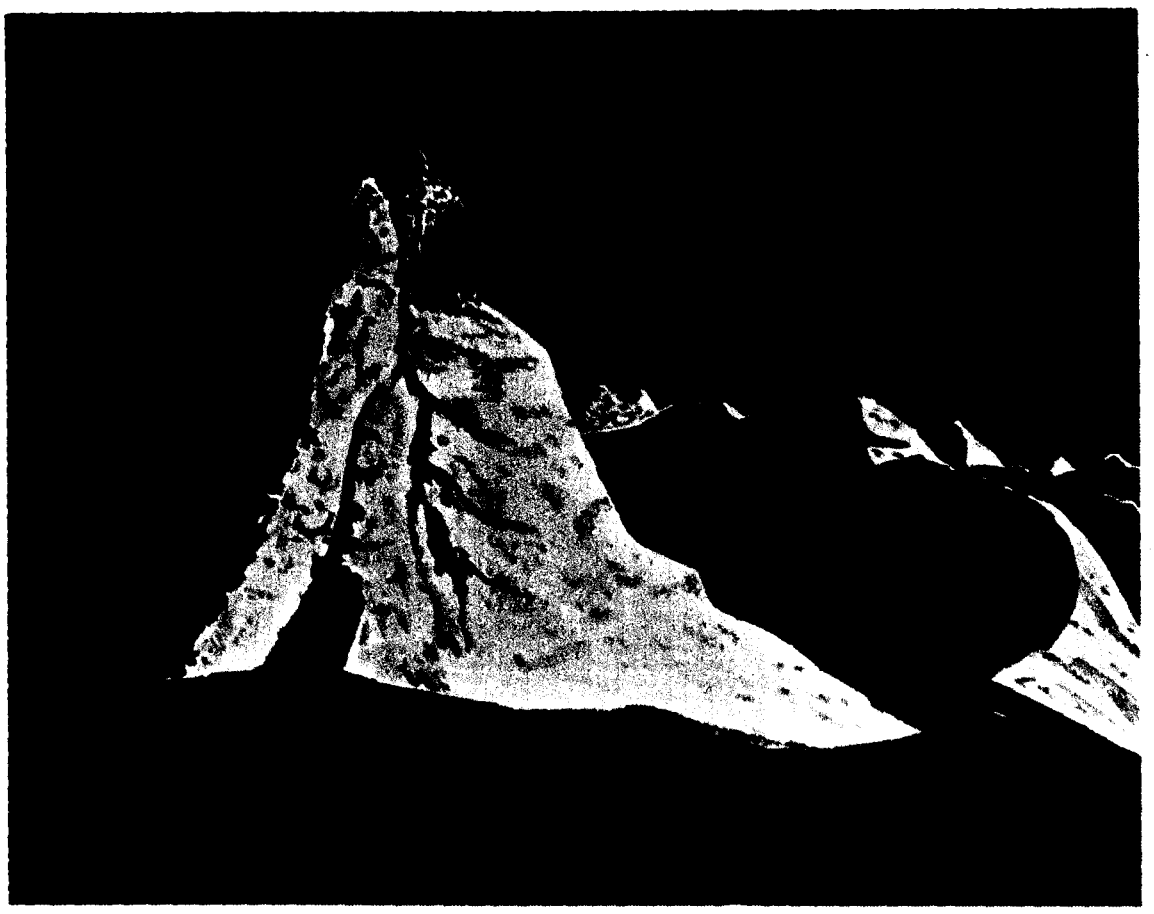
Although Balchen became interested in art as a ild in Norway, he never has had any formal instruc-ın. When he decided to make a permanent record his years in the Far North, he bought some books ı art and became his own teacher.

But so keen is his feeling for the scenes he paints, ıd so vivid are his recollections, that the viewer ares the emotion Balchen wishes to express.

Balchen himself says that his reawakened interest art has increased the love and appreciation he has r the arctic and its startling beauty. "One must ab-rb," he says. "There are so many things I see now at I never saw before."

In style, Balchen's work reflects the vast bleakness the North. Typical of his work is a water color of giant Kadiak bear. Under Balchen's experienced ınd, the bear attains its full stature as a behemoth of e north country when he paints it as a solitary figure ;ainst a glacial background.

After 25 years in the arctic, Balchen, both as ex-orer and artist, is still thrilled by its splendor. "There's so much to find," he says. ▲▲▲



Striking contrast of light and shadow is created on Greenland mountainside by low-lying arctic sun at high noon. Mountain is near Ikatek, a Far North air base Balchen helped to construct

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Long Trail

By N. B. STONE, JR.

It was Clay's job to go thousands of miles to arrest his friend. It was no part of the job to take him away from the girl he loved

CLAY WALDON left Salem in the late afternoon and rode north on the Oregon-California trail, through the soft sunlight that lay over the flat stretches of the Willamette Valley like golden mist. He traveled slowly; for his paint horse was jaded, thin at the withers, and his ribs were bunched under his hide like a washboard.

It had been an overlong trip. Clay had been in the saddle for five months, all the way from Three Forks in the heart of Texas, through the Arizona Territory and California, and now into this new state of Oregon. Even so, the trip was not half completed, for there was still the ride back to Texas to be considered. Somewhere on the trail back, after he had picked up Sam Gates in Portland and made the summer passage through the mountains, he planned to stop over for a week or so, while his horse fattened up and worked the kinks out of his leg muscles.

The trail cut a brown gash through the valley floor. On either side were fields green with unripe wheat and oats, and in the distance the Willamette River snaked over the land, slate-blue in the sunlight. Bees droned in the fields, and the still air was sweet with the savor of sun-warmed earth.

Clay rode with slack-jointed ease: a wiry man, with skin the color of old leather. Beneath a wide-brimmed Stetson his face tapered to a blunt, determined chin. An old break flattened the bridge of his nose, curving the tip down in a pronounced hook, and a handle-bar mustache curved down around the corners of his mouth. From the shade of his hatbrim, eyes as gray as a thundercloud looked out on the world with uncompromising boldness. He wore range clothes: his jeans were tucked into high-heeled boots, and a battered buckskin jacket hung loosely on his shoulders.

The trail rounded a clump of alders, swinging toward the river, and ahead a log farmhouse broke the lonely pattern of the valley. Behind a rail fence, a herd of fat cows grazed in knee-deep grass. An elderly man with tobacco-stained whiskers and dirt-stained coveralls leaned on the fence and watched the horse and rider approach. "Howdy," the farmer said.

Clay Waldon reined in his horse. "Afternoon," he said.

The farmer looked at him with open curiosity, and his eyes rested speculatively on the long-barreled Colt revolver, holstered against the rider's thigh. "Stranger in these parts, hey?"

Clay Waldon reached for the makings and rolled a cigarette. "I'm a stranger," he said.

"Horse looks plumb tuckered out. Don't see them fancy Mexican saddles much around here. Come a goodly way, did ye?"

Waldon nodded.

The farmer plucked a stem of grass, chewed thoughtfully

Amy nodded and smiled at Clay. Then she saw the gun on his hip, and her smile vanished. Her eyes froze a little, as she looked at the stranger. "Is something wrong?" she asked

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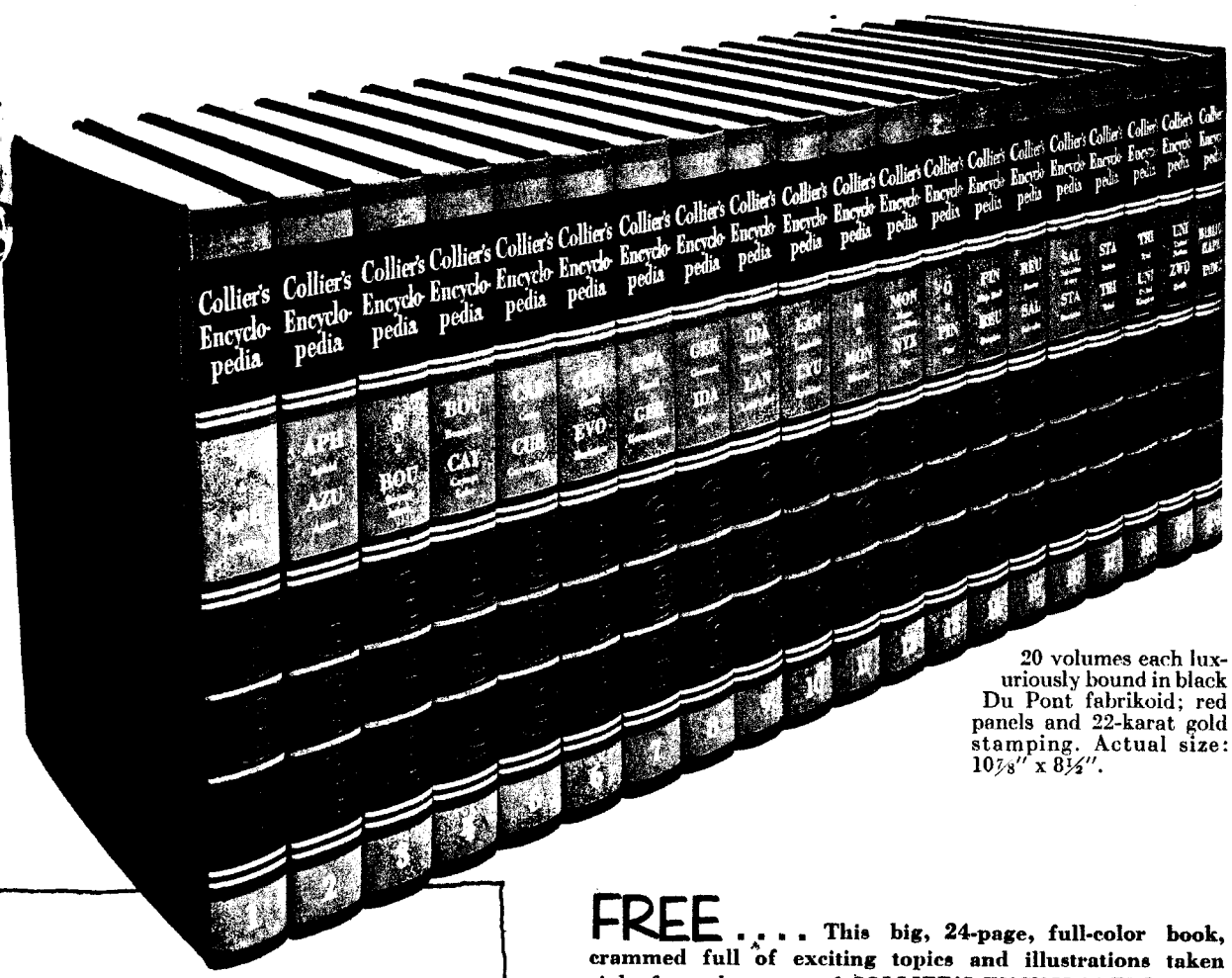

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on it, and said, "Might ye be a man of the law?"

Clay Waldon shrugged. "Might be." His star was in his pack behind the saddle—along with the warrant, and the extradition papers issued him in Salem—but twenty years of tracking down lawbreakers had evidently left their mark on him.

"No offense, stranger," the farmer said. "Don't see much of the law in Oregon. We're mostly peaceful here."

Clay Waldon looked out at the valley, all soft and pretty to the eyes. "It looks peaceful enough," he said.

The farmer waved a hand to the north. "Calc'late you're headin' for Portland," he said. "No more'n thirty mile on down the river."

"Much obliged," Clay Waldon said. He nodded to the farmer, and rode on.

AT DUSK he was following the trail along the riverbank, and on a beach of white sand he made camp for the night. He unsaddled and turned his mount loose to graze. Driftwood cast up by the spring floods was plentiful. He built a fire in a bed of rocks and cooked up a meal of beans, bacon and pan bread. By sunset he was in his blankets.

He woke up an hour before dawn and rekindled the fire. Breakfast was the same fare as supper the evening before, with the addition of coffee, which Clay boiled in a lard pail. Finished, he washed the tinware and made up his pack. Then he squatted on his heels before the fire and rolled his first cigarette of the day. When dawn came, he was still in that position, smoking and staring into the coals, thinking about the events that lay ahead.

According to the records of the land office in Salem, a Sam Gates had filed claim to a hundred acres of timberland west of Portland. The clerk's description tallied with Clay's, and now all that remained was the arrest and the return to Texas. Arresting Sam would be no problem. The ride up from Texas, while wearing enough, had been merely routine, magnified beyond its usual limits. No, the problem would be the ride back; that would wear him down, if anything would. He remembered Sam Gates as a young giant, strong as a wild steer, and with a great deal of patience. Taking a man like that back to jail in Texas would be something of a chore.

Clay Waldon sighed and rose to his feet. The months ahead would test him. He was fifty years old, and for the first time in his life, he felt the weight of his years. Of late, he had been bothered by things that had never bothered him before. It seemed now that, whenever he was soaked through by a rain, somehow an ache settled in his bones. There were times, too, when he was wrapped in his blankets at night, that the cold came up from the ground and bit into the small of his back.

He whistled up his paint horse, saddled, lashed the pack behind the saddle and swung stiffly up. Just like he had been thinking, lately his legs seemed a mite touchy in the mornings.

He reached the settlement of Oregon City at noon. Here the river plunged over a falls, and clouds of spray flashed back the sunlight. Beyond the settlement the trail plunged into deep timber, emerging finally on the bank opposite Portland, where a ferry waited.

Down-river a sailing ship lay at anchor, swinging idly in the current. Two men with long poles guided a log raft along the bank, and from somewhere upstream came the sound of a steamboat's whistle. The paint horse shied skittishly, and Clay Waldon dismounted and led the horse up the ferry ramp. A bearded farmer and his bonneted wife moved to one side, and he led the horse to the offshore end of the ferry, stopping beside a horse and buggy. The steamboat whistled again.

A portly gentleman in the buggy held the reins tightly in one hand, and with the other flicked the ash from a cigar. "That'll be the Caly-ope," he said.

Clay Waldon looked up the river and saw the steamboat rounding a bend, her black funnel spouting smoke and her decks lined with passengers and cargo. The ferry waited until the Calliope swept by and the wash from her stern wheel subsided, before proceeding across the river.

"She's been to Oregon City," the man in the buggy volunteered. "This evening Captain Love will take her up the Columbia to the Cascades. Hear there's a new bunch of pioneers just come over the trail, waiting to get to Portland."

"She leaves tonight?" Clay asked.

"Seven o'clock. I got a shipment of Boston-made furniture going on her to some settlers in The Dalles. Come in yesterday on the clipper ship anchored yonder." . . .

The ferry pulled in to the Alder Street landing, and Clay Waldon led his horse down the ramp and onto the hard mud street. Here on the water front were the majority of Portland's buildings, for the most part one- and two-story frame structures. Wooden quays lined the water front, and at one of these the Calliope was berthed, discharging passengers and freight.

Across the street from the quay a sign above a door identified the office of the Two Rivers Steamboat Company. Clay Waldon made his reins fast to the tie rail in front of a saloon and went along the boardwalk to the office, where he bought two tickets for the trip that night to the Cascades. Returning to the saloon, he stepped in through the swinging doors, found a place at the bar and ordered a whisky.

THE saloon was crowded, hot with the sun beating against the fir shakes on the roof, and smelling strongly of sweat, whisky and tobacco smoke. Clay sipped his drink slowly and with relish. Usually, he denied himself pleasures of this nature. His profession was a demanding one; he could only rarely permit himself the comfort of a drink in the company of others. But here he was a stranger, comfortably anonymous, subject to stares and conjectures but not to criticism. He drank and listened to the hum of voices in the room, all American, but with a variety of accents.

Beside him at the bar a man spoke to another in a folksy drawl about the Kaintuck hills, and at a table, a clipped New England voice was raised in sudden anger. "Abe Lincoln carried this state, and, by God, we stand behind him!"

Clay Waldon looked around at the others in the room. These were all big men, with big, work-calloused hands; farmers and loggers, judging by their clothes. They were hard-looking men, too, like most men found in saloons in the West; but in these cases it was the hardness that came with fighting the elements and the Indians, and in hewing a home out of the wilderness.

When he finished his whisky, he went out to the street to find the town marshal's office. This consisted of a desk in a one-room building on Oak Street. The marshal was Jay Calliston, a white-haired man with a pair of benign and twinkling eyes gazing out of a wrinkled face. Clay Waldon produced his papers and explained his mission.

Jay Calliston frowned and shook his head. "Hate to hear you come after young Gates," he said. "Figured he was on the dodge when he blew in here six months back. Still, the frontier is chockablock with fellows like him. Young fellows full of vinegar. Sometimes they gets out of line, but then generally they settle down and grow old and become good citizens." His eyes were suddenly tired. "Seems you come a goodly distance to take the boy back."

Clay Waldon nodded. "It's been a long trail," he said.

"Young Gates ain't caused any trouble since he come to Oregon. He got himself a nice place outside of town, and appears to be the sort of young man this community could be proud of. Seems to me that justice ain't worth a hang if you don't mix it up with a little common sense. Your papers state Sam Gates maybe killed a man accidental. Well, it seems foolish to traipse more'n a thousand miles to take him back to prove maybe he didn't. You must want him pretty bad for that."

"It's the state of Texas that wants Sam Gates," Clay Waldon said.

The marshal sighed wearily and ran a hand over his face. "Can't say I favor what you're doing," he said. "But I reckon I can't stop you."

"I'm much obliged," Clay Waldon said coldly. He nodded briefly and went out the door.

HE RODE west on Alder Street. Plank walkways crossed from sidewalk to sidewalk at intersections; the mark of Oregon rains showed in the gutted streets. But now the black mud was caked and crumbling to dust under the sun. Away from the water front the buildings were scattered, and the street narrowed to a path that entered the forest, deep-shaded here, and carpeted with green moss. Sunlight broke through the pattern of high branches overhead. The sound of an ax biting into wood rang clearly in the air, and Clay Waldon dismounted, making the reins fast to a bush, and went ahead on foot. He left the path and moved cautiously through the firs, finally coming to a clearing where a young man was splitting fence rails—a big young man, with arms like the crosstrees of a covered wagon.

Clay Waldon stepped into the clearing. "Hello, Sam," he said.

The young man paused, his ax in midair, looked at the visitor and tossed the ax to his feet. He stood there, staring dispassionately at the other. His face was square, and his shoulders were square, bulging under a too-small denim shirt. His lips broke in a sudden grin.

"You're a long ways from home, Clay," he said.

Clay Waldon nodded. "We're both a long ways from home, Sam."

Sam Gates shook his head. "Not me, Clay," he said. "This here's my home, now." He made a gesture around the clearing. Stumps dotted the land, and at the far end was a log cabin—new, from the looks of it, for the peeled ends of the logs were still sap-wet.

Sam Gates was wearing Texas boots and work-soiled dungarees. Clay Wal-

COLLIER'S **"I go around in about six whistles, three wolf calls, eight invitations to have a drink, and five inquiries as to what I'll be doing tonight"** VON RIEGEN

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BUTCH

"Butch has never been a worry to me. He always hurries straight home from work"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

don looked at his waist, where a gun belt should be. "Forget your guns, Sam?" he said.

"Hung 'em on the wall the day I finished the cabin. Don't need guns in this country. Folks here are peaceable."

"Not like Texas, eh?"

"Not like Texas. Even if I did have a gun, I wouldn't be fool enough to draw against you."

Clay Waldon acknowledged the compliment with a dry smile. "Never knew you to worry about another man's hand with a gun, Sam," he said. "It didn't bother you none the night you shot Webb McGilvey."

Sam Gates spoke in an even voice. "Twenty-thirty men was in the saloon and seen Webb draw first, Clay."

"So we heard. But it isn't Webb's dying that brung me here, Sam. There was a saddle bum standing by the bar, took a slug in his belly. Some says it was Webb's. Some claims it was yours. However, that's for a jury to decide."

Sam Gates smiled thinly. "You ain't takin' me back, Clay?" he said.

"Reckon that's what brung me here. This Oregon is a state now, and Texas is a state. I got the warrant, all made out legal, and papers to extradite you back to Texas."

"I sure didn't mean to shoot that *hombre*, Clay—if it was me that done it. It was an accident, like."

"The state of Texas wants you to stand trial, accident or not. If they don't prove you done it, like as not you'll go free."

Sam Gates frowned and scratched his head. "I figured some of Webb's boys might be after me," he said, "which is why I hightailed it out of Texas, but I never reckoned on the law being on my trail. Why, when I was just a little shaver, they was having a man for breakfast back in Three Forks every single, solitary day. Murders, most of them killings were; and the law didn't stop those goings on."

"Those were the old days, Sam," Clay said; and he thought about the old days, and how different life was now.

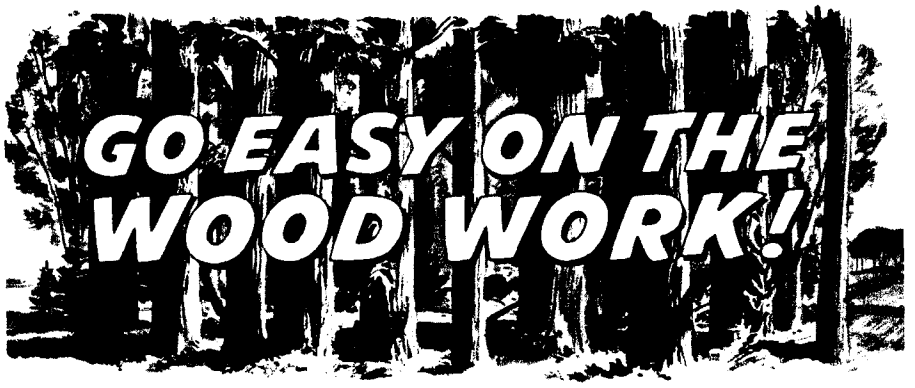
THOSE were the days of the necktie parties, and of the nightriding vigilantes, who, more often than not, were a bunch of border thieves out for no one's good but their own. Now, except for a few wild sections, the frontier was pushed back clear to the Pacific Ocean. The reign of terror and bloodshed that, like some dread plague, had always accompanied the settlers and pioneers in their honest search for land was dying out, sent to its grave by the guns of a thousand marshals in a thousand Western towns—quick-thinking men, whose tenure on life was in direct ratio to their speed and accuracy in drawing and firing a gun. And where the wilderness disappeared, and the courts—the only foundation on which a land can grow and prosper—appeared, the marshals went out now with warrants and extradition papers. In the West, law and order were finally coming into their own.

"We'll be going tonight," Clay Waldon said. "There's a steamboat leaves at seven for the Cascades."

Sam Gates looked carefully at the other before speaking. "You couldn't wait maybe a few days, Clay? I got reasons for asking," he said.

Clay Waldon shook his head. "Won't have the time, Sam," he said. "The ribs on my paint horse are nigh bustin' out of his skin. From the Cascades we backtrack on the Emigrant's Trail far as Kansas, then head south. We'll have to push on slowly. Winter sets in early in the Rockies, and I figure to be well clear of them come September. There's good grazing on the other side, and we won't stop till we get there and give my horse a chance to fatten up."

"But two-three days won't make no



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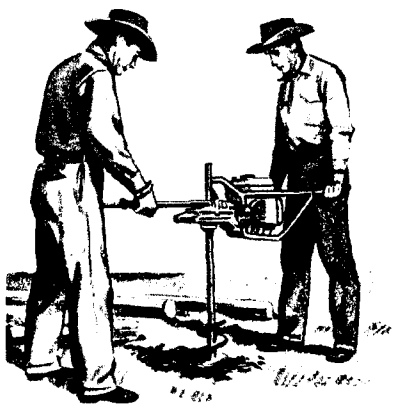

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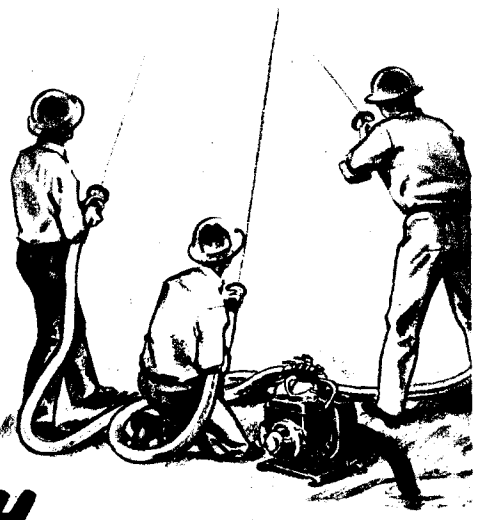

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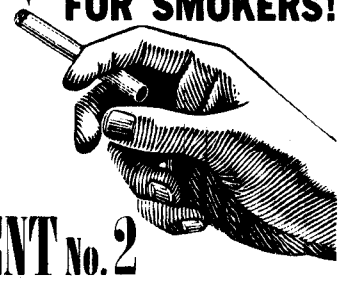

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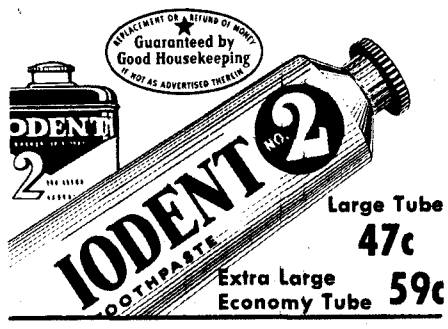

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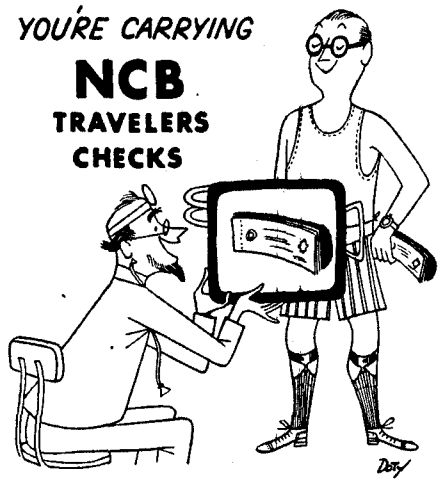

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never mind, Clay. You figure gettin' me back to Texas?"

"I do."

"You wait two-three days while I finish up what I been planning on, and I'll give you the promise not to pull a powder on you."

Clay Waldon sighed. It was a tempting offer, and would make the trip back that much easier. But every day counted, and he shook his head. "No, Sam. We leave tonight," he said.

The young man smiled, but his eyes were cold. "You'll never get me back then, Clay," he said.

"I reckon to."

Sam Gates laughed shortly. "Sure, you can rope me to my horse like a sack of meal," he said, "and you can tie me up real solid every night when we make camp. But sooner or later I'm busting free. When that happens, I'm off, and there won't be any catching me."

Clay Waldon nodded somberly and said, "Even so, we leave tonight."

THERE was movement at the far side of the clearing. Clay swung quickly about. Then he saw it was a girl, sun-bonneted and wearing a calico dress. She picked her way between the stumps toward them. Even at that distance Clay Waldon could see she was a looker, slender, and with black curls peeking out from under the bonnet.

"That's what I was speaking of, Clay," Sam said, and he sighed heavily. "I been thinking of asking her to marry up with me."

"You haven't spoke for her yet?"

"No. I reckoned I shouldn't ought to rush her. Still, now you're set on taking me back, I figured I might hurry things up a mite. Maybe in two-three days I could convince her."

Clay Waldon watched the girl approaching. He saw the quick flush of her cheeks, and the way her eyes lighted up when she looked at Sam Gates. There was a basket on her arm, and she handed it to the young man. "Here's some fresh biscuits, Sam," she said, and then she turned soft, brown eyes on Clay Waldon. "There's enough for your friend, too."

"This here is Clay Waldon, come up from Texas to see me," Sam said. "Clay, meet Amy McDougal. Her folks got the homestead next to mine."

Clay Waldon took off his hat. "Good afternoon, miss," he said.

She nodded, and a smile touched her lips. Then she noticed the gun on his hip, and the smile vanished. Her eyes froze a little as she looked at the stranger. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

A right smart girl, Clay Waldon thought. She's read my brand, and there won't be any fooling her. She reminded him of a girl he had known thirty years before, back in Ohio. Same tilt to her nose, same full red lips, same firm look to her, that would turn soft if the right man came around. He had been the right man for that girl in Ohio, but then he went away for two years; and when he came back to ask her to marry him it was to find that another right man had taken over in his absence. An old sense of loss touched him, and he shrugged it off. A man should never look back.

He glanced from the girl to Sam Gates and felt vaguely troubled. At the best, Sam wouldn't be back for close to a year, providing the jury saw fit to acquit him. There was a possibility that the girl might not wait even that long. Girls were peculiar about such things, especially girls on the frontier, where eligible men outnumbered them twenty to one. To Clay Waldon, adherence to duty was a form of religion. It was his duty to take Sam Gates back to Texas, to stand trial according to the due processes of law. But he saw no cause why he should stand in the way of Sam's and the girl's future happiness, providing it didn't interfere with his duty.

He looked up at the sky, saw the sun was about at three o'clock and he came to a sudden decision. "Sam tells me," he said to the girl, "that he was planning to ask you to marry him."

Her eyes opened wide at this, and her lips set in a prim line. "Why, Mr. Waldon," she said, "if that was his intention, don't you think it would also be his business?"

Clay Waldon nodded and said, "Most cases, yes. However, time is getting short, so if you'll be excusing me, miss, I would like to ask if you would consider taking your vows with Sam this very afternoon?"

"Well, really," the girl said in a shocked voice, "I don't think I ever have heard the like." She looked at Sam, and her eyes were angry. "Sam, if you can't—if you couldn't speak for yourself, at least you might have spared me this—this humiliation."

Sam had been staring openmouthed at Clay Waldon. The truth was, he was a little afraid of Amy—shy, maybe the word was—and for several months he had been working up his courage to ask her this question that Clay put so bluntly. He was flabbergasted.

"Now, Amy," he said, "don't be fretting yourself. Clay only thought he was maybe—maybe helping me along."

"Can't you speak for yourself, Sam?" the girl interrupted.

Sam scratched his head uncomfortably. "Fact is," he said, "I done whittled these trees down to stumps and built this place with maybe that idea in mind. That is, that you and me—providing you was willing—well, that we might—" He stopped then, at a loss for words, and scuffed a big shoe over the ground in silent embarrassment.

"Yes, Sam?"

There was a look of quiet desperation on his face. "All right," he said in a husky voice, "I'll speak my piece. I'm right fond of you, Amy, and I figured soon to ask you to marry me."

"Well, then, now that you have asked, even with the help of Mr. Waldon, I'll give you my answer," she said. She smiled, and there was a curious moisture in her eyes. "I've wondered how long it would take for you to make up your mind, Sam."

"Well, I'll be dogged," Sam said, grinning, and then his face darkened. "Only one thing, Amy. Like Clay, here, says, we need to get married this afternoon. You remember I told you about that gun fight I had, which is why I came to Oregon?"

She nodded, looking sideways at Clay Waldon. "I suppose Mr. Waldon is a deputy sheriff," she said.

"They sent him after me," Sam Gates said. "They want me back in Three Forks to stand trial."

Amy looked at him searchingly. "You said you shot that man in self-defense, Sam."

"He did that right enough, miss," Clay Waldon broke in. "However, there was another man killed by a stray bullet. There's a difference of opinion whose gun it come from. That's what the jury will decide."

Amy turned to Clay. "It seems to me, Mr. Waldon," she said, "that you have come a long distance just to take a man back to be tried for an accidental shooting that he may not have done."

"It's the law, miss, and it can't be sidetracked. As for me, I got nothing personal against Sam, and I hope the jury sees fit to turn him loose."

"Yet you're taking him back?"

"It's my duty, miss," he said simply.

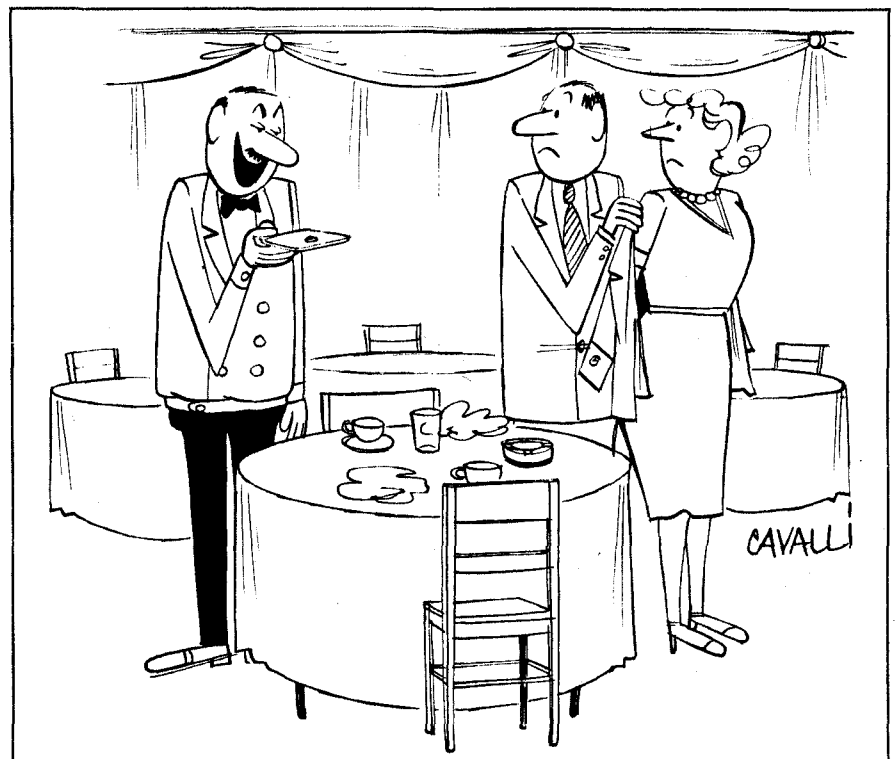
THE girl looked at him in silence. There was no expression on his stern face, no hint of a sentimental weakness that might be used to advantage. His manner was gravely courteous, but that was all; and she sighed, realizing the futility of pleading with this man. "Very well," she said in a small voice. "When do we leave?"

"We, miss?"

"Yes."

"I got tickets for Sam and me, on the Caly-ope, going to the Cascades at seven tonight, miss. But you can't come along."

"I can't?" she said coldly. "Nevertheless, I will, Mr. Clay Waldon." She turned to Sam. "I'll ride into town



COLLIER'S

"Oh, goody! Now I can run off with the cigarette girl!"

DICK CAVALLI

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and ask the Reverend Bairnsfeather to hurry out. We can be married in your cabin, Sam. That should give me an hour or more to pack before we go."

"Now, miss," Clay Waldon protested, "you can't be coming with us. It's a right long trail back to Texas, and—"

"The law says this is a free country, Mr. Waldon, so you can't very well stop me. Wives have duties, too, and I have always believed that a wife's duty is to be with her husband," she said, and she turned before Clay Waldon could speak again and hurried off. The two men watched her disappear into the forest.

CLAY shook his head and broke the silence. "You should stop her doing this, Sam. It's a long trail, and no fit ride for a lady," he said.

Sam Gates smiled at Clay's discomfiture. "Amy's got a lot of git up and go to her, Clay," he said. "Five years ago she drove one of her pa's covered wagons out here, in the train coming from Missouri."

Clay Waldon shook his head and was silent. Now there would be not one, but two, to keep an eye on. He thought of putting a stop to the wedding, but he had dealt himself in on that, and there was no backing out now. It might be that he could put the girl on her honor not to interfere with his custody of Sam. But what if she refused? He could see no solution to the problem.

Sam Gates pushed a lock of hair back from his forehead. "Let's get along to the cabin, Clay," he said, and he shouldered his ax and strode off across the clearing, whistling a tune, and Clay Waldon followed.

Sam seemed right cheerful for a man about to return to Texas a prisoner, Clay thought, and he wondered if Sam Gates realized that the trial might not end up in his favor. Back in Three Forks, Webb McGilvey's pa carried a lot of weight, being one of the biggest cattlemen in the country; and the possibility of a McGilvey-influenced jury could not be discounted.

At the cabin door Sam turned and said, "With Amy coming along I won't act up none, Clay. You got my word."

Clay Waldon was silent a moment, his gray eyes thoughtful. In the West you got to know people right well, how they were deep inside, and Sam Gates was the sort would rather have his arm cut off at the shoulder than go back on his word.

He nodded and said, "Best bring your guns along, Sam. We'll now and then be riding through Indian country."

Clay sat down on a stump and rolled a cigarette while Sam went inside to make up his pack. White puffball clouds drifted across the sky, and the smell of fir was incense in the warm air. He liked this country, with its fertile valleys and its mile-high mountains, and greenness everywhere you looked. It was new, like Texas when he had first seen it twenty years before—new, and with a feeling of bigness yet to come. Maybe one day, after he delivered Sam, he could turn in his star and drift on back here. Likely he could pick up some acreage, build himself a cabin and hang his gun up on the wall. There came a time when a man should do that.

From deep in the timber a horse whinnied, and Clay rose to his feet with his eyes on the trail that led to town. Three riders appeared, and he saw it was the McDougal girl, dressed now in jeans and astride her horse, man-style, with a frock-coated man with mutton-chop whiskers, who was undoubtedly the Reverend Bairnsfeather. The third rider was Portland's marshal, Jay Calliston. The horses picked their way across the stump-filled clearing, and in front of the cabin the riders dismounted.

Jay Calliston nodded shortly to Clay Waldon. "There'll be no taking young Gates back to Texas," he said bluntly.

Clay Waldon stiffened, and his right thumb hooked itself in his belt, above the holstered gun. "No?" he said.

Jay Calliston shook his head. "Your papers got no authority in this state," he said.

"No?" Clay Waldon repeated, and his eyes remained steady on the marshal's face. The huge frame of Sam Gates filled the cabin doorway, and Clay Waldon caught the quick glance of the girl as she looked at Sam, and her lips parted in a strangely triumphant smile.

"When was you last in Texas?" Jay Calliston asked Clay.

"Rode west into the Arizona Territory in January of this year."

"Well, then, you'll be interested to know that in February of this year of 1861, the state of Texas seceded from the Union."

Clay Waldon absorbed this information thoughtfully. There had been talk of secession in Texas for several years. He had been inclined to put it down to the ramblings of cranks and misfits, and he had never believed that the step would actually be taken.

Amy McDougal stepped up to him, her bare head all shining black curls in the sunlight, and she handed him a much-read and tattered newspaper. "News reaches Oregon slowly," she said. "This is dated three months ago. A rider from the wagon train, waiting at the Cascades up the Columbia River, brought it overland to Mr. Calliston only a short while ago."

It was an Independence, Missouri, paper. Clay Waldon looked at the headlines. It was true, right enough, and he handed the paper back to the girl. Texas had been his home for twenty years. Twenty years, he reflected, was a long time to stay in any one place. Sadness at the folly that sometimes rules the lives of men touched him, and he nodded gravely. "Seems likely," he said, "that we won't be riding back, after all."

There was silence then, broken only by the call of a bird, clear and knife-like in the warm air; and the Reverend Bairnsfeather cleared his throat and stroked his mutton-chop whiskers with a finger. "Shall we—er—proceed with the ceremony?" he asked.

"My family will be here soon," Amy McDougal said, "but we could go inside and be ready when they get here. Sam, you need a best man, and I wondered if Mr. Waldon would care to stand up with you."

"It would be my pleasure, miss," Clay Waldon said.

Sam Gates smiled. "Sure never figured you would travel across half the country just to watch me get hitched, Clay."

THEY turned and moved toward the cabin, and Clay Waldon thought back on his campsite of the night before, on the banks of the Willamette River. There was rich black soil there that would grow most anything. He could build a log cabin, with a porch where he could sit in the evening and look out over the river at the far-off green mountains. A man wouldn't mind growing old in a place like that.

A hand touched his arm. "I suppose," Amy McDougal said, "that you know what a best man's duties are?"

"Well, now, can't say I do, exactly, miss," Clay Waldon said.

"The most important one is kissing the bride, after the ceremony," she said. Her eyes glinted warmly in the sun. "I'm certain that someone who believes as strongly in duty as you do would not neglect that."

"Why, miss," he said gruffly, and his face reddened under the weather tan, "you sure wouldn't want an old codger like me doing such."

She took his hand in hers and squeezed it. "But I do," she said. She leaned near to him and whispered in his ear. "I'll be forever indebted to you, Mr. Waldon. At the rate Sam was going, it might have taken him years to ask the question."

Next Week

BISHOP SHEEN Answers His Fan Mail

By every yardstick, Bishop Sheen's weekly television show has enjoyed tremendous popularity. As a result, the celebrated prelate gets up to 8,000 letters a week. Here is an insight into the mail he receives and, above all, a chance to read some of his inspirational replies

Hints for Driving on Ice or Snow

1 To stop, press brake pedal lightly, then release and press again as necessary. This avoids locking of wheels and reduces danger of skidding. Use tire chains for greater safety.

2 To start, use second or high gear and apply power gently. If you let your clutch in gradually you'll give the chains a chance to take hold. Use tire chains for greater traction.

3 To make tire chains last longer, keep them snug. The life of cross links is greatly shortened when they are loose and slap the pavement. Loose chains break from impact. With snug chains, the cross chains ride close to tire tread and "roll" against the road. Listen! Noisy chains wear out faster. Keep yours snug.

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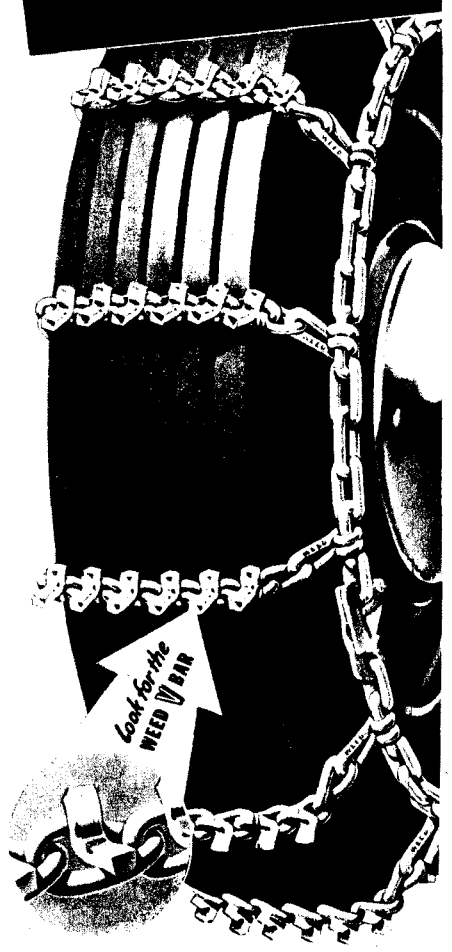

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SHOULD CONGRESS BE

TV or not TV? That's the question on Capitol Hill. The consensus: it's bound to come—but who'll control

I HAVE the feeling," Senator Estes Kefauver told a Senate subcommittee many months ago, "that our government 'of the people' and 'for the people' should become more and more a government 'by the people.' " And how better to achieve that end, he suggested, than by bringing the processes of government into their living rooms through the cool, impartial eye of television?

If the Senator and like-minded colleagues have their way, our national legislators will soon be as familiar to the public as Arthur Godfrey, Milton Berle or Tom Corbett, Space Cadet. But before they have their way they will know they have been in a battle.

Their lofty plans to televise the doings of Congress have evoked an equally lofty opposition. What looked to its proponents like an indisputable advance in the art of government has touched off a warm debate in Washington that cuts across party lines as few issues have done.

At first glance, nothing could seem fairer or simpler than the proposition that the business of Congress is most intimately the business of the people, and that therefore an effective instrument of direct communications should be used to lay that business before them. The two visitors' galleries in Congress testify to the acknowledged right of citizens to observe their representatives in action, but that right is limited by the fact that the House gallery accommodates just 616 persons, the Senate 621. Television would introduce no new principle; it would merely push back the walls of those chambers from Capitol Hill to Seattle and add seats—twenty, thirty, forty million of them.

Would these seats ever be used? Leaders in the movement to televise Congress, spearheaded by New York's Republican Representative Jacob K. Javits, cite the enthusiastic response to telecasts of United Nations sessions, the popular radio broadcasts of the Australian and New Zealand parliaments, the successful appearance of the Oklahoma state legislature on TV, and the telecasts of the Senate Crime Committee hearings in 1951.

At their peak, the hearings of Kefauver's committee held audiences of from ten to twenty million Americans. Dust gathered on floor and furniture, meals went uncooked and marketing undone as housewives sent the normal Hooper rating of 1.5 per cent for a weekday winter morning in New York City to a high of 34.5. Office work, too, suffered where TV sets were available, and a spokesman for the movie industry complained that the telecasts were worse for business "than a doubleheader World Series."

The appeal of the Kefauver "show," running hour after hour and day after day, was fairly described by the New York Times as a "major phenomenon of our time." Its interest apparently carried over to other aspects of government. A Gallup poll found that 70 per cent of the voting population considered the televising of Congressional sessions "a good idea" and 78 per cent believed such programs would "be interesting." The groundwork for such a project seemed to be well laid, the objective was acknowledged to be worthy and the facilities were available. Could critics seriously object?

Warn Against "Glaring Melodrama"

They could and they did. Indeed, after the Kefauver hearings the cause of televising government suffered sharp reverses. Even while the crime committee telecasts were in progress, the Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut warned against their "glaring melodrama." Other top legal groups were equally critical, and the American Bar Association ultimately condemned all radio and television coverage of Congressional investigating committee hearings. Last March, New York's legislature, with Governor Dewey's endorsement, banned the televising, broadcasting or filming of any official state proceeding to which witnesses may be subpoenaed.

On the national front, the cause fared as badly. In February, 1952, Sam Rayburn, then Speaker of the House, banished the television camera, along with radio broadcasts, recordings and films, from committee hearing rooms. Rayburn singled out TV in his edict, advising all chairmen that "there is no rule of the House permitting televising of House proceedings." On the other side of the Capitol, Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada sponsored a resolution that would have banned news photographers as well as movie and TV cameras. Several Senators greeted the proposal to televise sessions with such unparliamentary adjectives as "silly" and "crackpot."

And, as though to make a clean sweep for the opposition, last October, United States District Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut acquitted two Cleveland gamblers of contempt of Congress, ruling that they were justified in refusing to testify before the Kefauver committee under distracting conditions caused, at least in part, by TV cameras.

Why all this opposition? What are the arguments against television on Capitol Hill—and are they irrefutable?

No doubt the most complicated of all the problems involved is the difficulty of selecting, without political bias, what should and what should not go out over the air waves. Besides the two chambers themselves, there are usually more than 40 standing, special and select committees, many of them spawning two or three subcommittees, all entitled to hold hearings at their pleasure. If all presently available channels were placed exclusively at the disposal of Congress, they would be unable to carry the total volume of activity (nor could the public possibly absorb it).

No one envisions more than a fraction of such coverage, of course, and that's where the difficulty comes in. Someone would have to decide, on any given day, what part of the activity of Congress was best for the American people to witness. It would be for him to say, for example, whether they should see and hear a House subcommittee thrash out a new tax bill, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee grill experts on our Far Eastern policy, or the House as a whole debate amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act. Clearly, this power would be far-reaching, and it would grow as people came to depend more and more on their television sets for an understanding of political issues.

The danger, as opponents of Congressional TV

Rep. Javits has introduced a bill to televise vital debates in House

Sen. Kefauver, who gained fame on TV, leads Senate fight for it

Sen. McCarran would ban video from Senate committee hearings

Rep. Sam Rayburn, as Speaker, banned TV cameras from House

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TELEVISED?

By ROBERT BENDINER

TV proponents claim camera's gimlet eye would focus on bad lawmakers, display their faults. Opponents say it would put premium on showmanship while quiet competence went unnoticed

see it, is that politics would dictate the choices. Would a Democratic Speaker of the House, if he were the one to decide, be likely to give TV time to a committee bent on exposing alleged corruption by Democrats? No more than a Republican Speaker would single out a debate likely to cost the G.O.P. votes at the next election. Furthermore, what would prevent this all-powerful program director from, let us say, telecasting the Upper House on Monday, when Senator Dingbat has arranged to deliver a powerful speech for boosting the olive-oil tariff, and turning the cameras elsewhere on Tuesday, when Senator Wingding rises to tear the olive-oil lobby to shreds?

The Senate's present rules of debate are, in fact, made to order for just this kind of discrimination. Since a member may rise at almost any time and discuss anything for as long as he wants, coherent debate such as television enthusiasts foresee would be purely a matter of luck. Discussing the subject with Javits over TV, Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett of Utah put the case bluntly:

"The way the Senate operates, it is impossible to set up a debate as a series of speeches that follow each other. A Senator would say what he wanted to say on the subject, and then his colleagues would have a week or two to think over what he said and decide just what their reaction was. I'm sure you realize that if you would attempt to set up the Senate so that you could televise a . . . great debate you would have to completely destroy . . . the tradition and rules of the Senate."

With this same power of choice extended to committee hearings, what would prevent the viewers' getting only partial, one-sided testimony? Or what would keep a committee chairman from scheduling certain witnesses at nine in the morning, when few citizens are watching, and others at eight in the evening, when a telecast would have the eyes and ears of the country? Those who favor televising hearings usually insist that coverage be complete, so the public can get a fair picture, but to follow the doings of a single committee for months would be to curtail drastically the televising of other Congressional activity of possibly greater importance.

If, on the other hand, there is to be selectivity, Heaven help the selector. He would be so barraged by lobbyists and special pleaders, he would be under such pressures of party and of conscience, that his position would soon be unendurable. Yet if the choices were left to majority vote, the party in control could stack the air waves to its perpetual advantage. The problem of how to choose what should be televised is formidably complex, and involves principle as well as procedure.

For example, there is the matter of a witness's civil and moral rights. In banning TV from official proceedings in New York, Governor Dewey seemed clearly to have the Kefauver hearings in mind when he spoke of "batteries of cameras, microphones and glaring lights" threatening to subvert the rights of the witness. In Washington, Democratic Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa, among many others, took the same view.

Witness Is Under Unfair Handicap

"A witness who is under attack and whose whole public or private life may be under scrutiny," Gillette wrote, "is unquestionably harassed and distracted both by the apparatus itself and by the realization that perhaps hundreds of thousands of people are hanging on every word . . . How can he be expected to think clearly, speak intelligently and keep his thoughts on the serious business at hand?"

Apart from being affected by the apparatus, say these opponents of televised hearings, the witness is deprived of the usual judicial protections of cross-examination and rebuttal, on the ground that a Congressional hearing is, after all, not a trial. Yet the results may be as disastrous to a witness's reputation as though he were on trial, especially if the proceedings are televised. Should the audience get only selected bits of the testimony, the risk of injustice would be even greater. Such considerations as these account for the bar associations' jaundiced view of televised Congressional hearings.

Outsiders who suggest that TV would bring out the ham in our representatives might be accused of indulging in the time-honored American game of baiting Congress. But many members of that body do more than suggest it. Discussing the question on a TV show, Representative Richard Bolling, a Missouri Democrat, remarked, "It is human nature to put on a show if you have a big audience," and added, "a lot of people can be very easily fooled by a smooth actor or a slick demogogue." Republican Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin warns of the danger that "a yearning for the TV limelight could cause a turning from the facts by legislators, could cause an outbreak of hammy theatrics, rather than continuous serious debate."

A number of Senators have offered the opinion that the Upper House would never get any work done if television cameras were on hand to put a premium on rhetoric. The point draws further strength from the comment of several United Nations officials to the effect that television and radio have made diplomacy difficult in that organization. Each session, in the words of one delegate, "turns into a propaganda battle . . . using . . . the United Nations as a platform for political and psychological warfare, rather than for negotiations."

People who feel that Congressional immunity is sometimes abused add still another count to the indictment. If a citizen may be damaged now by a false denunciation on the floor of Congress

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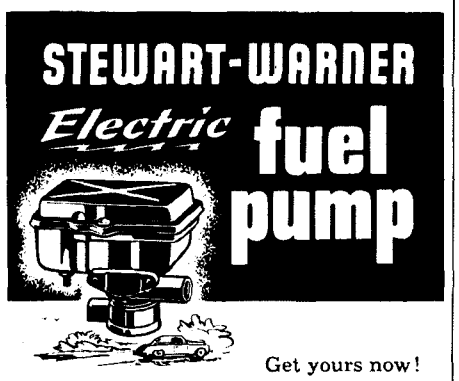

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Oklahoma televises its legislative sessions, and folks like

or by a committee witness, it is a cinch, they say, that he will be far more seriously hurt if assaulted with the aid of television—especially since he enjoys no comparable facilities for rebuttal. Such procedure, Senator Wiley warns, "can lay the basis for slander to a degree which we have heretofore never conceived."

Other arguments against giving the TV camera a spot in the Congressional gallery can hardly be more than suggested here. Former Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona, Democratic floor leader in the last session, warned that "the programs would play up the showman in Congress and not give the workers a fair chance." What is even worse from a congressman's point of view, TV might mislead the public into thinking that the only work of Congress was what they saw on their screens, that a vacant seat meant a member neglecting his duty, when in fact he might be plugging away diligently and ten times as effectively in some committee room or in his own office.

Beyond these questions lies what some members consider the worst stumbling block of all. Who would foot the enormous bill for bringing Congress to your TV screen? As a major figure in the controversy, Congressman Javits sounded out the leading networks on the subject. In general, they reflected a keen interest in covering both hearings and Congressional sessions, and indicated a willingness to absorb the costs—if they had the power to select. Coverage, said the National Broadcasting Company, "should be on the basis of news merit," with television accorded "the same access to important news events as the press services, newsreels and newspapers have."

Who Should Be the Sponsor?

Even for this limited coverage, it is doubtful, as Republican Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire has pointed out, that the networks could afford indefinitely to do the job as a public service. The other possibilities are commercial sponsorship, government sponsorship, and the establishment of a government-owned network. All three present formidable problems.

Many congressmen feel that it would be undignified, not to say dangerous, for a government to have its official activities selected and brought to the television audience as a commercial venture. There is a legal aspect to the question, too. As experienced a lawyer as Morris Ernst feels that witnesses compelled by subpoena to perform, as it were, for a private sponsor's benefit may well be justified in bringing suit—especially in the case of those who, like teetotalers and vegetarians, may find themselves helping sell products to which they object on principle.

Yet economy-minded congressmen take a chilly view of adding TV costs to the national budget. And they think even less of setting up a government-owned network, a notion that to some legislators, as Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota has indicated, smacks of Socialism.

The difficulty of using the TV camera fairly, possible injustice to witnesses, encouragement of demagogues, and the tricky question of financing—these, then, are the substance of the case against televising Congress. It is an impressive case, and advocates of the proposal do not minimize it, but they are confident that in the end they will win. Basically, their confidence rests on the belief that people want to see their Congress in action, that for the sake of good government they should see it, that it is mechanically possible for them to do so—and that any difficulties in the way should and will be eliminated.

One such difficulty, the Rayburn ruling, was disposed of when the voters returned the Republicans to control of the House. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, who has just relieved Rayburn of the Speaker's gavel, is noncommittal on allowing TV cameras in the House chamber itself, but he will let committees decide for themselves whether to permit their hearings to be televised. Does he himself favor such a course? "Yes, with discretion," he told me. "You're going to have it, more or less. It's a way of disseminating news and must be given proper recognition."

This wary approach to the question, a feeling that TV will eventually and inevitably dig in on Capitol Hill, is fairly common among members, but those who want to hasten the day know that the valid arguments against it must first be met and the necessary standards laid down. They are planning the battle now, with Javits scheduled to take the lead in the House and probably Kefauver in the Senate.

To deal first with the thorny question of financing, the forces of TV admit that they have no final answer. They are for starting slowly and feeling their way as they go. Javits is willing to give the commercial networks a chance to operate as a public service. If this coverage doesn't prove adequate, "government-operated facilities might be set up to do the job."

No Undignified Commercials

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee approved private sponsorship, but it proposed certain checks. A committee would have the right, for example, to pass upon the sponsor secured by the network, keeping in mind the dignity of the business at hand. No commercial announcements would be permitted from the hearing room or while testimony was in progress. Only austere and dignified announcements would be allowed, such as, "These hearings are brought to you as a public service by the X Company in co-operation with the Y Television Network."

Some members of Congress, frankly uncertain, want a commission to be appointed to make a thorough study of the whole question of facilities, costs and sponsorship.

Other suggestions range all the way to the demand of the United Automobile Workers' union for federally owned and operated networks that would cover much of the Congressional scene,

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The Javits bill, to be reintroduced in the present session, does not call for anything like continuous coverage of House sessions. Like nearly all other sponsors of the plan, the New York congressman opposes the televising of routine sessions as neither practical nor of value. What he wants to see beamed to the voters are the "really critical and vital" debates, and these, he thinks, can be scheduled and tightened up to a greater degree than many Senators and Representatives are willing to concede.

In the House, the decision on what to televise would rest with the Speaker, who presumably would follow the sense of the chamber as a whole. On the other side of the Capitol, the burden would fall similarly on the presiding officer, or the Senate itself would vote its pleasure. The regular give-and-take of Congressional practice and the possibility of future retaliation for gross partiality are counted on to assure fair play.

Major debates, Javits suggests, might be held at night, with time equally divided between the parties and limits fixed for each speaker. Would this fly in the face of Senate rules? "Then it is in the public interest that the Senate rules shall be changed." It is at this point that old hands on Capitol Hill look for rough weather, for the Senate will not easily be pried loose from its vulnerable and cherished tradition of unlimited debate.

Javits, Kefauver, Wiley and many other members of Congress are acutely aware of the danger that witnesses may be victimized by the television camera, but they feel this need not be the case. Technicians can, and have, minimized the glare, noise and heat. Actually, many public figures find TV less distracting than newsreel apparatus and the flashing of the press photographer's bulbs. Kefauver has proposed fixing up a large caucus room for televised hearings, with glass compartments such as the United Nations provides for TV crews and equipment.

A Code to Ensure Fairness

On the more complex question of giving witnesses fair treatment, the TV forces are quick to point out that if procedures are unjust, they should be corrected whether or not the camera is trained on them. To this end, several members are pressing for the adoption of a fair code to be followed by all Congressional investigating committees. Kefauver would give all persons whose reputations have been jeopardized an opportunity for immediate rebuttal and he would also allow a limited cross-examination of witnesses, among other guarantees.

The argument that television would aggravate the injustice of unfair attack on private citizens from the floor of Congress is a bit harder to overcome. Members would, of course, continue to enjoy their constitutional immunity from libel action. But Javits would allow the injured citizen to sue the government, thus giving him a chance for possible vindication in a court of law and at the same time discouraging recklessness on Capitol Hill. He makes the further point that should a congressman get careless in his charges, quick refutation by his colleagues would be more effective on television than in the press, where only those readers who go beyond the headlines and the first paragraph would ever encounter it.

As for the hamming that some predict, TV advocates think there would be less of it before the camera than there is now. There is now more incentive for such sensationalism, they say, since in large sections of the country Congress gets scant attention in the press and it takes something of a stunt to put a lawmaker on the front page. Besides, they say, the more demagogues expose themselves to public observation, the less the public will stand for them. At worst, says Republican Representative Donald L. Jackson of California, "since time immemorial, men in all walks of life have succeeded in making fools of themselves, and television is not going to speed or deter the process."

Reports from "Down Under"

On this score, as on others, the pro-television forces point to experience. An authoritative observer of the effects of radio broadcasts from New Zealand's House of Representatives is quoted to show that citizens of that country have responded "very quickly and very critically to conduct which does not conform to accepted ideas of parliament as a dignified and very serious institution." A rather critical commentator on Australia's similar experiment concedes that in spite of some disagreement as to whether the tone of debate has been improved, "some members . . . might still be in parliament if the microphone had not so mercilessly exposed their shortcomings."

Paul Harkey, a member of the Oklahoma House of Representatives, reports a definite improvement in decorum when the TV lights are trained on that chamber. There is no caucusing in the aisles, newspaper reading stops, and feet come down from the desk tops. Authors of controversial bills are allowed to save them for TV time, routine matters are disposed of before the cameras grind away, and the chief clerk of the House sits with the telecaster to help him untangle parliamentary snarls for the benefit of the audience.

What heartens TV's champions on Capitol Hill is that the arguments of their opponents in Washington are the same arguments that were once heard in Canberra, Wellington and Oklahoma City. Yet regular radio broadcasts of their national legislatures have become a popular fixture in the lives of Australians and New Zealanders, easily surviving changes of government in both countries. Nor is there any indication that Oklahomans regret the introduction of the TV camera into their legislative halls. Writing in the publication State Government, some months after the scheme was put in operation, Harkey reported that "few of the disadvantages predicted for it materialized." It did burden the legislature with the problem of scheduling debate fairly and adequately, and perhaps issues were at times oversimplified.

But, the lawmaker concluded, "most of us are convinced that solid values fully justify legislative television—that it is a genuine tool of democracy, for keeping government close to the people." And that, advocates of the plan feel, is argument enough. ▲▲▲

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AFRICAN SAFARI

Ruark Shoots

Hit in the heart by the sharpshooting columnist, the 500-pound animal went up in the air six f

WHEN you are out in the bush for any considerable length of time, you do not remember days by date or week or weather. You refer backward to the day of the buffalo or the day of the lion or the day the jeep busted her ankle.

The day of the waterbuck was quite a day. We headed out of camp while the dew was still bright on the grasses, looking for nothing. It is a gorgeous way to hunt, looking for nothing. You spin along in the jeep and just look. The breakfast is still warm inside you and the second cigarette is tasting almost as good as the first. The sun is just beginning to take a touch of chill off your face, and the woods and plain are alive, vibrant, with tentatively stirring animals. The birds, just woken, are beginning to scratch and fly around and complain.

You drive along by the wood or the river or out along the veld and you almost hope you will see nothing worth working for that day because it is more fun to watch it than to chase it.

That morning Harry Selby, my professional hunter, said, "I think we'll check down by the river and see about that waterbuck. The ones we have seen have been fairish, but I seem to remember an old gentleman from the last trip who's got more horns than he needs. They must be making his head ache. He used to live over here," Harry said, driving through some reeds and coming out atop a small grassy hill with trees and shrubs that looked considerably more like woodcock country than waterbuck country. As we drove up to the summit of the little hill a herd of perhaps a dozen waterbuck broke from the rushes and loped leisurely up the hill and across a small pastury-looking field and stopped just short of a wood.

"That's the gentleman I had in mind," Harry said, pointing to a magnificent creature. "I believe he's the best I've ever seen, but I've never yet had a good close look at those horns. Suppose we walk a bit and investigate this fellow at close range."

We climbed out of the jeep. I took the Remington and Harry started a stalk, in that half crouch which looks so easy at first and then forcibly reminds you of age and girth as it continues. I was puffing when Harry held his hand, palm down and pushing backward, in the stop sign. We were in a small copse of trees and thick lianas, as big as your wrist, with the dew still heavy on the grass underfoot and on the leaves that brushed your face.

Harry reached around, grabbed my gun arm, and pointed with my arm. The herd of buck was in the pasture, feeding straight at us. You could feel the fresh brisk wind blowing directly into your face, curling back your eyelashes and causing a constant rustle in the trees—which is always fortunate if you are the kind of man who steps on dry sticks and goes through bush like a bull buffalo in a hurry.

The bull waterbuck will weigh 500 pounds. He has a thick, tufted neck, a noble face, and a compact body covered with long, coarse hair. He is beautifully marked in black and white and grayish-fawn, and his horns are slim parentheses that are heavily gnarled at the base and which finish off in four inches of clean point.

My target was walking steadily toward me. My breath had come back, a little. The Remington was braced in the crotch of a small scrubby tree. The gun was shaking, again, and the limber limb was moving gently to match my shakes. The buck kept coming. I put the post of the telescopic sight on his chest, sucked in my breath and started what I hoped would be a squeeze.

The squeeze was two thirds complete when Harry's hand came back and closed over my trigger hand.

"Watch," he said. "Wait."

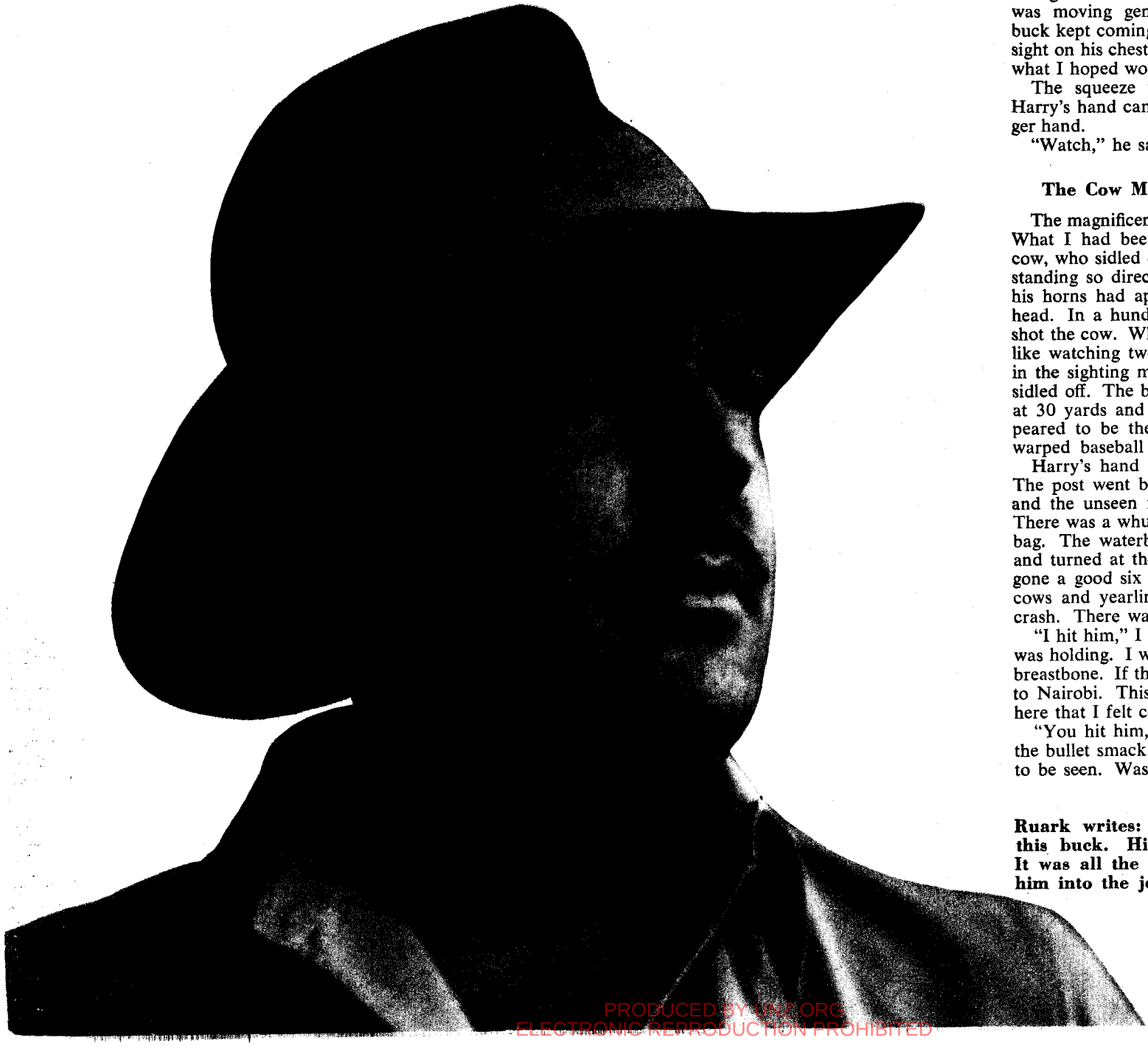
The Cow Moved in the Nick of Time

The magnificent bull separated into two animals. What I had been aiming at suddenly became a cow, who sidled off to the left. My bull had been standing so directly behind one of his wives that his horns had appeared to be growing from her head. In a hundredth of a second I would have shot the cow. When they separated, it was exactly like watching two images merge and move apart in the sighting machinery of a camera. The cow sidled off. The bull looked me straight in the eye at 30 yards and snorted irritably. His horns appeared to be the size and length of two evenly warped baseball bats.

Harry's hand came away from my gun hand. The post went back to the old gentleman's chest and the unseen force which fires guns operated. There was a whunk like a boxer hitting the heavy bag. The waterbuck went straight up in the air, and turned at the top of his leap. He must have gone a good six feet off the ground. The herd of cows and yearlings went off with a snort and a crash. There was nothing to be seen.

"I hit him," I said to Selby. "I hit him where I was holding. I was holding just to the right of his breastbone. If this boy ain't dead I am going back to Nairobi. This is the first time since I've been here that I felt confident about anything."

"You hit him, all right," Harry said. "I heard the bullet smack. But where you hit him remains to be seen. Wasn't he something to see, standing



Ruark writes: "This was quite a creature, this buck. His big bull's neck was thick. It was all the four of us could do to sweat him into the jeep . . . He smelled like hell"

Collier's for January 17, 1953

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a Waterbu

l spun at the top of his leap

there with that head thrown back? Let's go see what happened to him."

We followed the bright slashes of blood for 50 yards or so, turned a sharp L around the patch of bush and almost stumbled over my fellow. He was completely dead. I had taken him through the heart squarely as he stood with his head up and his chest thrown out. Harry took one look at him and let out a yell. He threw himself at the animal, seized it around the neck with both arms, and kissed it full in the face. Both gunbearers fell on their knees. Kidogo picked up the great noble head by the ears, and he kissed the buck. Adam ran his fingers up and down the chestnut-colored horns, rubbing his fingers over the tips, and said a short prayer in Wakamba. Selby hit me a punch in the chest that nearly floored me, and both boys grabbed me by the arms and danced me around the waterbuck.

A Professional Hunter's Enthusiasm

"I don't suppose you know what you've got here, old boy," Harry said. "Unless I am mad or drunk you have just walloped the best waterbuck that anybody ever brought out of Tanganyika. If this one isn't 36 inches I will carry him back to camp on my back. This one you can hang on your wall, chum. Very nice shooting, lad. For one dreadful split second I thought you were going to loose off at that bloody cow. I would have sworn she was the bull. Those horns of his were sticking right out over her ears, and it wasn't until she moved just a fraction of an inch that I realized she was standing square in front of him. If she hadn't moved you'd have shot her, the bull would've spooked, and would have been halfway across the Serengeti by now. You're a lucky lad."

This was quite a creature, this buck. You couldn't close your hands around his horns at the base. They were serrated and very clean, and they curved inward at each other in a nearly perfect ellipse. His big bull's neck was thick and shaggy with a chest-mane. He had a big deer's face, although he was an antelope, and his hairy hide was gray-fawn like a good tweed suit. He was very heavy. It was all the four of us could handle to sweat him into the back of the jeep. He smelled like hell, with the musk coming out of his glands and making sweat splotches on his hide.

"We'll take this baby back whole. I want better pictures of him than we can get here. We'll go back to camp and let Mrs. Ruark do her stuff with the color box." Harry patted the buck on his poll. "You beauty," he said. "You lovely, lovely hunk of horn."

He wheeled the jeep around and we headed back to camp. We were driving slowly across the blue- and white-flowered plain, full of self-congratulation and the yearning for a celebration drink, an afternoon off to gloat, an afternoon free of hunting, for no man likes to cheapen his achievement by doing something competitively else that same day. A miss on a good head can spoil the hit on the other.

This waterbuck was all I wanted from that day. I was a little drunk already, with the wine of the fine fresh morning. I was warmed by the sun and by excitement and by the approval of the boys. They grinned when I turned my head and offered cigarettes. Like Charlie MacArthur, when he offered Helen Hayes a bag of peanuts, I was sorry that my cigarettes were not emeralds.

Like most hunters, I'm not above a little boasting once in a while, but I'm not going to pretend I

This is the waterbuck. His guide called it ever got in Tanganyika, the guide. "You lucky

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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A huge rhino charged Ruark's jeep, but its horn didn't look like a good souven

got every animal I went after. I got the lion, all right, and the buffalo and the waterbuck, but, though I did my damnedest, I never could nail a rhinoceros.

One day I stacked the deck in my favor, and went hunting in a part of Tanganyika that Harry had said was loaded with rhino.

Where Rhinos Came Down to Graze

"Always was," Harry said. "They come down out of the hills for a little sunshine and to graze. One time I saw 14 the first afternoon out. Can't tell, though, whether we find them in the mornings or in the afternoons. Never could figure it out, myself. Last time, nothing whatsoever in the mornings, but the afternoons would find them fairly swarming. Around four o'clock you'd have to beat a path through them."

We decided to try a morning, and we were up early and excited; at least, I was excited. My wife, Virginia, decided to come along, and we also had, of course, the natives who helped us. It was still gray when we got into the jeep and headed across the bridge on the River of Mosquitos, a bridge which shook and shivered frighteningly under the wheels.

The forest, dripping thick and green, with knobby roots like cypress knees threading across the track, lasted for about three miles until we hit marsh, which was sopping still and impossible to cross in anything but a light four-wheel drive conveyance such as our jeep.

You could see the deeply bitten tracks where the last safari's hunting car had gone just so far and then no farther. We shot a reedbuck and some sort of hog before we finished with the marsh and headed back into another patch of jungle—real jungle, this time, like Congo jungle in the movies. This bush was not cheerful at all. It was sticky, butterfly-clogged, creeper-twisted, humid bush, with immense trees rearing out of the practically impassable underbrush. You could see the raw stump, occasionally, where the elephants had broken the top off a tree. The trail was very narrow, crossed and recrossed with streams, and at every stream we had to unload and push.

We burst out of the jungle suddenly, curved toward the lake, and passed through a sea of saw-edged grass that towered over our car by half a dozen feet. The showers of seeds added to general irritation of last night's bites. The sun was coming up now, and while it was still cool, the tsetses had relieved the mosquitoes of their watch, and were working lustily. It does no good to try to swat them. They're too fast.

We came out of the grass as suddenly as we had come out of the jungle. We rounded a point where some fishermen had erected a small palm-thatched lean-to, waved at the two scrawny locals who got up to stare at us, and passed through a point that looked exactly like the cedar and live-oak groves that grow, gnarled by the wind, along the Carolina coast line where I was raised.

As we drove along, a dozen ostrich, including two albinos, broke out of the bush and ran foolishly ahead of us, splashing through the water, slapping along knee-deep in the lake on their big splayfeet. They were joined by a small herd of wildebeeste, who bucked up and down, meeting other herds, reversing their courses to run back at us, snorting and plunging and acting exactly like wildebeeste. A few zebra, 50 or more, hooked up with the wildebeeste, and our escort was joined.

Clouds of waterfowl were raising along the oozy edges of Manyara now. The black-and-white Gyppie geese were squawking. The curlews and snipe and plovers were screaming. The secretary birds were sailing up and down, trying to make up their minds to leave permanently. The ducks were setting up a hell of a clamor, and occasionally a flock of guinea fowl would run out, look indignantly around, cackle, and scuttle back. A hippo grunted

Ruark admits he was frightened when he walked toward his first rhinoceros, "a ton of antediluvian armor plating." His guide warned: "Go for the bottom of his neck"

offshore. A flock of flamingos rose, and went dipping over the lake in an indescribable, improbable pink cloud. Up on the sides of the hills there was a crashing in the bush and a small herd of elephant squealed in displeasure.

"Hell!" Selby said. "What with one thing and another, any rhino worth shooting will be clean over the mountain by now, heading for Yaida Swamp. Look at those damned ostrich. They'll run the whole 15 miles ahead of us, picking up new chums as they go. I don't remember it like this from before."

We spun along, back wheels slipping and sliding through little rivers, wheels spinning in the sandy dongas, and rounded the first headland. Cutting back, following the heavy, scored wheel tracks of another, earlier, vehicle, we ran around the rim of the hills in a crescent course, and came out to the point of the second headland before Majimoto. Harry stopped the jeep and pointed.

It Looked Like an "Easy" Quarry

There was a shapeless lump, a thousand yards away. It looked like a big gray anthill.

Harry said, *"Toa* .470. *Toa* .450," as he asked the boys for the rifles. To me: "Well, you've probably got your rhino. There he is, feeding down on the shore. Wind's right too. Blighter's almost blind, and we can walk up close enough to take his pulse. This one's easy enough so I'm asking Virginia along. Virginia? Care to go and collect a *faro?"*

"Yes, Harry," Virginia said. "I will go along to shoot the rhino."

We walked along over the muck, not crouching yet. Harry and I were still letting the bearers carry the big double rifles.

"This is very simple," Harry said. "We'll stalk up as close as we can. If you take him head on, go for that little sore spot at the bottom of his neck. You'll see it. All *faros* have 'em where the armor plating rubs. If he's lying down, and this one seems to be, you can go for the brain. Other shots, take'm in the shoulder, about a quarter the way up. Heart's a little lower on these blokes than on some others. Nothing to it, really."

You may be a very brave man, and perhaps your breath does not begin to hurry in your chest when you walk up for the first time on a ton of antediluvian armor plating, but I am not a particularly brave man and I was beginning to breathe jerkily although the going was fairly easy on the rough, fissured mud. The rhino had its head down. You couldn't see whether the horn was worth it or not. Harry Selby had taken his .450 No. 2 from

A neighbor of Ruark and his wife during the safari. The sketches which illustrate this series are the first that writer Ruark has done

one gunbearer, and the other handed me the .470.

Virginia was just behind the gunbearers, carrying the camera. She looked a little pinched in the face. I noticed I was breathing with my mouth open.

The rhino raised its head. The horn was nothing. Then a small gray blob of putty detached itself from the rhino's side. It was a calf, no more than six months old, if that.

Ordinarily you don't mind shooting a rhino cow if the horn is good, and quite often the horn is better on the female than on the bull, apt to be longer and more symmetrical and less splintered from brawling. But this lady was too new-come to motherhood for us to leave a baby loose in the bush, even if her horn had been a marvel. Selby

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handed his gun back to Adam and took the camera from Virginia.

"Too bad," he whispered. "But the baby's young enough so she won't charge and leave it. Let's go and take some snaps. You can cover me, if you will. Don't shoot her unless it's absolutely necessary."

The cow raised her head wonderingly. The tickbirds were quiet on her back. The calf nuzzled irritably at her udders. The big stupid face swung back and forth, testing the wind, which was blowing directly at us. Her little pig's eyes blinked weakly. She walked slowly toward us, still questing with her nostrils.

There was a shallow pool of water in a half-formed donga between us and the cow. Harry had walked up to the edge of the water, and the camera was whirring. The rhino didn't like the noise. But she couldn't see us and she couldn't smell us. Harry kept taking pictures. I glanced back at Virginia and she was following closely, frightened to approach but scareder still to stay behind. We had come to within 30 feet of the old girl, now, and she was visibly upset.

Waiting for the Mother to Charge

All of a sudden the tickbirds hopped straight up in the air. The old girl stuck out her nose and started a gallop, heading directly at us. Her tail was still up. She couldn't smell, but she was 15 feet from Harry now, and she could make us out dimly with her poor weak eyes. Harry whirred through the film in the magazine, and pushed the palm of his hand gently backward. I had the bead of the .470 resting on the sore spot, and was wondering less than idly if the famous rhino ill-temper would conquer the mother-concern long enough to take her across that 12-foot strip of shallow water, in which case I should certainly have to make an orphan of the child.

She made another half-pass at a charge, and stopped with her feet in the water. Harry was walking backward now, and out to his left; so was I. The old girl muttered, tossed her head, checked her child, slued off in a half turn and stood rigidly, looking at us. We walked backward another 20 feet or so, and then turned, walking away but half facing her.

Too Close for Virginia's Comfort

After we'd covered a hundred yards, we handed our guns to the boys. Virginia was white. A lady rhino looms very large at 30 feet when you are on the ground.

"I knew she wouldn't cross that water," Selby said. "Not and leave Junior unattended. A half-grown calf, yes indeed. But not the baby. Never the baby. Shame it wasn't a good bull."

We picked up a wildebeeste-ostrich-zebra convoy again, and meandered down the shore line, and finally came down under the lee of Majimoto. There was a broad green valley tucked under the mountain's steep side, angling backward out of sight into heavy bush, a mile or more in length from what we could see, and a half mile wide. It was rolling, lovely green, cool and inviting, like a park.

Harry stopped the car and stood up with the glasses. He swept the valley, from lake to undetermined end.

"Rather a busy plot," he said casually. "I spy a small herd of buffalo just past that copse of trees, down by the water's edge. There is a cow rhino just there, in the center, with a three-quarter-grown calf. There are two bull rhinos having a hell of a set-to over there to the left, in the high grass. There's at least one other rhino over to the right, under the trees at the bottom of the big hill. Seems a likely enough choice for a spot of amusement."

He started the car, and drove toward the general melee. We had come close to the two bull rhinos, who were making all sorts of ugly noises in the grasses. You could hear them grunt when they met under full steam. They made sounds I have never heard before. It was somewhere between a roar and a growl and a snarl and a gurgle and a grunt and a squeal. You could follow them through the grasses. They would square off, turn, run in opposite directions, and then come together with a smack like a couple of heavy trucks colliding.

One of the bulls backed out into the open, bleeding a little, but not seriously wounded, and the other followed him. Harry grunted disgustedly.

"Neither worth a damn," he said. "Young fellows. Neither one'll go better than 14 inches. Waste of time to fuss with them. Especially in this high grass. Better horn, I'd either drive them out of the grass or risk going in after them. But you don't want either of those fellows."

The young rhino bulls were clashing and banging heartily. The buffalo streamed past us, like maverick freight cars, low and bulky and long, their legs too short for the lengthy barrel of their bodies. They were a touch smaller than the Grummetti buff, and a peculiar reddish-black in color. They came past us, flirting froth, walling their eyes, pounding through the grass with their sentinel egrets flying fighter cover over them and screaming profanely.

One bull passed within a few feet. I could almost have poked him with the gun.

"Awful," Selby said scornfully. "Not a decent head amongst 'em."

Jeep Splits Wildebeeste Stampede

We looked at the fresh herd. Approximately 1,500 wildly head-tossing wildebeeste bore down on us in the trail that the buffalo had left in the high grass.

Snorting and pawing when they saw the jeep, they split around us and hightailed after the buffalo into the narrow end of the valley.

The two male rhinos continued to batter each other a hundred yards away.

"Hell!" said Virginia.

"Let's go and pay a call on the lady rhino in the valley," Harry said brightly, and spun the jeep toward the cow with the calf as big as she was. The other rhino—the one at the edge of the hill—had climbed upward and had disappeared.

The lady with the large child was obviously in a surly mood. She took one look at the jeep and charged. Baby, about two and one half tons of Baby, took us on a quartering shot. Harry hit the accelerator and we passed between them. Cow stopped. Baby stopped.

Harry said, "No good, either. Got a horn like a banana." So I didn't shoot.

We saw other rhinos, on this and other days. But I never did get a crack at one. One time, Harry got close enough to a good one to shoot if he had wanted to. But Harry leaves rhino shooting for his clients.

At the time, his client was sitting in the jeep, reading a mystery story. ▲▲▲

Kudu, which abound where Ruark hunted, are shy, wary animals, which spend the brightest hours of the day in the thicket. The kudu has the longest horns of any African antelope

Collier's for January 17, 1953

This is the third of three articles by Robert C. Ruark. They will be part of a book to be published by Doubleday & Company in the spring

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JOHN FISCHETTI

And Here's Why Not

THE PLEDGE to cut spending and reduce taxes is one of the oldest and most appealing promises that a politician can make, and it was never more appealing than in the 1952 campaign. The Republican office seekers made that promise, and it helped them win. Now we feel certain that the new President and the new Congress intend to keep their promise, and we hope they do. We also hope that they will approach the task with intelligence as well as zeal.

There are indications that some congressmen are already sharpening their hatchets and that they intend, if they have their way, to make large and indiscriminate cuts as soon as possible. And even though we're just as anxious for a little tax relief as the next person, we believe that the hatchet men should look and choose carefully before they start cutting.

It is a familiar fact, of course, that certain items of the budget can't be cut much, if at all. The government must pay interest on the national debt, respect its military commitments in Korea, Western Europe and elsewhere, care for or compensate its disabled veterans, and so on. But that doesn't mean that there aren't areas in which spending can be curtailed. One place is undoubtedly in the field of military procurement. Another is certainly in the operation of the government itself. The machinery of government should be streamlined for greater efficiency. And the number of people operating that machinery should be reduced.

Mr. Eisenhower has already appointed a committee, headed by Nelson Rockefeller, to look into the matter of greater efficiency. And as regards the matter of cutting down on government personnel, there is a plan now in existence—submitted by a Democrat, incidentally, and first published by Collier's about three years ago.

In February of 1950 we carried an article by Senator Paul Douglas which told why the federal payroll is steadily growing, and suggested a way in which this wasteful, extravagant trend could be reversed. The cause, Mr. Douglas said, is simply that the heads of departments or bureaus are constantly asking for more employees, and getting them. "Their prestige, but not their money is involved," he noted. "And these powerful forces working toward expanding the public payrolls are multiplicative in nature."

The senator's cure was equally simple: Don't fire recklessly, just don't fill the vacancies. "The turnover rate in the federal government," he explained, "is sufficient in the course of a year to bring payrolls down to what they should be—if enough of these vacancies are left unfilled. I estimate that simply by filling only half the job openings that occur, a reduction in force of approximately 8 to 10 per cent could be accomplished within a year. I doubt that public services would suffer from a 9 per cent loss of personnel, or even a greater loss . . . And at least a half billion dollars would be saved."

We thought in 1950, and we still think, that this is a fair, reasonable and workable plan. We don't like the overblown bureaucracy that has grown up in the government, but we haven't any grudge against the many thousands of people whom the government has hired to make up that bureaucracy. We think it would be a personal cruelty and an economic mistake to throw several of those thousands out of work all at once, even for the laudable and necessary purpose of saving money for all of us.

So we hope that Senator Douglas will introduce his practically painless plan in the form of legislation, and that it will be adopted. In the meantime we would respectfully make this recommendation to the members of the Eighty-third Congress: When you start reducing the government payroll—weed, don't chop.

Skip the Commercial

A REUTER DISPATCH that we came across the other day leads us to believe that the resourceful Soviet propagandists have finally run out of fresh ideas and are reduced to borrowing techniques from the decadent Americans. The propagandists, according to this news story, "are mixing a little sex appeal with their Marxism in an attempt to woo the Arabic-speaking world to Communism."

Seems that a Moscow disc jockey, on his nightly program to the Middle East, uses recordings by a Miss Om Kalsum, a sultry-voiced Egyptian damsel who is one of the favorite pin-up girls in that part of the world. After a couple of her ballads have put the listeners in a receptive mood, an announcer comes on with a spiel about the glories of Communism.

This is obviously similar to the American platter-and-commercial radio programs. But it reminds us even more of another, older, phenomenon of our native culture. We refer to burlesque, an art form which once upon a time intrigued our youthful, inquiring mind—only for its interesting sociological aspects, of course.

We recall that, between burley performances, there was always an address by a silver-tongued salesman who came down the aisle to the front of the house, laden with a box full of assorted wonders. For the sum of ten cents (or a quarter, or whatever it was), he assured his listeners, they would receive not only a delicious confection but a prize in each and every package. Gold watches, silk hosiery for the ladies, volumes of esoterica and erotica; these were only a few of the promised dividends.

The boxes, needless to say, contained some cheap, stale candy and an uninteresting, useless penny gewgaw. Nobody ever got the gold watch or the hosiery. And only the most trusting yokel was ever bitten more than once. You quickly learned to go out and smoke until time for the comics and the stripeuses to reappear.

We sincerely hope that the majority of the Kremlin's listeners in the Middle East realize that the wonders of Communism are as deceptively oversold as the burlesque barker's prizes. And we trust that they are learning to go feed the cat, have a cup of coffee or take a few puffs on the hookah until the Soviet huckster has finished his pitch about the promised land, and Miss Om Kalsum is back on the air.

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